

July

4

THE CHANGING YEARS

By Norman Hapgood

LITERARY STATESMEN

DANIEL WEBSTER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE STAGE IN AMERICA

INDUSTRY AND PROGRESS

THE ADVANCING HOUR

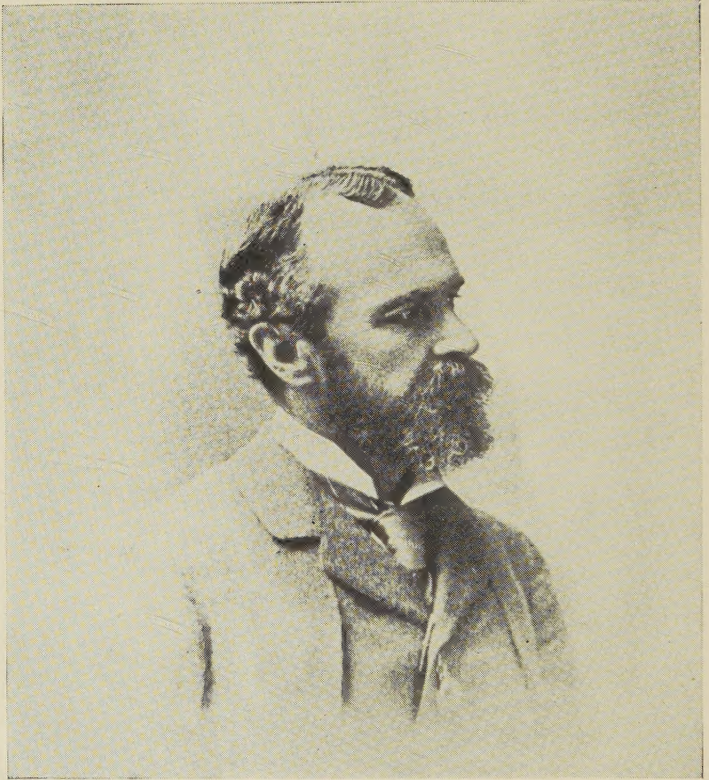
UP FROM THE CITY STREETS

(with Henry Moskowitz)

WHY JANET SHOULD READ SHAKSPERE



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From "The Letters of William James," Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company.

William James

THE CHANGING YEARS

Reminiscences
of
NORMAN HAPGOOD

Illustrated with photographs



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TO MY FATHER

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FOREWORD

IF Criticism is the adventures of a soul among masterpieces, there is perhaps a word for the adventures of a mind in search of ideals. For the inquiring spirit, every time is fertile; not less than others, certainly, the half century which, here and there, this volume touches. If there be any unity, except that of my own character, in these incidents and portraits, stretching from the days of Robert Ingersoll, through those of William James, along to Roosevelt and Wilson, and on to now, it lies in the essential nature of our fluid post-Darwin thought. The book speaks of one tick on the clock of history, a tick not without encouragement of things to come.

Up to the end of 1919 the story wrote itself, since time made the perspective. The remaining chapters were difficult, being picked from the confusion of things present. However, in the last chapter there may be some echo of the first; and in the preceding chapter, about freedom in labor, perhaps there is shown in an actual living body something that many of our fights and theories have been about.

I write not so much memoirs as an essay-story about the lessons of an active life. Leaders and salient events appear, but what I am selecting from the life-stream is a thread that follows understanding as a goal. It is

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exciting, this pursuit of values that beckon. In comprehension the Greeks sought their heaven; and the Greeks had insight, beyond all people.

If one has been happy, and full of zest, from youth increasingly well into age, there must be reasons; not dogmas, perhaps, but influences that can be praised, adventures that can be told.

N. H.

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I

ATHEISM IN OUR TOWN

"You," said my brother, with some heat, "are an intellectual adventurer."

He was right about the fact, and the implied criticism was just also; but on the other hand my life has steadily increased in peace and happiness, so perhaps the adventures have not been without their worth.

The beginnings of my career were literary; during the terms of Roosevelt and Wilson I had more to do with politics; and now I am full of literary interests again. In all my changes, what has held me with most firmness have been the roving, combats, triumphs, and confusions of the mind,—my own, the minds of leaders in action and in thought, and the mind also of the general public.

Increasing optimism has not been induced by unwillingness to doubt. It was my readiness to doubt and to experiment that stirred the criticism of my brother. In an early Dooley article Mr. Dunne introduced me under the name of Normal Slapgood, and said my motto was "Yes—and No." For a long time a favorite book of mine was Balfour's *A DEFENSE OF PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT*. In religion I have taken no interest, and yet I readily believe that the future will have religions, much better founded than those that have threatened and persecuted in the past. I believe that those who need religion can create it solidly in the

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world of Copernicus and Newton; of modern geology and physics.

Undoubtedly a person who is often on the left in mental wars, who is prone to give too little credit to customs that have been decided, and who dreams of change in regions that are holiest, is facing toward trouble; but why should trouble be avoided? It is only when they are challenged that truths and values have the opportunity to prove their durability.

As I have sat on a hill, near the border of Italy, seeking to give form to happenings with which my memory is stored, I have been also turning over many books, from Rabelais and Shakspeare down the ages to Goethe and Tolstoi. As one day I opened again MONSIEUR BERGERET A PARIS, I renewed acquaintance with my little friend, the dog Riquet. Riquet was religious. Decorum was his polar star, and what he was able to do in defense of submission and worship, he did. While his master ate, he lay under the table. Deeming Monsieur Bergeret both good and great, he paid him honor, as a being divine; and most of all when his master was at table. "If all matters relating to food were to him both moving and precious, the aspects of human diet were august. The dining-room he venerated as a temple, the table as an altar. During a meal he held his place at the foot of the master in silence and without moving. . . . His primitive caution, which had resisted all liberal teaching, caused him to look upon every stranger as an enemy. He sensed a great peril, the horrific invasion of the dining-room, a menace of ruin and destruction."

If the Riquets of my own race amuse me now, it

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was not always so. At one time I was no skeptic—I questioned nothing. When I was about six years old, and living in St. Louis, there happened a miracle in our back-yard. My brother and I in the afternoon had dug a hole, in the night it had stormed, and in the morning the hole was filled to the brim with water. This was strange enough, considering the laws of rainfall and absorption in the soil, but what was miraculous was the presence in the pool of two fish, swimming about, some five inches long, one black and one red. Both my brother and I would gladly have taken the stand and sworn to the truth of this story, at any time in many years, and would do so now if we were faithful to our memories and our impressions; if doubt had not poisoned our certainties.

We have lost something of the quality out of which miracles are created. Years later, I had a gardener who belonged to the sect that took its name from Pastor Russell. We became friends, and it troubled him that I read such books as those of Darwin, and especially that I held corrupt views of astronomy. "You have nothing," he said one day, "to support your idea that the earth goes around the sun, except certain calculations on paper. To support my faith, that the sun goes around the earth, I have the evidence of my own senses, as well as the word of God."

About the date of the two fish, there occurred something else that with the years came to be looked upon as passing strange. My father, who enjoyed his children, was walking with us, on Sunday morning, on the outskirts of the city. The youngest, perhaps two and a half years old, strayed too near a grazing horse, at the

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top of a considerable hill. The horse, with both hind feet, kicked him in the chest. The child went over backwards, in a series of somersaults, all the way to the bottom of the hill, at least a hundred feet, and was not at all injured. My father, when we questioned him in our more doubting years, was wholly unable to remember the occurrence.

I have often told stories about my years at Harvard. Recently, when I came across a package of letters written in those days, I was somewhat horrified to learn that a number of the stories I had been telling were inexact. So I have not been too hard in my thoughts on the friends, acquaintances, and enemies who have conveyed information to me all my life; though a large part of it is classed with the horse and the two fish.

After we had moved up to Alton, in Illinois, my father took me to St. Louis one afternoon, to hear a lecture by Col. Robert J. Ingersoll, on "The Mistakes of Moses." The next morning, on the way to school, I told of my trip to another child, and he exclaimed, "Ingersoll! He is worse than a Catholic!" The Irish were the conspicuous minority in Alton; there were no Jews or Bolsheviks; and not many atheists; so the boy selected the strongest statement that was available.

As I was walking past a colored church, soon after, a sermon happened to be in progress, and the title was announced outside as a reply to Colonel Ingersoll, so I went in. Of the rather able discourse there lives in my memory only one fragment, which I give without attempting much of the negro dialect:



A Caricature of Robert Ingersoll that Appeared in "Punch"

"A Sunday show.—Profit for pagan and
preacher."

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“Brotheren and sisteren, I am not goin’ to say anythin’ against Colonel Ingersoll. I might compare his character with the character of Moses, but I will not do it. I will let you believe, if you can, that he is just as truthful a man as Moses. But when you think about whether these things happened, as Moses says, or did not happen, as Colonel Ingersoll says, I ask you to remember jes’ exactly one thing,—MOSES WAS THERE, AND COLONEL INGERSOLL WAS NOT.”

The highest authority I knew, in those days, was my father,—my mother assisting in the process of putting him first. As always, religion and morals had a tendency to impinge one upon the other. My uncle Will (in reality the uncle by marriage of my mother) was a one-armed, itinerant preacher, whom my father did not like. My father indeed did not like preachers at all, being convinced that most of them were hypocritical and dishonest. However, he allowed Uncle Will to visit us, although he did not conceal even from the children his limited respect for our relative. Once Uncle Will invited, or rather urged, me to go away from the house, beyond some bushes, to have a talk with him, free from any observation. Why I was reluctant, I do not remember, but it was probably a solemn and warning something in his face and voice. Once hidden from sight, Uncle Will remarked that he had seen me reading a book called *THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER*, and he wished earnestly to request me not to read any more in that or any other book by Mark Twain. I asked for reasons, but received only the assurance that such

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reading would do me harm. Citing the highest tribunal, I replied that my father knew I was reading the book. The reply should have been a difficult one for Uncle Will, and I think it was. The best he could do was to urge that he was older than my father, which was true, although for some reason not to me impressive. He repeated his request, and I refused to make the promise. Probably what troubled him was the author's flippancy with the deity and with religion, but it is barely possible he may have had in his thought something that came into my own mind, many years later, when two of my own children, fresh with love both of TOM SAWYER and of HUCKLEBERRY FINN, organized a Thief Club, and showed other tendencies toward finding out by experience what there was in the adventures of their then two favorite characters.

Mark Twain had a drawl, which he relied upon a good deal, in reaching his effects, as it helped him to prepare the pause which he used, with constant care, to strengthen the surprise at the end. Uncle Will was dead long before a certain day when I met Mr. Clemens, always known to the world in general as Mark Twain, on a walk along Fifth Avenue, in New York. His wife had been sick, and I asked, "How is Mrs. Clemens now?" "Much better," he drawled. "In fact, the whole Clemens family has been so surprisingly well of late, that I have begun to think that Providence has . . . forgotten us." Mark Twain will come into this book later, since he had more sheer genius than anybody else I have known, but this anecdote will suffice to show that Uncle Will had plenty of

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reason for wishing me to be protected from the humorist's ideas. It was not a danger that I should misunderstand him, which was the danger I had to deal with in the case of my children. What Uncle Will had to fear was that I might understand him too well.

But while I was even then, at the age of perhaps twelve, moving freely among ideas deemed perilous by our neighbors, I never liked harshness in the expression of doubt. One day my brother Hutchins, who had some religion in him, was reading a book aloud, with another boy of his age, when a grown brother of the other boy, in passing, paused to listen. The story was telling how the hero gave thanks to God for his deliverance. "Why did he not curse Him for getting him into the trouble in the first place?" asked the brother, which was logical, but jolted me then, and jolts me still. It is perhaps like taking away another person's life-preserver; at least it is like insulting another person's emotions.

When I was eleven I was carried out, at Rye Beach, in New Hampshire, by the undertow. It was the last day of August; had it been one day later the Life-Saving Station, preparing to save ships in autumn storms, would have been opened. The surf was high; my mother swam smoothly, but was without strength. She started in through the breakers, realized her helplessness, and turned back, to seek men to help. Meantime my brother, one year younger, had dropped on his knees on the sand, and was praying aloud. Sometimes people have said to me, "Perhaps that had something to do with your rescue, after all?" Perhaps it had. Having prayed, my brother picked

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up one of the boards that were laid on the beach as a walk over the hot sand, and unable to swim himself pushed it as far as he could toward me. My mother by that time had found a well-known pianist, named William Sherwood, who took the plank and swam out to me, but the sea was much too high, and the undertow too strong, for him to swim back, with the plank and me. My mother next found a boat on a neighboring pond, and two young men to row it out. A third person was needed, to launch the boat through the breakers, and that part was taken by an old man with inflammatory rheumatism. To us two, out on the sea, it had not looked like much of a chance for rescue, and I well remember that as I gave up confidence I gulped only once, with grief; and that was as the idea came to me of never seeing my mother again. I behaved much as heroes do in the moving pictures. A more fanciful sorrow awaited me. As the young men rowed up alongside the plank, I said, "Take him in first. He saved my life." An ironic laugh greeted my speech, and deeply hurt my feelings. Of course there was no such unfriendly laugh, and possibly the speech was only in my fading mind, but I suffered for years over the idea of having seemed mock-heroic. Before I even reached the boat, all consciousness was gone.

It was Sunday. Two other times I have been face-to-face with drowning, both of these perils coming also on Sunday. Once was after I was a fair swimmer, and I extricated myself. The other time I could not swim at all, and a bigger boy pulled me out of the Mississippi. But in spite of what was said about the moral,

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by outsiders, I continued to go into the water on the Sabbath.

On this question of Sunday my father used a sound judgment, that mingled without difficulty with the firm principles of a man in whom Puritan character survived. When I think of how sharp his moral principles were, it is still a surprise to me that they so seldom led him into extremes. It was a dogma with him that on Sunday we ought not to do anything that would offend the neighbors. We had a billiard room, and the house was near a corner of the grounds, so that the click of the balls could be heard by persons passing toward church. At first the edict was strict that billiards were not to be played on Sunday. We had also on our own place a baseball ground, large enough for match games, and there was no other diamond near. The shouting and batting of baseball made considerably more of a disturbance than billiards, and the game for a long time was forbidden. My brother and I, however, would practice pitching and catching, quietly. By degrees, I hardly know how, my father's resistance relaxed, until in the end we played match games on Sundays, in the most audible and visible part of our eleven acres, and also tennis, croquet, and billiards. The explanation, I fancy, is that my father, although he objected to disturbing some of the church-going neighbors, objected still more to checking us when it was a question of an obviously strong, persistent, and healthy impulse. Also, with all his firmness, he learned from experience. In all ways, I think, he was a more open-minded man at seventy than he was at forty. He was educated by his children, by

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his own honesty, and by the times through which he lived. Although he disliked religious people, he wished to respect what he deemed their rights, but he would not pay too high a price to carry out his idea. He would not carry too far the suppression of his children. On account of the prevailing ideas, however, when we worked together in his office on the Sabbath, we never dated our business letters or documents on Sunday, but on the day preceding. He thought a paper dated Sunday might be of doubtful legal validity.

My own feeling toward religious people has always been more friendly than were my father's. I have known many who did not wish to have their religious opinions disturbed, but I think I have known only one who lived his religion completely. He was a most expert and scientifically minded physician. When I saw that in his trips around Venice in his gondola his Bible always lay open in the boat, I began by distrusting his science. After I had become convinced that in all respects but one no doctor I had ever known was more penetrating or more sound, we became intimate friends, although he looked upon me as blind to important truth. He was sure that the Bible was inspired in every sentence, and his proof came from within. All his cures he believed to be answers to prayers, but he believed also that God wished him to know everything that could be known about material aids to the suffering,—about science,—and would answer his prayers only if he did his work thoroughly. He lived as an apostle, and left almost nothing to his family. His only scientific weakness was a too strong belief in a frugal diet of nuts and fruit, and this exaggera-

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tion may have been the result of personal relations, since he was married to the daughter of Fletcher, the famous apostle of chewing, vegetation, and frugality. Dr. Van Someren died himself, in the prime of life, of a disease that may have been caused, or increased, by incomplete nutrition. But I believe his religion did him much more good, even as a physician, than it did him harm. Religion is no doubt a consolation to many, and an emotional anchor, but Dr. Van Someren was the only one among our own personal acquaintances in whom I felt sure it was also a power. Of course, it is impossible for me to guess what I might have thought about this, or what part religion would have played in my life, if my father, with his impressive personality, had been religious. Harvard might have killed religion, if it had been in me; but in that case should I have ever been at Harvard?

In only one instance did my father push his absence of religion to a point that seemed aggressive. The Alton schools were not advanced, or intelligent in any respect, and when I graduated, at fifteen, I was still three years from being ready for college. Noticing my tastes, my father had made it clear to me that I could attend college if I wished, but if so, I was to send for catalogues and choose for myself. The Harvard catalogue, suggesting freedom of choice, browsing in many fields, thrilling opportunities in English composition, modern literature, and philosophy, decided me, and the question then arose: how was the gap to be spanned, from my almost complete lack of preparation to the requirements for entrance? As we spent our summers at Rye Beach in New Hampshire, Phil-

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lips Exeter Academy, only eleven miles from Rye, naturally came to mind.

My father and I drove over together and called on the president. He was a man who stayed in office but a short time,—I believe only a year,—and was not a success. If he had possessed more diplomacy, or knowledge of people, my outlook by the time I went to Harvard might have been somewhat altered, which from my present standpoint would have been a pity, as I cannot imagine myself a happier or more interested student than I was. I might have become socially standardized, had more concern for the standards of the well born, for societies and college shibboleths, but I might also have lost part of my zest. The president was friendly, and my name was about to be entered as a freshman, when my father gratuitously brought up his lack of religious beliefs. He had no intention of interfering with my chapel attendance, or with any school requirement. Indeed, he had no intention at all, except to be understood. At first the president was inclined to pass the matter by, but as my father kept on stressing the point, he apparently decided I might be a nuisance, perhaps a propagandizing center, for he said that it would be as well if I went somewhere else. I was sorry for a few weeks. It is the only time in my life that religion has come between me and something I wished at the time to do. On the other hand, the enthusiasm in the family, the arguments, the free search for ideas, the lack of fear, had a value beyond my praise.

II

TROUBLES OF A BOY

As my father had come from a New England village, in which was still alive the terror of hell, he sought to avoid for his children both sorrow and fear; and my mother's taste was ever for happiness. Therefore I had few early griefs, and by the time I was stricken first with the pain of sin I was eight years old.

It was in school, the home of much that was foolish. Among the crop of rules was one that forbade talking, whispering, passing notes, or otherwise "communicating." The bright idea presented itself to the brain of our teacher of letting out at four o'clock those who testified that they had not communicated, and retaining in confinement those who made no such claim. Belief in the value of punishment was rife, and so was belief in the value of discomfort. In this case, those of us who were prepared to bear witness to the perfection of their conduct were to raise the right hand. As far as I was concerned, I was entirely committed to the cause of truth. It was a cause earnestly commended by my father, and he lived up to his formula, so that I had accepted devotion to truth as a basis of the good life. When on the day of the tragedy I raised my right hand, I had no full intention of telling a lie. I was ethically confused. It was not of my own

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volition that I had communicated, and my only communication was in the nature of a refusal to communicate. When a boy had sent me a note, containing a question, I had slightly moved my head, as a sign that I would not answer. However, I knew I had in fact communicated, and I had not yet learned to get rid of the letter on the charge of its interfering with the spirit; so I went home in tears, and with a pang that stayed with me for many weeks. I had no fear of my parents, but it was agony to fall from an ideal that was theirs, and that I had freely made my own. How the end came I have forgotten,—whether in a talk with one of my parents, or only with the balm of time.

The chances are that it was my father who consoled me, for I remember perfectly an incident of some three or four years later that was allied in principle. Fighting among the boys was one of the inconveniences faced by the teachers, so it occurred to one of them that he would rid himself of this nuisance by the simple expedient of ordering his boys to sign a promise never again to fight. I heard the proposal with horror, knowing it was a breeding thing of lies, but I lacked the confidence to face the teacher alone, and with hesitation I signed, telling my father immediately he came home that evening. He was in a fury, not at me, though he explained that it would have been better if I had realized that I need not sign, but at the teacher, whom he declared his intention of reprimanding or having removed. How he handled the task I have forgotten, if I ever knew, but the responsibility was lifted from my shoulders to stronger ones, that would not suffer under it, and I fought as often as I chose. My

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mother uttered an occasional mild speech against physical combat, but nobody took those speeches seriously, not even she. My father also protected me from signing the pledge against drink, when it was running through the town.

Many years have passed since I was so literal about the truth. Probably for as much as forty years I have lied on such occasions as being asked by an invalid aunt where I had spent the week-end, and in college, under William James, I wrestled with the old dilemma of what to say to a band of robbers who asked what road had been taken by an innocent traveler. But I think it was a sweet thing in early childhood to have the truth presented in just the way it was presented by my father. Playing with it, like jesting Pilate, and like Mark Twain's tribute to it as something so precious that it should be economized, was better suited to a later age.

The first time I explicitly questioned a definitely moral standard was in a talk with a friend of my father. Alton did not contain many intellectuals, so the visits to our house of Everett W. Pattison were to me as rain to a thirsting soil. Prominent at the bar of Missouri, a trained mind, Mr. Pattison had also retained the honorable interest of a boy. Living in St. Louis he often had the older of my two brothers and me come down to that metropolis to see Comiskey's famous Browns. It was there, in a world series game against Chicago, that I first saw home stolen; not, as I remember it, by Arlie Latham, fleetest of the Browns, nor yet by Mike Kelly, most brilliant base-runner of his time, and hero of Anson's team, but by Ned Wil-

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liamson, the pock-marked short-stop of the visiting champions. Once on our way to Rye Beach, while we were stopping off at the United States Hotel in Boston, my brother and I saw the big captain of Chicago, sitting with his red head in his hands, waiting for the horse-drawn bus to take him and his players to the grounds. Fighting down our awe, we approached him and boldly asked the names, one by one, of the other players sitting about. He responded graciously, though he told us various lies that illustrated his sense of humor, and among those to whom we narrated this wonderful adventure I am sure not one entered into its thrill and importance quite as ardently as Mr. Pattison. Pfeffer, Burns, Corcoran, Flint apparently were as miraculous to him as they were to us.

It is such men that gain the confidence of boys, and I was entirely ready to accept his view when he knocked to pieces one support of the moral world. I had always heard acts and people divided, at frequent intervals, into the selfish and the unselfish, nor had it ever occurred to me to trifle with the division. It marked a stage in my intellectual life-saga, therefore, when Mr. Pattison made a remark that took away the simple absoluteness of the distinction. He may have heard of Goethe's praise of enlightened selfishness as a motive of life, but it is more likely he had not. Certainly he could not have put the case more effectively if he had. It was when I spoke of something as selfish that Mr. Pattison said in effect this: "It is often not easy to tell what one means by that word. What is self-seeking is by no means always bad. It may be right as often as wrong. What is called selfishness may

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lead us into wrong paths at times, and at other times it may strengthen us and improve our understanding and value." As far as I know, that was the introduction of relativity into my thought,—into a life-long effort to think out moral bases that would stand against the attacks of doubt.

The first act of my life that I regard as sin, with no adequate excuse at the time, and with no doubt in any succeeding era, was the shooting of a dog. I have much respect for what the French mean by their saying about the defects that are the reverse side of virtues. It may be that my love of adventure, exploration, learning from experience, has been an asset in my life, and not often a weakness or a sin. But each case has to be judged nevertheless, and there are two compelling reasons why my adventure with the dog was a sin.

It had been decided that the dog must die,—the skin disease that had attacked him could not be cured. But the proper person to execute the sentence of death was the gardener, whose shotgun would have saved the dog any pain, and as it happened would have saved him a horror and disillusion worse than the body's pain. I with my inexperience and my small pistol was not the person to carry out the dread decree. Still less should it have been carried out by one whom the dog loved, as he loved me, his master and his playmate. He was asleep in the wood-shed when I shot him, and I wish I could forget what followed. He was not killed, but arose, cast upon me a look of incredulity and despair, and went to hide under the front steps of the house, where I, now full of horror myself, had to follow and end the dismal escapade.

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Three times, at least, I have caused in prominent men the feeling that I have been disloyal, because friendship did not keep me from opposition and criticism. But for those events I am not sorry, except for lack of gentleness in manner. In essence, in similar circumstances, I would take the steps again. My behavior may have been puritanic, ungracious, unattractive, but according to the inside of me it was right. When I say that shooting the dog was a sin, I mean that it was profoundly bad, with nothing of weight in the opposing scale. The love of adventure is not an evil, but it may become an evil when it takes the bit in its teeth and runs away.

Why the love of adventure on that occasion should have carried me as far as harsh and cruel disloyalty, perhaps the followers of Dr. Sigmund Freud may explain. Certainly there was no lack of adventure in Alton, no repression, no need of compensation. There was fighting with fists in abundance, and a reasonable amount of shooting. Right outside of the side gate at which I usually entered with my pony I saw on one day a man knocked off his cart with a brick, and on another day a negro stop his flight and turn with his shotgun on his pursuers. There was still something left of the frontier. The abundance of adventure makes the murder of the canine friend even more brutal than if there had been something of nature that was starved.

Another adventure with a pistol, but this time entirely without sin, has given me nevertheless an untold amount of shame; in unwary moments it has power to reach me even now. Is it not a familiar irony that we

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often feel worst over those among our acts in which there is properly no blame? In this adventure my conduct was undeniably correct, but the disgrace was appalling.

Probably between twelve and fourteen, I had been left at home with my grandmother and one brother, while the rest of the family went east. On this, the smaller of our two places, and the earlier, there were four acres, largely peaches, that my father had given to me for the season, provided I would pack and market them. The boys from the tougher parts of the city were accustomed to stealing the peaches, and I was accustomed to chasing the boys away. On the day in question I happened to be alone on the place, when I noticed a considerable group of boys under a tree in one corner of the grounds. When I ordered them out they did not show their usual sense of fear and guilt, but on the contrary refused to go. After some impudence back and forth, I went into the house and returned with a pistol. This threat had succeeded before, but this time it failed, and the reason was soon apparent. The younger boys were not alone. They had been joined, for the first time, by a grown-up tough, one who had been but recently let out of prison, where he had served a sentence for manslaughter. When Murphy saw the youngster with his thirty-two caliber revolver come out of the house, take his post on the slope of the hill, and again warn away the trespassers, he was far enough from being afraid. He swung along up the hill with an air of amusement.

His jaunty approach gave me all the time I needed to think. Of my right to protect my property against

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the invader, even at the cost of his life, I was fully aware, but I also felt that this right was only legal. There was no moral right to take life on so slight a ground. Although conflicting forces struggled within me, the result was never for a moment in doubt. I put my tail between my legs, as it were, and went with burning cheeks back into the house, imagining the scornful laugh of the triumphant enemy.

The shame was much greater, in that I believed in my heart I should have been afraid to enter on the conflict with Murphy even if I had felt it to be the right course. In detective stories the trespasser would have been shot in the hand and sternly warned. I had no such illusion. I knew that if I missed, or only slightly hurt him, what happened to me was likely to be serious. If Murphy had followed me into the house, and put me in a hopeless corner, I have no idea what might have happened; but not knowing the house was empty of older persons he was satisfied with his triumph. That I was completely afraid of an unarmed man I then knew, and the event has returned to haunt me as often as any single episode in my life. Reason is weak, and the bitterest experiences may be those that have but trivial importance.

Of course courage is not a simple question, any more than selfishness is. Even in the physical domain, uncomplicated by comparisons with moral and intellectual courage, there are contradictions. Comparing myself with the boy with whom I played most, the brother nearest to me in age, I see these contradictions clearly. I was a coward in a fight, while he was engagingly fearless; so that one of my earliest pleasures

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of the ironic sort grew out of a reputation I had, in some groups of enemy boys, based solely on a confusion between Hutchins and me. Yet he was even more afraid of a horse than I was, which is saying a good deal, and was timid in the water, which never frightened me at all. I think it was violence that alarmed me, more than quiet danger. If a sailboat seemed to have almost no chance of survival in a squall, I was not frightened, because all was orderly; there was nothing to do but obey the directions of my young brother William, whom I knew to be an expert sailor; but on the other hand I was afraid to step forward to meet a swiftly pitched ball before it reached the plate. Probably we are bravest in those things we do best. I had no sense for the location of a moving object, and I lacked the passion that may make a physically sensitive person forget the unpleasant side of bodily conflict, whereas in mere danger to life I was helped by a calm and philosophic temper. Unfortunately for me, the fields in which I was a coward are those in which among the young most glory is gained by being brave.

Intellectual courage is willingness to be alone, both in making judgments and in acting on them. It seems to be natural in my father's line. One ancestor, Colonel Grout, was the only northerner in the House of Representatives to vote against the bank bill of Alexander Hamilton. Another was one of the few Tories in Petersham, Massachusetts, and was shut up during the Revolution. His grandson was one of few Democrats in the same town during the Rebellion. To be sure, two of my ancestors were killed by Indians, but I

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should not have been a hero, I am sure, in the face of those savages.

During the World War I was moved by an evening spent with a well-known literary man, who was grieving bitterly over his inability to participate. He was over age, but the fear that even if he had been younger he might not have acquitted himself well was a nightmare to him. Once a friend and I were speculating on what would have happened in our own group, those who were closest and most congenial, if we had been of war age. We agreed that we should have done what we were told to do, but that there would have been none among us to go out alone and gain the Congressional Medal. We thought that the reflective type does not furnish the most striking physical heroes; but since then I have gained a sympathetic acquaintance who shows that the rule, if it exists, is not absolute,—the engineer, political thinker, and ethical idealist, Commander Rossetti, whose record for combined daring and gentleness was not surpassed in the whole war.

Is there a difference between intellectual courage and the kind that is commonly called moral? Although they overlap, there seems to be a clear distinction. Moral courage fits a person to take adverse conditions well, not to quail before illness, failure, or misunderstanding. If I ever showed it, it was in learning to speak comfortably in public. Few can have suffered more in their first attempts. I was prevented at Harvard from delivering a Commencement part on "The Love Poems of Robert Browning" because the faculty committee, sitting in the second row of Sanders Theatre, could not hear. The first time I was ever

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called on to speak at a public dinner, as editor-in-chief of the *Harvard Monthly*, I mumbled a few words that were both silly and inaudible, and sat down with a shame that counts among my lasting painful memories. The effort to overcome this weakness brought for years so much pain that I think the persistence may fairly be credited with moral courage.

Except in the case of the dog, I must declare that the acts for which in memory I have suffered most have not been sins. They have been weaknesses, mischances, poor judgment,—many things different from the specific evil I recognize as sin. It is customary to paint mental anguish as a consequence of sin, and a proper punishment for it; and to paint happiness as a normal consequence of moral excellence. It is with timidity that I differ from so useful a tradition, but my experience has lent no support to the rule. My sorrows have been caused less by my sins than by matters accidentally going wrong that could as well have gone right, and my happiness, of which I have had an unusual and cumulative amount, had been caused by good luck, in combination with a persistent appetite for ideas, and for intellectual adventure.

III

WOMEN IN THAT TIME

My earliest romance centers around some freckles. She may have been pretty, but the freckles are all I remember. Probably I never spoke with her; certainly I did not know her family name. But I see her freckles now, and some faint outline of her face; for she was the first girl who gave me a thrill. Probably she was eight.

She soon had many substitutes. One of them was a granddaughter of Abraham Lincoln, who was five when I was eleven, and who went during the summers to Rye Beach. Alton itself I found full of girls who were attractive, and made strong dents in my memory. One named Lou was not an acquaintance at all, and inscribed herself on my mind by her performances in the roller-skating rink. Before I was fourteen, I passed out of this stage of being charmed by unknown ones, and acquired a number of close and excellent friends, who played a pleasant part in my life until my relation to Alton came to an end.

There were ways in which the Alton girls pleased me more than the boys. They had not many intellectual interests, but neither had their brothers, which is the usual story of a small place. For talk about books and principles of living we were dependent mainly on our home. But I liked refinement, and the girls had

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more of that than the boys. It was related to the intellectual life, in that both were ideals. It may have been the charm of the girls that has caused croquet to be all my life a favorite game of mine. They played it better than the boys, but only one of them played baseball, and tennis was played by few of either sex.

As we passed into our teens, rowing on the river at night, in couples, or going in a buggy to drive, or organizing moonlight dancing trips on the river steamers, became frequent. The girls never went swimming in the ponds, or in the Mississippi, and I do not remember ever seeing one of them on a horse. They were paler than the boys, and took on the look of age earlier in their twenties. But they were what, unable to describe, we usually call nice. Not once in Alton did I become acquainted with a girl whose standards gave me offense, and for the conversation of the boys not so much could be said. It was often coarse, and its indecency had no allure.

This liking for women, and respect for them, was presumably a natural taste, but it was also doubtless helped by certain influences in my family. In a book I have recently read on education Mr. Bertrand Russell issues a warning that when the process of reproduction is explained to children the manner should be matter-of-fact, not solemn. That is the principle on which, in dealing with children, I have proceeded, but I am by no means sure it is superior to the earlier gravity. We can only take the tone natural to ourselves and to our times, but nothing is more shallow than to suppose that every social change is an improvement. My father's feeling, when he told us about birth, was intense, sol-

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emn, and reverential, and I respect it now as ardently as when he came up to the bedroom, and told my brother and me that he had something to say to us.

It all grew out of a frivolous remark of my brother, who repeated as a joke something he had heard, and had completely failed to understand. It involved the most familiar slang word for intercourse between the sexes. My father waited until we were in bed in order that he might present the subject in the systematic way that seemed to him best, involving botany, the lower animals, and in general the steps leading up to our own mother,—old-fashioned, some would say, though I doubt if anything better has been found. At any rate, it showed enlightenment at the end of the 'seventies, and the need of it was not long in being proved.

The proof came at Rye Beach. I was sitting on the hay, in the loft of a big barn, with the daughter of the farm, when her older brother suddenly climbed up the ladder, and cried out, with an assumption of ferocity, "What have you been doing to my sister?" I was so angry at the imputation that I broke out at him vehemently, and he probably realized that his joke might get him into trouble with my family and his. At any rate he went on, in what he meant to be a mollifying tone, "You needn't be so mad about it. What if you had? Your own mother did it."

The words conveyed no idea to my mind at all except an insult, so I burst out again, whereupon he said, "How did she get you, then?" His tone by now was thoroughly conciliatory, and the quarrel died out, without leaving any trace in my memory except a long-lingering indignation that sacred matters should be

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treated profanely. If the ground had not been prepared by my father, and the actual information had come to me so coarsely, it might have left a scar.

Whether one is destined to lead a wholly conservative life, in one's personal relations and in what one stands for publicly, or whether on the contrary one is to challenge much that many hold essential, it is equally necessary to have the right start; and when I think of all the reasons why a happy family is a necessary institution, this question of earnest friendship for woman, and of seriousness in the face of the great processes of nature, ranks high among them.

Let me hasten to explain that I do not wish to claim the credit of being a conservative. Once when I said to Miss Jane Addams that I thought the conception of matrimony, monogamy, the relations of the sexes, would inevitably undergo modifications, under our new conditions of industry, office work, education, and democracy, Miss Addams replied: "Before you commit yourself to the approval of any essential changes, remember that it is for the defense of woman that monogamy has been built up." There are plenty of questions in this field that are too hard for me. I at one time was opposed to equal suffrage, on the ground that social evolution would be richer and better balanced if one set of virtues were specially developed by each sex than if women went in to reënforce the lopsidedness, the overemphasis on strenuousness and drive and external success, that stood out in the world of men. I was in full middle life by the time I threw over those arguments in favor of better ones, but the change illustrates for me the complications of the subject. One's

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later beliefs, sympathies, moral theories cannot be foretold in early childhood, of course; but respect and sympathy for women, as individuals and as a class, seem to me as requisite in the social rebel as in the most extreme conservative.

The relation of my mother to her children would give little material to the extreme wing of the psychoanalysts. Neither one of my brothers nor I, as we look back, would have had that influence changed in the slightest degree. In theory, she was a completely old-fashioned woman. Once she had believed everything told to her by her father, who was a physician, and she repeated his precepts to the end of her five and seventy years. Some of the bronze ornaments he had taken away in his pockets from the burning Tuilleries helped to decorate our drawing-rooms; and while my youthful but academic mind secretly questioned the ethics of walking away with royal property, even in a fire, such an inquiry never occurred to her, since the young man who had the adventure was her father. When her arm was terribly burned, and had to be painfully dressed for weeks, it was enough to keep her from making any outcry that her father told her he could not do the dressings unless she was silent, and if she cried he would have to call in another doctor. On public questions she never debated, but referred arguers to her husband, and later to her sons. She thought that the driving of automobiles by women was a disgrace to her sex and a danger to all pedestrians. But this was because she had been started in that groove, and remained loyal to early impressions, having met no personal reason for changing them. If my sister had

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lived, and had turned out to be a feminist and a tennis champion, my mother would have assimilated without difficulty all of her opinions.

It was feeling and character that my mother put before us, not ideas. In our most sensitive years we saw her enduring much, tired at the end of every day, more concerned over my father's troubles than over her own; occupied with gardens and poultry; never harsh or even irritable; finding pastime in the butcher's shop in discussing the best cuts of meat. From the time his business was burnt out in the great Chicago fire, and again about two years later in a fire in St. Louis, for a period of some ten years, my father's business affairs were in such bad condition that he knew little respite from worry about the future of his wife and small children. I am sure that in those years if my mother ever pitied herself he never knew it. He knew only her sympathy with him, and her desire to help in every way, from the most humble labor to her spiritual cheerfulness. When the clouds began to lift, the first indulgence was an old horse by the name of Mack, who relieved my mother of the need of carrying up a long hill, with her frail arm and back, the meat and groceries she so carefully bought.

If the most valuable gift to us from her was a happy service in the ordinary needs of life, there was something else that it gave her endless pleasure to pass on. Her father's family had been in circumstances of culture at least since the American Revolution, and her father, at whose personal part in the escape of the Queen from the Tuilleries in 1848, I have already hinted, had written the story of those events in the

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New York *Herald*. Although it was from her father that her interest in culture was derived, in the main, one of her mother's sisters was the link between her and people of the literary world, including Mark Twain's family, that of Charles Dudley Warner, and that of William Gillette. What culture she absorbed took the form that it would take naturally in a young woman at that date. She painted a little; she read and spoke French; and she sang just enough to dream of shining in opera. Next to her father, the hero of her youth was Edwin Booth, and she was a little roguish in admitting the thrills she received from the beauty of the man, as well as from the poetry of the actor. The many hours she had sat in the theater worshipping Booth were turned into the best of lessons for us, for Shakspeare at an early age was for all of us not a duty but an entertainment, with my mother as the star. During the years when her lot was hardest, and her health the most feeble, any idea that she longed for the career she had planned for herself, of personal glory in song or drama, would have been absurd. I am a feminist, and I like the young women of today even better than the young women of my youth, but it is easy for me to understand the feelings of those who fought against the loss of a tradition and an ideal that had prepared women to do for their homes what my mother did for ours.

As I grew into my teens, and particularly as I began to read for the English examinations for Harvard, ideals of womanhood began to stand before me on the written page. I will not repeat here what I have written at length in WHY JANET SHOULD READ SHAKSPERE, about the way the chief poet's women took hold of my

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imagination, with their mixture of brains, spirit, and traditional devotion. In the great English novelists two especially possessed me. Emma Woodhouse made me wish to marry her, or the young lady who had created her; though probably if I had come to my first meeting with Jane Austen through *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*, instead of through *EMMA*, my infatuation would have been with Elizabeth Bennett. In both cases the girls are full of brains, determination, and independence, but in both cases also the female ideals of the centuries are strong. Dorothea Brooke, who stood alongside of Emma in my affections, is not so sharp in my memory, because George Eliot has not lasted with me as Miss Austen has, but the relation of an active mind to the human value of life is painted in *MIDDLEMARCH* by a woman whose large brain had gone far into the theme. My views of women have been shaded from time to time, but they are not extremely different now from what they were when I lived in Alton.

The first college-bred woman I ever knew was the one who took me in hand at fifteen, to prepare me in three years for Harvard. Out of a class of fifteen at the Alton High School, none of them notable for scholarship, I had stood eighth; and yet when I got to Harvard, in a class of three hundred, I was on the first eight of the Phi Beta Kappa; so something must have happened in between, and I think Miss Ferguson had her part in the change. Study meant something to her, and it was contagious. She was the first young person I had met who actually liked to study. Having graduated from a little college the preceding June, she was presumably around twenty-one. When I got on my

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pony to ride across the town to her house, I was not going to a task; I was going to a singular kind of pleasure. Mathematics were merely clear; she understood them, but was not excited about them. Vergil was alive to her; not merely something to translate. In English she made positively constructive suggestions. When, for example, I began a theme with a long sentence, she gave it as her opinion that a long sentence was better deferred until the opening had been made with a short one. Walter Scott might not have agreed with her, but Arthur Brisbane would. Her view was modern. When I came later to create a mode for myself of writing editorial paragraphs I reached the same conclusion. The opening sentence I looked upon as a hook, to hold the reader's attention,—with an element of bait, to make him swallow the hook,—and a hook has to be sharp. I am not altogether sure it was a misfortune that I did not work hard until I was fifteen, considering that work meant in public schools in those days the mere learning of facts, without illumination. Perhaps it was as well that I sat in school and dreamed of the next baseball match, and dreamed also a little of girls, so that when I came to Miss Ferguson I had not suffered from drudgery. It may be that to preserve an appetite is one of the safest things the young can do. When Mr. Croswell was head of the Brearley School, I asked him one day if he did not feel a weight of responsibility for his guidance of so many girls. "We have the consolation," he said, "of knowing how little we can influence them." A large number of Mr. Croswell's girls were about the age I was, when I went to study with Miss Ferguson. If she did not exert an

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actual influence, she gave two of the best things that can be given to anybody; enthusiasm and opportunity.

Sometimes in retrospect it seems strange that the intellectual activities in Alton should have been so extremely slight. There was never anything at the theater more instigating than UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, and not often anything as human. There was no music that could be thought of seriously. There was only one man living in Alton (as Mr. Pattison came up from St. Louis) whose conversation meant anything to us; and when Dr. Haskell called, it was a stimulation to everybody in the family. Although my next brother was a fanatic on baseball, he said he would rather listen to the doctor than play a match. It was the doctor who gave me my first sight of politics by taking me to Chicago, when he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and getting me a position as water boy, so that I was on the floor constantly. If somebody with outside interests came only for one night, we never forgot it. Schuyler Colfax said nothing thrilling the night he spent with us, but he stood for the larger world. John Fiske, the historian, by marriage a second cousin of my father, made remarks that were talked about in the family for weeks after his visit. My brother, more than I, used to engage the German gardener in endless conversations, because he could tell something of the world beyond the sea. But probably the town was no more barren than others of its size and time.

How Miss Ferguson happened to step out of the prevailing atmosphere, and concern herself with study, I never knew. Since those days it is probable that the

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schools have improved, and are no longer taught principally by young women who have themselves but just graduated, or by men whose main equipment is severity.

Perhaps the dearth of intellectual and esthetic aspiration made me take to the girls even more than I should otherwise have done. They at least made me feel something that was beautiful. The tendency of the male to see his ideals in the female was once at Harvard summed up by my brother in the declaration, "All women are beautiful," to the delight of Professor Santayana, who always enjoyed having a philosophic truth condensed into familiar language. What I liked best in the girls was serious rather than gay. The same taste showed itself later, in a conversation I had with a college friend, about what woman in all the past history of the world it would be pleasantest to know. I did not choose Aspasia or Jane Austen, Queen Elizabeth or Katherine the Great, Sappho or Helen of Troy. My choice can be seen in a thousand pictures of the Italian Renaissance, and at its perfection in a painting made for the Sistine Chapel, and torn away to find its home in Dresden. The woman I would have chosen to know, rather than any other, was Mary of Galilee.

IV

A SILVER DOLLAR

"THE world," Lady Astor said to me in London one day, "can be saved only by the Puritan virtues." Those virtues, without either the faults or the religion of the Puritans, my father had. Among other valuable qualities he had an acute distaste for moral softness.

In our earliest years he was preoccupied with preparing us for practical usefulness, because he foresaw the pressing need of it. Later, when he had made and saved about a hundred thousand dollars, and was therefore looked upon, in Alton, as a rich man, his fear was different,—not that we might lack the necessities, but that we might be weakened by having them on too easy terms.

As a result of his views I became his office boy, at a dollar a week, before I was able to do work of more importance. The men in the factory were paid off on Saturday noon, the wages for the week being inclosed in a brown envelope. Silver was used instead of one dollar bills, and it has always stood to me as one of the most significant experiences of my life that at an early age I had the pride of feeling myself like the men in the factory, when I received my first envelope, with its silver recompense for the labor of a week. Since then I have been connected with two organizations in

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which money flowed too carelessly, in one way or another; and waste, above all waste with ostentation, has never failed to jar my taste. During several years I frequented the organized plutocratic society that existed in New York, in a condition of rapid decay, up to the beginning of the war, and of all the experiences I have been through that little adventure in plutocracy was the sharpest contrast to my bringing up. It did not take me long to learn that quoting Matthew Arnold's poems at a dinner party was a simple-minded breach of tact. One very kindly female plutocrat said rather timidly to me once, as if she were venturing into the dangerous unknown, "Don't you think it pleasant sometimes to spend one night at home, and just read? I mean once in a long time." Books, thought, and simplicity were for her a somewhat questionable adventure. If anything, these later experiences with a money world lent new force and charm to the principles that clustered around my silver dollar.

In those early days, in addition to going to the post office, filing letters, and copying the outgoing mail in the press then in vogue, I was put at learning both typing and stenography. The typewriter, new then, lifted a heavy physical burden from my father, whose hardest years had coincided with a time when business letters were written by hand. By the time I was fifteen I was able to do the office work, and could have earned my living, had it been required, for my father by then was paying me fifteen dollars a week, in purchasing power equal to thirty now, and he would have thought it a sin to pay me more than I was worth. I had become the substitute in the summer vacation for the regular

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stenographer, and throughout the year on Sunday mornings. Sometimes when there was a rush, my father and I had to go back in the afternoon on Sundays, or in the summer vacation on Saturdays, and on those occasions I knew the meaning of sacrifice, for on those two afternoons there was almost sure to be baseball, Old Hundred, some other out-of-door sport, or as I grew older some engagement with a girl. But I never complained, for I was sure that my father asked no more than was right, and spared himself least of all. This does not mean that I liked work, of this business kind. Far from it. I was pleased when Tuesday arrived, with the lightest mail of the week, since the majority of our letters took two days to reach us, coming from Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and in general the farming region of the west. Also I was pleased when I did not need to go to the office at all; but it never occurred to me that my life should be composed entirely of things that gave me pleasure. Part of my money I earned pleasantly, as in raising chickens, but part of it unpleasantly, as in keeping the weeds out of gardens and brick paths, and both kinds of work seemed natural, for both were obviously necessary.

The same spirit in my father showed itself in other ways, and it may occasionally have cost more than it was worth,—that I cannot say. As early as he could he bought us a pony. Making me take care of her, as far as possible, was unquestionable, but causing me to exercise her in the most severe winter weather was not so clear, and he himself changed in that respect, allowing her to run around the grounds instead. The earlier practice toughened my will, but also it lessened my

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chance of gaining confidence on a horse, as I was kicked, bitten, thrown, fallen down with, and run away with, to such an extent that it may possibly have been one of the causes of my lasting futility with horses.

If my father's Puritan firmness about principles had been sour or narrow he would not have held our loyalty. But he gave us a little wine when we were very young, in order that drink should lose its glamour. When we were large enough, and he was able to afford the money, he bought us a billiard table, not for the pleasure it would give so much as to inoculate us against billiard halls when we went away to college. He did not censure our reading, as his influence would have enabled him to do, and I at least sought out "Venus and Adonis," parts of the Bible, and various definitions in the dictionary, more frequently than was necessary for mere information, without doing myself any harm that I have been able to recognize. Also I rode out of my way many, many times, in order to pass a billboard on which appeared a picture of Miss Margaret Mather in short skirts, in those days an invitation to excitement. In short, the tradition of strenuous insistence on certain virtues, such as industry, frugality, and truth, seemed to have nothing whatever to do with other attributes that have given the Puritan much ill-repute.

I was eighteen when I came home from my first long stay away from home, for the Christmas vacation of my freshman year at Harvard. My father was not without physical observation. At the first favorable moment he spoke to me aside. "I notice that your shoes

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are not blacked," he said. "You did not sit up in the day ear?" I nodded. "You should not have done that," he said, but I knew he was pleased. It was arranged that I should not save money in that way again, but he knew I had grasped the meaning not only of what he had done to enable us to go to college, but also, and from his point of view far more important, that I accepted economy as a friend. In my life I have seen some men of good natural quality spoiled by money, notably one of my best and most gifted friends, but I have not seen anybody spoiled by frugality, which I take it has nothing whatever to do with the question of parsimony as against generosity.

Although this conclusion is my own it pleased me in after years to hear it stated by a man for whose understanding my admiration was intense. My friendship with William James did not end when I left Cambridge, and I once told him that I was making a good deal of money and spending all I was making. It was seldom that James, at least in my knowledge of him, took so direct and personal a note of correction as he did on this occasion. The words escape me, but I well remember the brief but firm statement that extravagance was one of the most weakening and undermining of faults.

Of a different kind, but certainly not less, was the influence on the thinking of my adult life of Mr. Justice Brandeis, and among the remarks that have built themselves solidly into my view of the world is one by him that had to do with freedom, the personal freedom needed especially by a reformer. As long as a person is in need of money he is not in a position to challenge

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essentially the community around him. The first task of the intelligent revolutionist is to earn enough money to make himself independent of the need of money, and this need must stop short of luxury. The person addicted to luxury has yet to do anything of much value in American civilization. I once said to President Wilson that Mr. Charles R. Crane was the only man I had known intimately who was not spiritually injured by being a millionaire. Mr. Wilson, quite rightly, I am sure, said that in his experience Cleveland Dodge, although without Mr. Crane's contact with many sides of intellectual life, had also remained untouched by his wealth.

When I come to write especially of President Roosevelt, it will be clear that in some ways I followed him enthusiastically, while in others we seemed far apart. On this matter of money, however, he made a most searching remark. As the representative of a wealthy organization, with which he was in general sympathy, I made him a dazzling offer, from the money standpoint, for his writings after he left the Presidency. He said that he felt morally, although not legally, bound to make his writing arrangements elsewhere, but he then added that in any case he would not accept the salary I offered him, because, said he, "I think it unsound to be paid more than I am worth." It was another and an original way of expressing his freedom from those tastes and standards that often make money poisonous.

Once, in Senator Borah's study, I said I did not fully realize why he was putting so much emphasis on the amount of governmental expenditure. "With our

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country as rich as it is," I declared, "I cannot see that it makes much difference whether the government spends a billion more or a billion less." "It is not the amount of money," said the Senator. "But I believe honest government is impossible without economy."

The predominant politics of the era since the death of Wilson have on the whole represented other ideals than mine, and so have not aroused much of my enthusiasm. Mr. Coolidge seemed to me an extremely good President, but not my President; the President rather of that America, needed and splendid, sure to be appreciated by history, that is concerned with the increase of material things. But this man, so successful a representative of the country of Mr. Mellon, the rotary clubs, the Chambers of Commerce, and the new giants of capital, was nevertheless in his own life and habits an embodiment of the ideals which for me cluster around my silver dollar and spread from it in every direction both of encouragement and of warning. I do not think that Mr. Coolidge's administration was nearly as economical as he said it was, but the facts do not matter as much as the gospel. During the pleasantest talk that I ever had with him, in a small study in the White House, when he happened to be feeling like expressing himself in words, he celebrated the desirability of the farm life, and the word that most caught my attention was the word independence. He was then thinking, to be sure, of the independence of the man on the farm as compared to the life of the man whose decisions are made for him by an organization, but many a time he showed his feeling of the connection between frugality and personal independ-

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ence. If I were to select the most valuable service done by Mr. Coolidge to his country I should choose his preaching of economy, with a success that carried the idea sympathetically to many millions.

Perhaps I have said enough, both about the start my father gave me in ideas about money and about the echoes of those ideas through my later life, to make clear the genesis of the Pikers' Club.

Planning clubs to represent serious causes in a frivolous spirit has always been something of a tendency of mine. For instance, when I was at Harvard, George Santayana, Robert Lovett, William V. Moody, about four other men and I created the Laodicean Club, based on the idea that Paul was too hard on the church that was in Laodicea, when he attacked it for being neither hot nor cold, and that there was much to say for the balanced attitude of that seldom-praised institution. Santayana was without opposition elected Pope. Omar Khayyam was an honorary member, and so was the, at that time, much more detached Arthur Balfour. The club lasted only one year, because as a number of members left Cambridge we found it impossible to discover in the classes just after us anybody worthy to be our successors.

The Pikers' Club was mapped out one Sunday afternoon, only a few years ago, by myself, another former member of the Laodiceans, and a Federal judge. For honorary president there was a general agreement on Benjamin Franklin. For active president I proposed Calvin Coolidge, but my friends took a firm stand against his presidency, or even his admission. Their position was that election presumed not only pikerism,

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but the philosophy of pikerism, its beauty, its strength, and the reasons thereof. I felt that although Mr. Coolidge might not express the ideal with the felicity of Franklin, he understood it. However, I was unable to persuade the majority. One of my best friends, who was blackballed for the club, told me I had no right in it myself; but I think that was because he was using the term in its usual sense, rather than as the founders chose to interpret it.

The fact that of those who conceived the Pikers two out of three had been Laodiceans (and that the third would have been, except for coming to college too late) was scarcely an accident. Both organizations represented detachment from the ideals around us, although in the one case what we opposed was a general oversupply of strenuousness, a lack of philosophic doubt, while the other was directed against the prevailing interest in luxury, or even against the degree to which the era was addicted to comfort.

Thus, as is often the case, there has been uniformity running through diversity. My views on many topics have, as I hope to make clear, changed with my changing adventures; but while my practices about money have several times changed, my opinions never have; and what my father taught me in the days of my silver dollar is among the firmest tenets of my gospel now.

V

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IF there could be a place intellectually more attractive than Harvard University toward the end of the Nineteenth Century, my imagination does not give it form. Homer, and notably Hesiod, complained that Greeks in that early day were degenerated from their ancestors; and Kipling has told us that to the pessimistic cave-man romance already was dead. When I left Illinois, and thrilled to the excitements of Cambridge, the street cars were drawn by horses. That new instrument, the telephone, was seldom used, although around that time it was installed in our house in Alton, and I had the feeling of unbelief when I used it first by ringing up my best girl, and heard her voice clearly a full quarter of a mile away. Not until years later did I sit in a small theater in Union Square, New York, and see ocean waves come tearing straight toward me, breaking at the edge of the stage, and threatening to come into the orchestra; that moving picture we called the biograph. A telegram was delivered so seldom that if delivered at a private residence it almost certainly was received with alarm. I have never forgotten the feeling I had about Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lincoln in connection with this mode of communication. In those days the Lincoln family and ours, in the summertime,

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were much together; when the men were away my mother and Mrs. Lincoln always exchanged the news from their husbands; Mr. Lincoln was in Garfield's Cabinet and was most of the time in Washington; and every day Mrs. Lincoln heard, not in what to me was the only normal way, in a letter or on a postal-card, but by the strangely extravagant method of a telegram. If I had received a telegram in college it would have startled me. I think the only one I did receive was when my sister died.

Of course there were no aeroplanes droning in the sky. Probably no young man of that era became the origin of a saga as romantic as that of Lindbergh. As we took our walks in the evening some house might be passed in which song burst from a window, but the voice would be that of an inmate; it would not be the chained tones of Caruso, available on a million farms. In no one of the college rooms, whether in my simple abode in Hollis Hall, or amid the plutocratic splendors of Beck, was there a bit of furniture in a corner, ready to answer to the touch with ragtime, stories suitable to the bed-hour, or the address of some Demosthenes. Our newspapers—we seldom read any—contained less news of importance than now, also far less world-wide crime, and less comedy for the mind seeking to avoid a vacuum.

By numerous elders, many of them wise, it is believed that speeding up has meant a check on originality and on thought. But the diatribes were fiercer when the first startled humans were dragged across the land by the motive power of steam, and moral fear was at its height when the world was greeted by the waltz,

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and for the first time in history there were seen young ladies standing up with strange men to be hugged in public meetings.

Although I have no right to discuss the Harvard of today, not being able to see enough of it, my impression is that, with increasing national wealth, there is a bigger percentage of youth who go there because a college education is an accepted convention, and also is pleasant, but that the minority, containing most of those who matter, is what it was forty years ago, substantially; more interested in mechanics and public affairs than we were, perhaps less interested in style and in the greatest inherited thought. A change of ideal was suggested by President Lowell, a few years ago, in the fear of elements of the population different from our Puritan ancestors,—especially fear of the Jews,—but the voice of the alumni was unmistakable and the proposal to establish race quotas lasted but a few weeks. As to whether the possibly larger percentage of students who are not excited about thought or knowledge is a menace to those who are, I may cite a refreshing observation of Descartes, that he particularly liked living in Amsterdam, because in that city nobody paid any attention to those subjects which interested him most.

Leadership, in my day there, Harvard certainly had. In the plans for the University Club, in New York, the architects left one space unfilled, with the understanding that it was ultimately to be occupied by a bust of somebody to be chosen as best representing the ideal for which a university is taken to stand. In the end nobody was agreed upon, and the idea was aban-

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done, but rumor had it that those who received most support were Plato, Aristotle, and Charles William Eliot, which rumor at any rate hints the impression Dr. Eliot made on his time, as the outstanding American educator.

In some ways he reminded me of George Washington, a comparison that was first put into my head by one of his relatives. Physically there was a distinct resemblance, especially in bodily structure and in bearing. The interests of both were in the first instance scientific. Both were essentially executive leaders, at home in the handling of men of force and originality. Both were simple, frugal, and vigorous in their tastes, fond of outdoor activity, open-minded, domestic, and of powerful will. Washington, Jefferson tells us, was the best horseman of his age; Eliot also rode, and he went off on his bicycle when he was approaching ninety. Washington was continually sighing for his own vine and fig tree; in the last conversation I had with him, Eliot talked at length about the importance of what happens inside the family, and the impossibility of finding any substitute for it. For one month every summer he took over the housekeeping from Mrs. Eliot. Washington struggled to retire before the public would let him, as did Eliot also. Neither was over-impressed with what ideas happened to prevail around him.

This last-mentioned trait Dr. Eliot showed, with a smile, during a visit I made to him after he had announced his wish to have the choice made of his successor. He told me frankly why he did not favor the leading possibility, Mr. Lowell, and brought out his

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own choice, Mr. Jerome Green. I then presented the name of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis. Dr. Eliot was delighted. The question of social prejudice was far from giving him concern. Rather it added to his enthusiasm. On that part of the subject he said: "I am a Unitarian. It would please me to be followed by a Jew. You know those seven men [the overseers] and what chance he will have, but I shall be pleased to put his name before them."

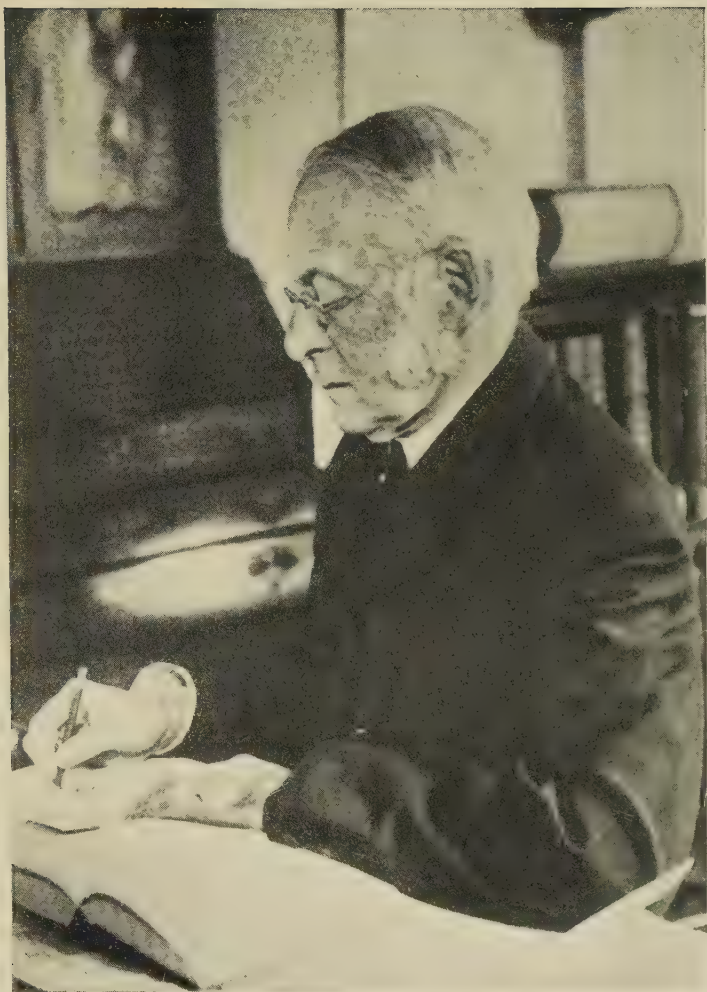
The boldness of Dr. Eliot's spirit was also made clear to me in another experience between him and me, after his retirement. Robert Collier called me into his office one day, and said: "The book department wishes to publish a complete library, which will be a very important enterprise. You know Charles W. Eliot?"

My heart sank, but I merely said yes.

"We would rather have him for the editor than anybody else," Mr. Collier went on, "and we would like to call the set the Harvard Classics."

"Dr. Eliot is at Northeast Harbor," I said. "I will take the train tonight. But I hope you understand how he is likely to feel about a commercial enterprise of this sort, and how much likelihood there is of the Harvard authorities agreeing to the name. I have about as much chance of succeeding as the snowball had of surviving in the place we know about."

Mr. Collier was at that time the most brilliant magazine mind in America, at least if we think of S. S. McClure as having already made his contribution and essentially finished his tale. It was a stimulation, an education, and a joy to work with him,—few of the



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

President Eliot of Harvard

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things he ever asked me to do looked as hopeless as this. As I entered Dr. Eliot's grounds by the ocean, where I had so often been before, my mind was oppressed with visions of the world as it was seen by many of the so-called Brahmins who were the background of Harvard University. I believed in democracy, in closer association of the masses and the educated, in cordiality of universities toward movements of the majority; but my impression of Dr. Eliot, from my first college days onward, contained much of awe. He was more than thirty years older than I; his background was not that of a Mississippi River town, like mine; he was an aristocrat.

I was to be reminded once more that the aristocrat often is the effective democrat. My brain, on the ride to the island, had done its best to decide how the enterprise should be put to Dr. Eliot, and my argument might be summarized thus: "I should not have dared come here on the commission which I have, were it not for certain things you have said. I remember when I was in college you emphasized always the importance of good books, and you have spoken frequently of the need of having them in the home. The Collier company has the machinery for reaching ordinary families over the whole country. It has sold six million sets of Dickens; half a million sets of Shakspeare; and so on through an important list. We wish to go further, and use this large machinery to put into the homes not merely isolated authors but a well-rounded library, following your own idea. If parents everywhere are to enter into this expansion, they must have reason to believe that the library will be well composed. Nothing

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could so thoroughly justify them in being confident as your being the editor.

"The name is a matter that is even more delicate. Harvard draws its pupils now predominantly from the East. I know you feel that it is desirable for it to draw more from other parts of the country. If this library were called the Harvard Classics, as we wish it might be, then every set sold, in all the towns and villages of all the states, would associate good reading with the name of Harvard."

When I finished I was expecting punishment, in the form of some barbed remark about culture and business, but it did not come. Dr. Eliot nodded, to indicate that my points were clear, and said he would think the matter over. The result is known.

Another aspect of his creative democracy came to me gradually through the years, and his increasing interest had for me a little element of surprise. Either I misunderstood his views on industrial relations and industrial democracy, in the prime of his life, or those views became more liberal as the years increased. Before this book is finished it will be needful for me to describe one of the most cherished of my mind's adventures, in narrating an industrial experiment in Indianapolis, and the last time I saw Dr. Eliot he forced the conversation onto this experiment, a highly radical one. He was in his ninety-second year when I called on him in Cambridge, to talk about something having nothing to do with the Columbia Conserve Co., as he knew. He took me up one flight of steps,—it was slightly sad to see him for the first time touch the wall to give steadiness to his walk,—talking the while about

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the old farmer who had built the house, and how keenly he had felt the value of light, as shown by the arrangements. Before he would let me begin, he covered me with a fusillade of questions about the latest figures in connection with the company; the earlier ones he well knew. When a few weeks later my brother spoke on the same subject in Boston Dr. Eliot walked up three flights to hear him. He could have done it by walking up one, but the other men took two extra flights to leave their hats, so he did likewise.

The most severe test of liberalism of spirit, in these days, is economic, but when I was in college the religious test also counted for much. Because Professor Royce was teaching philosophy many parents would not send their sons to Harvard. When George Santayana's *LIFE OF REASON* was published, one of the overseers, whom Dr. Eliot particularly liked, thought the book showed that Mr. Santayana ought not to be teaching in the university. Dr. Eliot said he could state at once that while he was president the time would never come when a man would lose his position at Harvard on account of his ideas, but that he would give a fuller opinion later. After he had examined the book he said it made him proud that the author was at Harvard.

Since I received my first deep lungfull of bold and unchecked thought, as an undergraduate, in a university well inspired and superbly led, the fights for freedom in the outer world have always been cheered by the knowledge that, however rough the going, it was always possible to turn to Dr. Eliot. When Woodrow Wilson selected a powerful radical for the Supreme

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Court the forces enlisted against confirmation by the Senate included President Lowell, former President Taft, Elihu Root, former Attorney-General Wickersham and no end of other leading citizens. The list of those supporting the appointment had for its most distinguished member Charles W. Eliot. When American politics struck bottom under President Harding, and the Department of Justice endeavored to frame evidence that would put the rebellious Senator Wheeler in prison, again the most eminent name on the Wheeler Defense Committee was that of Dr. Eliot. When fury against foreigners, filled with noble feelings and silly ideas, caused Massachusetts to send, in Sacco and Vanzetti, two innocent men to the electric chair, Dr. Eliot lived long enough to be counted as opposing the hysteria.

In college we did not realize this spirit as clearly as I have here written it down, but we knew we were led by a strong man, an innovator, a person to whom the motto of our college, VERITAS, was all that was needed as a guide. Often my more simple-minded friends outside used to say with troubled brow that I was at an atheistical university. As a matter of fact, religion had every chance at Harvard, except the aid of compulsion. Chapel was made so interesting that I would shake myself out of bed to go. It was always a hardship to miss the Thursday afternoon vespers. Never have my emotions been so moved in a religious direction, against my intellect, as in the chapel by the revivalist Moody. Among the regular preachers to the university were several who to me were a privilege, most spiritual and inspired among them being Phillips Brooks, whose

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place was not the less secure because hostility to his form of Christianity was one of the most rooted prejudices of President Eliot. As has been ably and charmingly pointed out by Le Baron R. Briggs, than whom nobody appreciated Dr. Eliot more justly, the president had that beautiful and rare kind of freedom, cordiality toward the able expression of views which he disliked. In my time Mr. Santayana was under fire not only for his philosophy, but also for his lack of interest in the university, but he contributed something of his own, and that was enough for Eliot and for the university which he led.

To put it in another way, personalities were highly appreciated, if they had distinction, originality, and light. One of my inspiring teachers was Ferdinand Bocher, who was said to be lazy, and who appeared to me to be lazy, but whose humor, taste, and pleasant malice were the Gallic mind accurately embodied at its best. If personality and important scholarship happened to be united, then of course there was the essence of a university, as in the cases of Professor Child and William James. It was not only that Professor Child knew everything about old English ballads and Shakspeare and Chaucer; it was also that he made the beauty and humor of Chaucer immediately lovable, and that he caused the glories of Shakspeare to be felt without mentioning them. "It were considering too curiously to consider so," replied Horatio, when Hamlet asks him about tracing the flesh of Cæsar through its changes to the filling of a bunghole; and the comment of Professor Child was, "Of course Horatio is right." That was all he said, at least when our class

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read over the passage, and yet it would have been a student unfit for the course who was not led by the tone and expression to feel amusement at the literal and virtuously limited mind of the faithful Horatio, confronted with the extravagances of his puzzled genius friend.

Another instance of variety, personality, and complete divergence of opinion on important points was furnished by the president's cousin, Charles Eliot Norton, who was a harmonious part of the university, an outstanding figure, although his view of life, and of their common country, was the sharp opposite of the outlook of Dr. Eliot. A teacher as full of color as Mr. Norton may be valuable in the antagonisms he arouses, as well as in the sympathies he brings about. Me he annoyed excessively, although I have never forgotten the favorable impression made on me by certain touches, as in a lecture in which he said: "Every one of you ought to have a good library. You can all afford it. It need not cost you more than fifty cents." Such was the price, then, of Palgrave's *GOLDEN TREASURY*.

What annoyed me about Mr. Norton was partly what annoyed the president, and partly different. I find it not easy to say why I liked the verses and prose of Santayana, on the theme of "my heart rebels against my generation," and disliked the rebellion against his time and place of Mr. Norton. Once Mr. Norton was courteous enough to come up to me, at a very small musical reception at his home, merely because I was the only stranger present, and he wished me to feel welcome. "Do you enjoy Bach?" he asked. "I know nothing of music," I replied, "but I am glad to listen

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to it." "That is right," he said. "That is the way culture comes." For some reason, I was infuriated. Mr. Santayana cared more for traditional culture than I did, and yet I sat at his feet. Perhaps it was partly a difference in manner, partly one in perspective. Mr. Santayana liked to watch athletic games; he liked to laugh, even at the things he took seriously. At any rate, what made questions of the place of art in the world, and questions of ideals of civilizations and individuals, so thrilling in Harvard, was that the place was full of personalities, most of whom differed from one another as much as Norton from Santayana, or Royce from William James, or Child from Hill.

Mr. Briggs once came across a theme of mine in which I feared I had been unjustifiably fresh. Herbert Spencer's "Essay on Style" had been severely criticized in the lectures. I had enjoyed the essay, and I wrote in fury, stating that from the teacher's comment it would not be possible to know that Spencer had thrown new light on questions of importance. Mr. Briggs read the theme aloud in class, and said very pleasantly that if his lecture justified my impression he apologized.

Another example of the invigorating spirit in which the best teachers treated the pupils came in a talk with William James. Although I was near the top of my class, I had never received so favorable a comment on a thesis as he had written on my account of the system of ethics of Henry Sidgwick. Nevertheless the mark on it, instead of being A+, as would have been suggested by the words, was B, a mark I think I had not received before in philosophy. I bashfully approached the desk after the next lecture. "Professor James," I said, "I

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certainly do not wish to object to my mark. It is merely that I cannot find the connection between the mark and the praise you have written." Dr. James knitted his brow, in a little way he had, perhaps slightly shook his head, as he often did, and explained: "I did not give you the highest mark, because I thought you had not done enough original digging." I was more pleased at the lucidity of the explanation than disappointed with the mark.

Professor Royce had the same standard in mind when he wrote on one of my themes that I showed such ability in describing the beliefs of various philosophers that it would be well if I made myself responsible for a philosophy of my own. I did not agree with him, but I was glad he said it, because it was invigorating to understand him, see his standards, and for myself reject them. I was a skeptic along those lines, and knew it, but I was happy knocking heads with those who believed in their systems of accounting for the universe. "Royce's old absolute," as by the undergraduates it was sometimes irreverently called, was a choice plaything for me, but I had no intention of taking it seriously. Mr. Santayana's objection to Shakspeare, that the chief poet had no theory of existence, I saw with pleasure, and completely disagreed. I thought it an added proof of Shakspeare's creative sanity. Already I was addicted to those lines of Fitzgerald's Omar:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and sage, and heard great argument
About it and about, but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went."

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The splendid teachers, the powerful personalities, who were encouraged at Harvard, did not mold a good student. They handed him the best they had, and sent him along with new appetite for his own destiny.

VI

UNDER WILLIAM JAMES

IN his forties William James was not the world figure he has become, and we were able to look upon him as on other teachers. In my own case there was extraordinary luck. I had already taken a little psychology with him, when the sabbatical year of Professor Palmer arrived, and James took over for a year Palmer's course on ethics. Always invigorating, James had an added fascination as he wandered, naked and unashamed, before the class, over territories he had not previously explored. Openness was a salient quality of his mind; it seemed even more than ordinarily open as he walked back and forth, on his little platform, and in front of his audience struggled to his conclusions.

Naturally his own psychology found its way into his ethics. There has stuck in my mind one of his exaggerated, even violent, expressions in favor of that pluralistic universe now so familiar in connection with his name. "That overweening desire," he almost sputtered, "of wallowing in unbridled unity." He and Royce were close friends and walking companions, and the question of whether the universe should be seen as a unity or a diversity was probably the field of their most Homeric wars. He seemed devoted to Royce, to judge from his way of referring to him, and not less

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for that love of the absolute by which James was amused. It was noticeable also that his enthusiasm for Santayana was unflagging, although he must have known how little that enthusiasm was returned,—how little the pragmatist, wielding his ax through the forests of the brain, meant to the aloof Latin arranging the pattern of his dream.

He liked young people, and his house was a place of charm where a few of his favorite pupils were received at not infrequent intervals. I have heard the conversation of many brilliant men and women, but nothing that for richness, variety, suggestiveness, and charm was equal to the talk of William James. One evening he had a dinner for his friend, the artist, Mrs. Sarah Whitman. All the other guests were students, some half dozen of us. A bottle of champagne was in front of Mrs. Whitman, a bottle of beer before each young man and the host. No comment or explanation was made. The silent assumption that some pomp was to greet the distinguished lady, but that the rest were to dine within limits fitting the salary of a professor, was made with ease, and was successful, because it was confident and natural, as was everything, little or big, that was an expression of Dr. James.

It happened also that a small group of students was at his home on his fiftieth birthday. "Fifty!" he ejaculated, as he stood in front of the fireplace, facing us, and looking at the carpet; and the low, half-startled and half-wondering tones of his voice made it seem old indeed, that half-century; older I think than it seemed to me even at the moment, for age

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never looked far away in my youth, any more than youth does now. James was a philosopher, but he was also an artist and a poet, and to the artist and the poet the passing of youth is more of a tragedy than it is to the philosopher. Moreover this sad ejaculation may have been caused less by the way fifty looked to him than by the way he knew it would look to some of his guests. But there was to my sense just a touch of sadness in him always, and when I saw him from time to time in his later years—though it was not often enough to be certain—I had the impression that with time sadness increased.

The writings of Henry James had an influence on me to which I shall later need to refer. The height of this influence came with *THE TRAGIC MUSE*, after which I seemed to have absorbed enough. Just after I had read that novel, I spoke with enthusiasm of it to William James. He agreed, and then he made an observation which was characteristic: "I have written to Henry that, if he will promise not to do it again, I will say it is his greatest work." By doing it again, I took it he meant carrying analysis almost to the point of breaking down the reader. I could never see much in common in the brothers, from the point of view either of manner of expression or of thought-content. The only attribute that impressed me, as being alike, was their quite extraordinary kindness. I did not know Henry James well enough to concentrate the impression, but an event in my own life does embody the sweetness and successful sympathy of William James. When my sister died, the youngest child, and the only one left at home, my mother was

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prostrated to a degree that caused the Illinois home to be abandoned, and my parents came to live in Cambridge. As Dr. James was filled with work, it was thoroughly established that he never made social calls. Nothing could have been more surprising, therefore, than to have him turn up at our house to spend the evening alone with my mother. What he said I do not know, but she was strengthened, and for a long time increased cheerfulness could be traced to the humane impulse of the man whose philosophy was always so close an expression of human life.

James's position is secure, he is the foremost philosopher of his time, and I am sure it is not to lack respect if my memory has retained with vividness his manner of putting a truth with racy inexactness. "This universe," he said, in one of his lectures, "will never be completely good as long as one being is unhappy, as long as one poor cockroach suffers the pangs of unrequited love." At another time he spoke of Tolstoi as intoxicated with some of his ideas, but he immediately added, "How do we know whether a man sees less or more truth when he is drunk?"

Perhaps it was partly the ability to crowd the deep and the unexpected into a breezy and informal sentence that caused me, years afterward, to write to Dr. James, in the endeavor to persuade him to write editorials for *Collier's Weekly*. What encouraged me to do it was a statement he had just made publicly, to the effect that the leadership of American thought was "passing away from the universities to the ten-cent magazines"; and there could be no doubt that the leaders in this intellectual drive were *McClure's*,

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Collier's Weekly, and the *American Magazine*. Each had its special qualities, one of those marking *Collier's* being editorial paragraphs that swiftly and colloquially, although with background, touched on the meaning of events that passed. Dr. James declined, not on the plea of being too busy, as this was after his days of hardest rush, but on the ground that he could not express himself in units of some five hundred words. There have been few good writers of editorials in my day,—one of the most talented being clearly Arthur Brisbane. Once when I told Mr. Brisbane of this decision of Dr. James, and of his reason, the master of popular paragraphs entirely disagreed, not only thinking that the philosopher could have been a superb editorial writer, but from memory quoting a bit from James's writings to prove his point. "For the present generation," says one writer, "the mother-tongue of psychology is the tongue of William James." That is what I felt, when I thought of him as the ideal voice to be heard in a magazine that was undertaking to express the thought of its time.

What Dr. James said about five hundred words may not have been merely a comment on his own methods of expression. There may well have been a thought of the essential limitations of that length. To be sure, the story of creation was told in little more,—in the Bible, however, not as it must be told by modern science. The English economist, J. M. Keynes, once asked me to lunch, when the other guests were Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Leonard Woolf, and the lady who afterward became Mrs. Keynes, and whom I had known in her stage days as Lydia Lopokova.

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During the lunch Mr. Keynes raised the question of whether the London *Nation*, for which he had become responsible, might double its circulation without losing the intellectual quality that gave it the circulation it already had. Brevity came up, and Mr. Strachey spoke energetically against it, Mr. Keynes merely pressing for ideas, and Mr. and Mrs. Woolf giving the impression of agreeing with Mr. Strachey. I mentioned the fact that Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was less than three hundred words, but I knew the illustration was argumentative rather than convincing. Philip Littell once wrote to this effect, "Norman Hapgood's idea of an important subject is one that can be discussed by him in less than five hundred words." Whatever Brisbane and I may have said, it is certain that Dr. James would have had to leave out much he deemed essential, to have been so brief.

If I venture to say that James was the best of all the good teachers I have known, there is of course a theory of teaching behind what I say. He was the ideal embodiment of the Harvard spirit, as I endeavored in the preceding chapter to express it. To be educated, for him, was to keep the mind in action, not to fit oneself into a frame. As he wrote in his *TALKS TO TEACHERS*: "Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself." And by busy he did not mean immersion in tasks or details, but genuine use of the mind.

That his openness reached the point of taking pains to assure a hearing to more than one cause which

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he thought empty is public knowledge, although I think I can add one demonstration that is new. It is known that, in spite of his dislike of the so-called anti-vivisectionists, he presided at one of their meetings, as a mere demonstration against official blanketing of their arguments. Also anybody may read his laugh at "the good Huxley" for deciding that spiritualism was not worth notice because the messages from the other world are invariably half-witted. Yet Dr. James himself said (I forget whether publicly or in private) that if such evidence showed anything, it showed that the mind decayed at about the same speed as the body. Widely known also is the large amount of time given to spiritualism. At first he had no idea how much might be learned about unfamiliar methods of communication. After he had spent years of attention to the subject he told me he had concluded that any results that might be expected did not justify the study; it would be wasted time. Of course that need not have been his mood every day, even at that period; but even if it were, his public emphasis would be on the importance of listening to everything.

It was Dr. James who sent me to Mrs. Piper; and it is one of many things for which I am grateful to him. My interest in spiritualism was mere inclusive curiosity, and it took me to some absurd places. For example, two other students and I turned up at a materialization séance, where we were deprived of our umbrellas and seated apart. After awe-inspiring preliminaries some curtains were drawn apart in the shape of a coffin, in which opening there appeared a white figure, resembling a well-fed ghost, which proceeded

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to give messages from heaven to unhappy regular patrons of the séance. When we strolled up to the curtains, after the show, the male manager said with reassurance, "You see, there is nothing here but atmosphere." A few weeks later some reporters on the *Boston Record* picked up some girls on the street, and each couple went separately to the séance. At a preconcerted signal the men sprang from their seats and seized the ghost, who was sentenced to a term in prison.

But my experience with Mrs. Piper was anything but funny. If I had had more money I should have gone often; three dollars then was a heavy outlay. It has always been a romantic memory, and later, when I had more money, I should have followed up the adventure, had it been possible, and indeed I made the attempt, and played around with Mrs. Piper's two children until the mother came home, only to have confirmed by her what I had heard,—that her time for all her life had been bought up by the societies for physical research, American and English, and she had contracted to give no more private sittings. She was so much the best medium ever discovered that the step of the societies was a wise one.

When I made my first visit, and had my only sitting with her, she was an overwhelming creature to look at; twenty-eight years old, a mass of yellow hair, and big eyes full of mystery. I had made the appointment under the name of Richard Breckinridge, for technical safety, although I knew well enough that what she could find out in a few days about a student from a small place twelve hundred miles away would not be

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anything, even supposing her to make the attempt, that could be important to the most gifted medium in the world. *Collier's Weekly*, when I was editor, took part in the exposure of Palladino, and I am entirely sure that not only all materialization mediums are frauds, but also all who have instruments twangling around in dark rooms; but trance mediums, those who in an unnatural state give a certain amount of information, include a tiny majority who are honest. Mrs. Piper, as the chief of these, had no idea how the information got to her. She was a simple-minded, not very intelligent person, and she told me that although she knew nothing about what took place when she was in a trance the most probable explanation to her was spirits. One of the meanest exploits of journalism of my time was the tremendous advertising campaign of a New York newspaper under the heading, **MRS. PIPER CONFESSES. FAMOUS MEDIUM WILL TELL**, etc., with the date of the promised confession. When the time came, what Mrs. Piper confessed was that she had no idea how her results were reached.

After my sitting, I wrote a full account to my father, covering especially the one point of actual importance, but our home was broken up soon after, and I have never found either my letter to him or his piece of information to me, so that what semi-scientific value the experience might have had, under more favorable circumstances of the record, does not exist now, and the adventure is of interest only to me and to those few who know me well enough to believe that I am somewhat exacting on all questions of evidence.

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If this had not been true, *Collier's Weekly* could not have passed with complete success through a dramatic series of enormous suits for libel, or later *Hearst's International Magazine*, during the years that I edited it, enjoyed a similar safety, in spite of one suit for seven million dollars, a planned suit that Henry Ford was with difficulty dissuaded by his family and his lawyers from bringing, the first printed exposure of the dishonesty of Secretary Fall, a long series of medical exposures, and eighteen documentary articles about the doings of the Ku Klux Klan. Whatever my faults, and they are ample, they do not include any low standard of what constitutes proof.

Mrs. Piper, when I arrived, was in her drawing-room, where she chatted for a time before beginning the sitting. In that time no doubt, if that kind of information entered into her subconscious being, she could easily place me in the Middle West, but I am sure she could have received no other knowledge definite enough to help her, unless it were to some of her guesses about the future, which did her no credit, and which vividly illustrated the irresponsible mixture of impressions and desires that were part of her, from which had to be carefully disentangled the elements of psychological value.

She led me into another room, off of which was a small, dark alcove, whither also I was led, and told me to sit down in a chair, while she placed herself in another, facing me. She took both of my hands, and after a while she let go of one of them, to seize her hair and let it down about her shoulders. Meantime she began to groan, and then to speak in a masculine

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voice, with a strong French accent, for she imagined that her "control" was a certain Dr. Phinouï. "I am carried West," she said immediately, which for a highly gifted mind-reader would not be difficult, quite apart from my accent. She told a number of true things, including my sister's death, which however she turned into the fabulous form of the spirit of a little girl hovering always about my mother. She also mentioned various names that had no meaning, and indulged in prophecies of a general sort, success and failure being mixed about as one might expect. In describing the house in Illinois she not only got the general layout of the rooms, but she mentioned the library alcoves in the billiard room, and a "very big bird" in one of the parlors, in which actually there was a stuffed peacock. The only point that would have importance, could it be substantiated, related to the grounds around the house. She spoke of the place being surrounded by a hedge, and then added that inside the hedge ran a wire fence. As she seemed to hesitate I remarked, "Yes, a barbed wire fence." "No," she objected, always with her French accent, "it is not barbed. It is what I *think* you call picked wire." I thought she was simply mistaken, but when my father received my letter reporting the experience, he replied that I had evidently forgotten, as the wire was twisted, and the trade name was "peaked." So, if I am to be believed, Mrs. Piper at times could get out of another mind not only part of the conscious thought, but also something of what lay forgotten but imbedded.

As I left I made an engagement for my closest friend, Louis H. Dow, now Professor of French at

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Dartmouth college, and made it under another name. Dow was the youngest man in a class of three hundred, entering at fourteen and a half, and being the fifth man on the Phi Beta Kappa, although he had to earn his way into college and through it. He was extremely attentive, and also impressionable, and I should guess it would be easier to read his mind than mine. He came back from his sitting in a tremor of excitement. Mrs. Piper had told him the name of every member of his family, with one exception; had described, with their names, his most intimate friends; and had described secret episodes known only to him and those who took part in them; and she had made, as I remember, no mistakes. The one name she could not get was that of his brother, and he kept asking for it. By way of explaining her failure, and living her part of a Frenchman, she said, "It is not a French name at all."

The name was Ralph, so she was wrong, in derivation, though not when it comes to the practical question of the difficulty for a Frenchman of speaking the word. Dow said, "It is a Norman name," and her mind was thrown suddenly off the track.

"Oh, I know a Norman," she said, "a Norman Atwood." Whereupon she gave him a picture that he found lifelike, not only of me but of my mother and my father, whom of course she could know only by indirection through what she may have gotten from my own mind.

To me it does not seem strange that Dr. James should have been the discoverer and most important promoter of Mrs. Piper. Although he is the most important psychologist in American history, the essence

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of his nature was in his welcoming of the unknown and the doubtful, knowing that if it was barren, time would tell, and if there was anything in it, cordiality would have an ample recompense. At one time he was overrating both G. K. Chesterton and H. G. Wells, but they were then new forces, who needed appreciation. He once told me that a certain poem of Santayana's was equal to Keats at his best; which it is not, but it nevertheless deserves the enthusiasm that Dr. James overexpressed. I sometimes wonder if extremely careful people are often creative.

When James was at the height of his activity he felt the importance of the new school of physiological psychology, that was making progress in Germany; and he felt that he himself, in whose hands that work lay, was in laboratory work not sufficiently equipped, so he was instrumental in having Dr. Muensterberg brought to Cambridge; an able man, who thought so well of himself that the witty wife of a Greek professor observed, "*Ein Muensterberg ist unser Gott*," after Luther's hymn, of course, "*Ein' fest Burg ist unser Gott*." I do not know whether at that period Dr. James overrated the importance both of Dr. Muensterberg himself and of the movement he represented, but he probably did, and it is as well if he did: later he was to put this particular movement in its perspective. When Freud had printed only two short papers, I believe, James answered that his thinking would seriously affect psychology.

Once I was walking in the Alps, with Dow, the poet William Vaughn Moody, and Robert Morss Lovett, when Dr. James happened into the inn at

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which we had stopped for lunch. He was interested, cordial, easy, and I thought a little remote, as with his walking stick, and a package on his back, he left us to continue his upward tramp. And so he is in the picture built up and carried with me,—warm, friendly, helpful to the passer-by, but like most of the great, climbing his Alps alone.

VII

YOUNG MEN IN COLLEGE

THE phrase most used in our time, to describe the college, was "Harvard indifference," and it was most inaccurate. To Harvard's glory, be it conceded, the effective part of her was more indifferent than some colleges to mob interests, to victories on the field, to classmates merely as such, to social elections that were badges of popularity en masse. To intellectual interests she was the opposite of indifferent, though it is true she questioned all things.

George Du Maurier, about that time, drew a picture for *Punch*, of two youths in their room at Oxford, smoking cigarettes, their black coffees before them. "What," one said (and I quote the words from memory), "what would life be without coffee?" "Yes," the other said, "and what is life, even with coffee?"

That note we had, but it was not indifference. It was search into the values of life; crude, of course, but useful without a doubt. Rotary clubs have their place. Those college graduates, and undergraduates, for whom a college is mainly something to cheer about, are human beings. The glory of Harvard was that they did not dominate. They did not set the tone of its life. The old joke about the university, "The buildings are in Cambridge; the students at the bar

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of the Parker House," had absolutely no foundation. In our college, as in the first university we seem to know, which was led by Socrates in the market place, the purpose of the students was inquiry into life.

When we questioned even the general value of life it was not despondency; it was mental exercise and enjoyment. As Fletcher puts it, "What is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy?" Few who know me will question my love of life, but I was notorious for this bathing in experimental pessimism. One of the young instructors called me "*le Byron de nos jours*," referring certainly not to Byron's talent, but to his opposition to the universe. Again I acquired the nickname, for a time, of Bazarov, from Turgenev's *FATHERS AND SONS*, because the protagonist in that novel was hostile to the ruling thought. But we had no intention of doing anything about it. We were only practicing.

Once I was lying on my back in the bottom of a boat on the Rhine, gazing at the sky, when I was reprimanded by William Vaughn Moody for not looking at the scenery. "I can see more this way than I can understand," said I. "You can do that," he replied, "with your eyes shut." Moody was right, of course, but my conduct was not indifference.

This young poet Moody and I may serve as examples of a kind of life that was frequent. We were accustomed to take long walks in the outskirts of Cambridge, during which our conversation was in itself part of a university education, as we discussed nearly always some essential principle, although with a special emphasis on literature. Browning at that time was

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influencing him strongly, as shown by his "Toccata of Galluppi," to be seen now in his collected works; it appeared first in the *Harvard Monthly*, of which both he and I were editors. Browning had also taken possession of my own imagination, to hold it for a few years. But what first brought us together was a mere translation from the German of Uhland, in six lines. I was editor-in-chief at the time, and the mail for the magazine came to me. I had never heard of Moody, and two rules of the *Monthly* were that no freshman was to be elected and that nobody could be elected without having three contributions accepted. This second rule was not difficult to get around. When I was elected it was because George P. Baker, then a young instructor, had picked out an essay of mine on "Carlyle's Estimate of the Eighteenth Century," and shown it to one of the *Monthly* editors, whereupon they printed it, encouraged me to deliver two other pieces, and promptly elected me. In the case of Moody I expressed the view at the next meeting of the board that we should not only go immediately after two other poems, but suspend the rule about freshmen, the quality of the six lines being so amazingly high. I was authorized to find him, and our association began. As a rule I avoid comparisons of excellence between those times and these, as unsafe, but as I have the bound volumes of the *Monthly*, and not infrequently read in them, I have no hesitation in saying there has never been in America an undergraduate publication to approach it. This standard was partly, but only in part, due to the contributions from alumni, usually one in each issue. George R. Carpenter, after-

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ward professor at Columbia, was a young instructor when he gave us the first translation in English of Ibsen's *LADY FROM THE SEA*. Santayana also was a young instructor when he gave us some of his loveliest poetry, and such prose pieces as his dialogue on the qualities of Walt Whitman. But most of what gave to this magazine its splendid quality was undergraduate. Alan Houghton, afterward member of Congress and ambassador to Germany and Great Britain, was the first editor-in-chief, a few years before my time on the periodical, and among the early editors were Bernhard Berenson, the art critic, and the Boston editor and author, Mark A. de W. Howe. Robert Herrick the novelist followed me as editor-in-chief, and the habit of combining long walks with discussion of university and life subjects existed between him and me. Another close friend was Robert Morss Lovett, editor-in-chief two years after me, who at first thought the *Monthly* much too exacting for him to have a chance, but when he read my essay on Carlyle he said to himself, "If they will print that, perhaps they will print me," a back-hand tribute we both like to recall. It is a fact that later on, in spite of the greater number of students, Harvard would no longer support the *Monthly*, and it was politely killed by what was called a merger with the *Advocate*, a somewhat better than average undergraduate publication. The promise of Edward B. Sheldon was first impressed on me by a one-act play in the *Monthly*. Some of my best friends, also among those whose friendship was in itself part of intellectual development, as Philip Littell and George Rublee, the one

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later known in literature and the other in public affairs, were not on the *Monthly*, but on the whole that publication was more of a center for my mental life than anything outside my courses. To a large extent the same men who were on the *Monthly*, or had been on it, formed the Mermaid Club, which I look back upon as being as good in quality as could be expected in any university. Among its members some who afterward became professors were Jefferson B. Fletcher, George Carpenter, George P. Baker, Santayana, and Herrick. It would be about true to say of this whole group of men that all of them took high rank in the class marks, but that none of them worked hard, in the sense of drudgery. They worked in quality.

The man of whom I saw most, expressed his intellect not in writing, but in a ranging curiosity, which is even more than ordinarily healthy as a system when one is the youngest man in his class and four years ahead of his age. Dow was the only one of my friends with whom I actually exchanged definite lessons, he teaching me some science, while I was able to return the help in English. But on the whole our companionship had more to do with life in general than it had to do with the affairs of our courses. We learned much together, but we learned it in wanderings that sometimes had in them a good deal of action.

To tell about the episode of the shell-game calls not for my style but for the pleasant irony of Sterne or of Anatole France. Both Dow and I were brought by this adventure to reduce in our systems the amount of hypocrisy. It was on a walk in the region of Tufts College, where there was a fair, or some sort of gath-

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ering sufficient to collect the simpler types of humanity. One way of entertaining them was by the well-known shell-game, which for the benefit of a minority of readers I now explain. Two or three men were standing in a small, easily movable booth. One of them placed on a board in front of him three halves of English walnuts, with the open parts down. He exhibited a black ball, which would be found under one of the shells, when he had shuffled them. Anybody was at liberty to bet on the shell under which it would be found. Several people crowded close to the stand and eagerly made bets. It was not until much too late that Dow and I decided these bystanders were accomplices. When we were there, they seemed actually to be losing, and losing rather steadily.

But we thought we knew why they were losing, and an almost irresistible impulse arose in us to make use of what we imagined to be our knowledge. Happily for my pocketbook I was held back by my father's feeling against gambling. Dow had not the same check, but we were alike in the discovery that a tiny bit of the black ball could be seen under one of the nuts, so that betting on it would be betting on a certainty. Although five dollars was even more to Dow than it was to me, it was the ten dollars he stood to win that took possession of his vision. He placed five dollars on the nut that looked like a certainty.

But it was not a certainty. When the three nuts were raised, the little black ball stood out clear,—under one of the other shells. Dow and I looked at each other in dismay. How was it possible? The ball had been seen clearly, not by one of us, but by both.

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The game went on, the others around being still eager to gamble. Slow of observation they apparently were, for there they were again, betting on the wrong nuts, when again we could see a tiny bit of the black ball protruding. When these bystanders bet on the other shells, the justness of our observation was supported, for the ball was found where we were sure it would be found.

Dow could not stand the strain. Although I was not permitted by my ethics to gamble, there was no dogma forbidding a loan to a friend, for the purpose of enabling him to do the gambling. Dow borrowed my ten dollars, put it on the shell under which we both this time also saw the ball slightly revealed, and again we faced the horrid mystery of finding the shell empty, while the ball was shown under one of the others.

We had no more money, and we walked away in despair and rage; the nature of the fraud, with its mechanical trick shells, and the accomplices as pretended bettors, dawned upon us; we began to consult about the way to call in the police.

But to one of us, I cannot remember which, a light dawned. The shell-game men were swindlers,—that point required no argument. But what were we? What moral case had we to put to the police? We were not only a gambler plus the timid accomplice of a gambler, but something looked upon as worse. We were gambling on a sure thing. We intended to defraud the shell-men, by our special knowledge about the location of the ball. On the whole we would go home, say nothing to the police, and ease the blow, what little

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we could, by the candor with which we reflected on our own hypocrisy.

In after years, when Dow was a professor at Dartmouth, he was taking a walk alone, in midwinter, when the streets, even on level ground, were almost too icy for locomotion. He was at the foot of a steep hill when he heard a horse approaching rapidly, and looking back saw that it was a runaway,—a horse, wagon, and no driver. At the top of the hill the horse slipped, fell back on his haunches, and on his haunches slid down the steep incline. He stopped immediately alongside of Dow, and by that time he had rolled over on his side. All Dow had to do was to put his hand on the horse's head, and the animal lay quiet. Dow stood there like a statue of victory and heroism.

Not many weeks before, he had seen another runaway. First it passed two old professors. They looked as if they wished they had agility to stop it. Then it passed two students, who walked boldly out into the road, but took care not to be able to reach it. Most of the runaways stopped by amateurs are stopped in daydreams.

As Dow stood alone, with his hand on the horse's head, the pursuers from the village a few blocks away began to appear, until soon there was a crowd. The picture was complete. The horse with which none of them had grappled was there, apparently not only stopped by Dow, but thrown and controlled by him. Congratulations began to pour in on him. Had there been even a little of the bogus in him, he could have been the center of a splendid myth. Perhaps when he explained to everybody what had really happened, he

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was rewarded with no less pleasure than if he had been the hero he seemed, for he always joyed in seeing through the absurdities of man.

And not only of man. On our walks we could never pass a dog fight without stopping,—or even two dogs negotiating together, in friendliness or in a threat of war. The cordiality of the dog, his love of play, his curiosity, his cowardice, and his threats all appealed to Dow. It was like Lincoln and the two dogs that lived on adjoining places, divided by an open fence, along which they ran for hours each day, barking dire warnings, until one day they came to a gate left open by accident, whereupon they hesitated, and after a second turned back, ignored the gate, and continued loud threatenings through the fence. Lincoln drew a human moral. "And," said Dow, "dogs are men."

I was myself once the victim of his refusal to accept any attitude that was not entirely without mixture of pose; even if the pose be one widely accepted as desirable. Neither of us amounted to anything as a ball player, but he was shortstop and I pitched on the nine that in the summer represented Seal Harbor, on Mt. Desert, and the nine we were always most eager to beat was Northeast Harbor. In one game the hard-hitting captain of the Harvard University team, Louis Frothingham, later in Congress, was so angered by a mistake of the umpire in calling a first strike on him that he struck savagely at the next ball, though it was three or four inches inside the plate, and the next, though it was a slow and obvious out curve that he could not even reach. It was the third out, the game was close, the crowd considerable, and

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as Frothingham threw down his bat in disgust, and strode out onto the field, I walked in trying to look as if nothing had happened, and as if the strike-out of such a batter was an ordinary part of the day's work. Dow, however, came running up and shook hands with me, to my mortification, but when I tried to shake him off he good-naturedly insisted, and I realized, annoyed as I was, that it would not be like him to hide his feelings in order to help me assume a coolness that he knew I did not feel.

Not all of our adventures were so far from the tasks of academic life. In those days the first row in the first balcony, at ordinary theater performances, was fifty cents, which was a large investment for us, and on such an occasion as the visit of Coquelin it was two or three times as much. In order to get good seats for himself and me Dow, then fifteen or sixteen, and not large for his age, went into Boston the day before, and stood in line all night, on account of the keenness of the interest he took not only in the theater but in foreign languages, especially French, Greek, and Latin. So free was Harvard that in one course in Latin Composition he attended only some half dozen recitations, but nevertheless was given A, whereas in many American universities at the time he would have been reprimanded for his absences and in the end dismissed. As he stood all night, the interest of the fun he was expecting to have, and the interest of his favorite study, were no doubt indistinguishable. When daylight came, and more hours passed, and the box office was about to open, a large brute appeared from somewhere to buy tickets. Seeing the long line ahead

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of him, he looked it over, picked Dow as the smallest, threw him out, and took his place; and not a man in the line offered aid. It was the only tragedy either of us met in years of going to the theater together.

As a companion in the theater in those days, however, the person whose memory is ever touching and fresh is a young woman, whose pictures, lovely, gentle and modest, confirm my remembrance,—Helen Gillette, wife of the playwright and actor. She was but a few years older than I, and she died in her twenties, while I was still in college. As family ties of friendship had made us acquainted, she and her husband gave me the happiness of seeing them, whenever he was playing in Boston; in their little hotel room for dinner or supper, and in the theater with Mrs. Gillette at many performances. It was my first contact with the actual profession. The personal affection is not to be transferred to these pages; but the association stands out likewise on the side of that education in life and its ideas which is the topic of my book. Something said by Mr. Gillette, as we went down in the elevator at the Adams House, first put into my head that essential of understanding the actor and his art, the connection between the talent and the part suitable for its expression. He was to go on to one theater, to appear either in *HELD BY THE ENEMY* or in *THE PRIVATE SECRETARY*, and Mrs. Gillette and I were to go to another place to see Minnie Maddern, then around twenty, and slim as a wand, in *CAPRICE*. Mr. Gillette asked where we were planning to go, and then said: "You will enjoy it. The little woman has genius. She needs only the right part to show greatness." When



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Minnie Maddern Fiske

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she married, and retired for some years, she was still known as a clever and charming actress of picturesque and rather slight parts. When she returned to the stage, as Mrs. Fiske, in *TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES*, she justified the prophecy of Mr. Gillette, and BECKY SHARP clinched her reputation, broadened and deepened by *A DOLL'S HOUSE*, *ROSMERHOLM*, *HEDDA GABLER*, *PILARS OF SOCIETY*, *GHOSTS*, *HANNELE*, *THE RIVALS*, among others on a long and varied list. In a life-long study of the stage, the weakness of dramatic criticism that has perhaps struck me most often is the inability of the critic correctly to weight the bearing of the part on the acting. Sometimes a part brings out a talent. Sometimes it shows the actor up, as often in the case of Shakspeare. Many an actor in my time has made a reputation out of fat and easy parts plus pleasant personality; and a number have done good work in ungrateful parts and received no praise.

Of the women who came into my life in the earlier part of my college course Mrs. Gillette stands out alone. Later I made a group of friends at what is now Radcliffe College, then called the Harvard Annex, and these girls were more of a part of my intellectual life than women were in the cases of the other young men whom I knew best. It was not the same thing it had been in Alton, where what the girls furnished that the boys lacked was more refinement of feeling. At the Annex my friendships were highly intellectual. Always I have felt a need for the thought of women, alongside the thought of men. For a time the *Harvard Monthly* had an associate board of girls, to keep track of what was written in the Annex, and it included Bea-

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trice Witte, now Beatrice Ravel, whose "Poe's Mother" shows her quality in verse, as in prose she has shown it both in short stories and in editorials. Her fitness for editorials was indicated by the daily themes that were an outstanding element in our English work, and of one of her most-talked-of themes I was the butt. It was a picture of me as she saw me one day walking down Brattle Street, with a visiting young woman whom Beatrice described as "a wily society girl," who was going through the motions of intense interest in the soulful opinions I was pouring out, and the theme bore the ironical title of "Sancta Simplicitas." Of her later editorial work I heard in a talk with Franklin P. Adams, when we discussed a topic I have mentioned in speaking of William James,—the paucity of editorial virtues. It was Adams who told me that in reading many exchanges he had found a stretch of outstandingly good editorials in one southern paper, had sent an inquiry to the editor, and had been informed that the selected editorials were all written by Beatrice Ravel.

One of my closest girl friends, with whom I took long walks and attended athletic meets, at the age of seventeen dropped a comparison between Browning's "The Ring and the Book" and the catalogue of ships in Homer, as naturally, as unconsciously as another girl might compare two current novels. Years after I asked her whether in the midst of family claims she had been able to keep up her Greek. "No," she replied. "I had a notion," I said, "that you were teaching it." "Oh," she answered lightly, "I keep it up enough for that."

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In the case of another intimacy, which influenced my outlook on life, the bases of the friendship were poetry, to which we were both passionately devoted, and music, which I understood not at all, but of which this young woman was able to convey something to me, not only because her playing was so saturated in expression, but also because of the illuminating comparisons that she made from time to time with literature, as between Browning and Wagner, Bach and Milton, Beethoven and Shakspeare,—not close enough to be false, just enough to give a start to my imagination; it being remembered that in those days Browning meant something to us that he has now lost, and lost it while Shakspeare, Shelley, Jane Austen, and Dickens have been making actual gains. However, Browning has that drive and challenge that appealed much to the young intellectuals of my college days.

Time and again there has been used as a symbol the picture of Shelley drowned, in one pocket a volume of tragedy in the Greek, in another the poems of John Keats, his unhappy contemporary,—and there is seldom true culture without a selection of the old and the new. To make these selections for ourselves we must have freedom. Aristotle and Plato, disagreeing in much, agree that the essence of education is leading the young to find pleasure in the right things, a service that can seldom be rendered by compulsion. "It is better," says Huxley, "to go wrong in freedom than to go right in chains."

With the oldest existing college something like a thousand years old, and the life of mankind on the earth running high into the millions, how can people

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have confidence in fetters? Science is free, and lives by experiment, as education should do; but science does not forget what has been learned; the Einstein who adds a decimal to Newton will be the person who understands Newton best. So far in the history of man the peak of intellect was twenty-five centuries ago; and, says Renan, "The Athenians had intelligence, which is to say true joy, eternal gayety, divine childishness of heart."

The last part of my life has been the happiest, but every decade has contributed something, and if asked to name some years that might seem worth living again, perhaps I should find myself under the elms of Harvard, with other searching boys and girls, listening to able teachers, talking together, and guessing about existence.

VIII

REVOLT

THE first discontent that was not amusement but reality came to me when I faced the idea of going away from Cambridge and beginning practical work. Although my father was willing to help me do whatever I chose, business was naturally indicated, since I had learned a good deal about his factory and the sale of plows, and neither he nor I believed I could earn my living by writing.

A trip to Europe brought to a focus the threatened disharmony between me and my destiny. It was made at the end of my junior year, with Dow, Lovett, Moody, and R. E. Neil Dodge, afterward Professor of English Literature in the University of Wisconsin. There was plenty of ordinary fun in the trip, but there were also started some fundamental ideas that helped to bring on a state of mind that led George Baker to say that I seemed to be living in a condition of perpetual crisis.

First I discovered art. The discovery took so virulent a form that presently to my mind anybody who did not appreciate art was damned. This was a point of view that did not help me to fit myself immediately into the major currents of American life.

As the other four voyagers could not leave the

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United States as early in the summer as I could, I found myself in Paris alone. After getting my mail at a bank, the first thing I did was to take a cab and say "*Au Louvre.*" Presently the cab stopped and the cabman indicated that I was at my destination. It did not look like what I had heard about, but as the cabman insisted that it was the Louvre I paid him and entered the building. It seemed to be full of ladies at counters selling clothes. For a while I walked about looking for my object, but in the end decided to ask the direction of the picture gallery. A sympathetic girl then informed me that I was in a department store called the Louvre, and told me how to walk to the palace.

Further inquiry guided me through rooms of statuary and painting to the Salon Carré, where I proceeded to place myself in front of the Mona Lisa, or Gioconda, of Leonardo de Vinci, and wait for something to happen. What I expected was the appearance of Bernhard Berenson, already becoming known as an expert on paintings. A letter which I found waiting for me at my bank had told me he would meet me at this hour in front of the picture.

When he approached he saw me reading Baedeker, and after the first greeting he asked me what the guide-book said. I read out something about the bright color of the lips. "Can you see the bright red for yourself?" asked Berenson, and I confessed that I could not. He hinted that it was better to learn to look with one's own eyes, and then asked me from whom Baedeker was quoting. I said Vasari, who was somebody of whom I had never heard, so it fell to Berenson to

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explain that when Vesari wrote his comment on the lips it was doubtless true; but in the centuries the color had faded.

Although Berenson's international reputation was made as an expert on old paintings, his friends think of him probably most often for his vivid and original conversation. I saw much of him, at different times during the summer, and for a while I came to think more of art than of anything else. Not that I was in any way fitted, by eye or powers of observation, to understand things plastic; but a considerable amount of value in my education has come from the study of things I did not understand. Professor Bocher, amusing himself with an epigram, said to our class in French literature, "The less you understand, the more you learn." He was encouraging those who absorbed a lot of French language without knowing exactly how it should be translated, but the principle could be carried further. Or it could suggest other principles,—for example, Mrs. Edith Wharton once said to me that a person's culture could be measured by what he had forgotten. It was Berenson who started me after Zorn, Besnard, Puvis de Chauvannes, who just then seemed to be in the foremost files of time; and also Huysmans and other writers who in ink were supposed to incarnate the latest moment.

Moody made our newly discovered culture hum with as vigorous a buzz as I, while at the other extreme was Dow, who threw himself into the life of the streets, and cared little for the differences between Perugino and the youthful Raphael, and not more for guesses at the soul of Tintoretto. Compromise was therefore

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necessary, not only on account of our differing tastes but also because, though none of us had money to throw away, some had more than others. In one of our arguments, as between taking a train to reach quickly a point of historical and artistic fame, or using up the time required to go on foot, Moody observed to Dow, "You only want to do *comme ça*," making with his hands an imitation of monotonous walking. "Yes," said Dow, unabashed, "to do *comme ça*." And our shorthand symbol for mere walking thereafter was "*comme ça*." How right Moody was in recognizing the needs of his own talent anybody familiar with his poetry will understand, for the influence on him of old world culture is widespread and fertile.

We had to take our opportunities regardless of weather conditions. Venice for example fell to August, and one night the mosquitoes actually chased me out of the pension, named Casa Kirsch, where Moody, Lovett, Dow, and I were staying. I dressed and went to sleep on a bench in the Piazza San Marco. After a time a beggar approached and told me that the bench was his. My Italian did not suffice for subtle disputes about prescriptive right, and I left, to find my next bed on another bench near one end of Shylock's bridge. There a different trouble lay in wait. A crowd collected, including a policeman who spoke French, and who informed me that I was breaking the law by being out at two o'clock in the morning. "But all Venice is on the street also," I said, with slight exaggeration: "But you are a foreigner," he declared. "What is your charge?" said I. "No visible means of support," he answered.

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Then came the first indication, I think, that I was intended to develop in time into an American reporter, with a brazen manner of meeting situations as they arise. "No means of support," said I scornfully. "Come to the Casa Kirsch with me and I will show you more cash than any of you here ever saw." The policeman decided to let me alone.

The poetry of Europe, and above all the poetry and ideals of it as they expressed themselves in pictures and statues and buildings, haunted me, and turned my reading sharply in one direction. Outside of my necessary work I read by preference books that dealt with the soul of art. The hold Henry James had on me was due to his conscious detachment from the life that was beginning to throw its shadow toward me; his passion for analysis and conversation; his settings in galleries; and Roderick Hudson was for a time my favorite hero. It has pleased me all my life to note the simple generosity of the gifted. A few years later, when I published my first book, I had reacted somewhat from my devotion to Henry James, and said in substance that he cut too fine, and that one seldom rereads him. Yet when he signed a review of that little book, in one of the most prominent British weeklies, he said things about my equipment as a critic so serious that they are capable of giving me pleasure even to this day.

The long series of journals of the Goncourt brothers, with Sainte-Beuve as one of the actors in them, and Turgenev, the young Zola, the fiery Jules de Goncourt, his calmer brother, and a stream of debating enthusiasts, for whom literature and art were

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life, was in complete harmony with that mood of opposition to my apparent future that was closing in on me. Mrs. Piper, in the guess part of her séance, had insisted that I was soon to go to Europe, when I had no idea of it, and that I was to enter one of the liberal professions, when I was convinced I was destined for business in the Middle West; and though I call it guess, it may have been connected with a feeling by her of my wishes scarcely articulate then, but in full action by the time I came back from the trip to Europe.

It was not difficult for me to keep up with my work, during my senior year, in spite of the rather heavy duties of editor-in-chief of the *Monthly* for half the time, and the regular writing for it, and there was abundant opportunity to continue the line of reading and thinking started in Europe. I thought I was estimating various ways of living,—in truth I was overcompensating myself for the expected return to a mental atmosphere from which I shrank. Perhaps that judgment is too severe. There was also, in such writers as Mérimée, Stendhal, Madame du Deffand, not only a protest against a way of life, that for me was a phase, but there was also something that is a part of me today. An example of what I mean cropped up during the war. The French philosopher Henri Bergson and I had been the only guests of Colonel House at Magnolia, at a time when Bergson was in the states to learn about American opinion; and I faced the delicate task of taking the long drive to Boston with him after lunch and finding neutral topics, since it would not have been suitable to go over again the subjects

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taken up and disposed of while Colonel House was in charge of the conversation. We talked French literature, and Monsieur Bergson told me I was the only American he had ever met or heard of who discussed Duclos.

But I must get back to my return from Europe, since the two world-periods, of course, are different. That was the era of the *Yellow Book*, to which I was in a few years to contribute an article on Stendhal, and sell one, never printed, on account of the demise of the publication, on Choderlos de Laclos. The *Chap-Book*, in America, and others less notable, followed the *Yellow Book*, but they had nothing (as a contributor to the *Chap-Book* I speak impartially) to compare with the publication that had as its art-leader Aubrey Beardsley, and among its contributors many of the famous and well endowed. I do not know where else, at that time, could have been found a suitable home for the best work of Max Beerbohm. The common sense of the day declared:

"The *Yellow Book*, of meaning dim,
A yellow nuisance was to him,
And it was nothing more."

But it was something more, and the literary debauch I was taking, after my personal grievance against fate is fully admitted, had something that helped to round out the world-outlook of a young American from the middle west.

I cannot wish for anybody a better father than I had. When I finally brought myself, with reluctance,

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to the point where I was willing to tell him that I wished to give up the idea of carrying on his business there was never a word of complaint. The only problem was what to do. We began with an experiment of one year in the law school, which would not be wasted even if my mood should pass, and I should ultimately return to the plow company.

That first year in the Harvard Law School was one of the most solid and valuable parts of my education. The English Common Law is something to boast about. As Mr. Justice Holmes says, "The life of the law has not been logic,—it has been experience." The placing of the foundations was a long experience in how to live together, from earlier and simpler conditions down to the complicated trials and contracts of our day. No part of human history has ever taken hold of my mind more definitely than the working out of the laws of evidence, contracts, and torts.

Especially the first two. All my life I have been fascinated by the laws of evidence. In mathematics the subject that interested me most was the one that dealt with probabilities,—permutations and combinations. In the law-school my mind was most excited by the course that dealt with the probabilities of a thing having happened. Give me a logical detective story and it is my favorite method of wasting time.

In evidence we had a splendid teacher. James Bradley Thayer was not a showy man, but he knew his subject, his method of presentation was simple and deep, and his quiet personality had a strong attraction. His family was my idea of what cultivated Americans ought to be. Perhaps the element in evidence that

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sank furthest into me was its relativity. Nobody can appreciate correctly the value of evidence who does not appreciate also its distance from certainty. What does it mean to be sure? It means one thing if you are trying to convict a man of theft, another if you are collecting on a contract. It never means finality, even in the laboratory. "I think," I said once to Mr. Justice Brandeis, "that if the chances of being right seem to be represented by eighty percent, that is justification enough for working to bring something about." "Sixty percent would usually be enough," said he.

While evidence was fascinating me for its bearing on the search for truth, the study of contracts, with the admirable teaching of Professor Williston, was a delightful exercise in logic. Logical reasoning is of endless value, whether one is writing editorials, getting ready to defend a lawsuit, or playing bridge. But there is something of even deeper interest in evidence, which has logical reasoning enough, but of which, compared with other branches of the law, the backbone is composed of experience and human judgment.

In the days of which I am writing, Harvard was the only law school in which the true historical method was followed, of studying the original sources, which is to say the cases, instead of those very secondary sources, the text books; and there was an excitement in being part of an institution that was bringing about so great a revolution. Our marks were not announced, but illegitimately I learned that in this first year I stood second in the class, which is proof enough that something about the law had captured my attention.

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However, there was another force that worked in the opposite direction. It was going on all the time, and it made my second and third year law work less serious. The view of life that was represented by Henry James, Stendhal, Mérimée, and the mass of memoirs that picture the sparkling society before the French Revolution, would not let me alone. There was my heart. The law was not something to master, with all the needed drudgery; it was only a part of history; it was an exploration, like much of my life, into the mind of man. But the part of the mind of man which even more held my devotion was pulling me always further from application to my task, so that by the senior year I was probably giving more time, and undoubtedly more thought, to what was then called *fin-de-siècle* literary thinking and practicing than I was to the rules for conveying real estate or the requirements of bills of exchange.

Nevertheless I graduated with honor (it was then indicated by giving an A.M. in addition to the LL.B.) and started, flagrantly sorry for myself, in a law office in Chicago. It was the year of the World Fair, and after the exposition was technically closed, the art building remained open, the Court of Honor was intact, the fairy-like scene in the loneliness was at its most mystical. There, and in a few homes in the city, the life for which I longed sang its melody, while my office routine among the law authorities was carried on without a single spark of passion. Perhaps if it had been in a small office, or in a small town, the law might have held me, and I might have had more money and less enthusiasm; for the only thing that thrilled me

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in the year's work in the office was an unexpected human adventure, and human adventure usually does not belong to the first months, at any rate, of a cub in a big firm.

It happened only because nobody else was available at the moment, and also because it was of no importance. Williams, Holt & Wheeler did little but large estate and corporation business, and this was a tiny matter about an oral renting,—a case they had taken only because it was a detail concerning one of their clients. I was told that we had to go through the form of appearing at the hearing before the minor judge, but that we had no evidence, and almost certainly no case, as the defendant denied that the man in charge of the apartment building had any power to make renting agreements; so there was nothing to do. What happened showed the ready mind of a journalist more than any quality that would have counted in the corporation law practice of a big city.

The defendant's lawyer was present with his one witness, the manager or superintendent of the apartment house. It is a rule of law that if you make a person your witness you are bound by what he says, and cannot afterward turn around and prove its falsity. Therefore it is dangerous to call anybody who is not friendly. However, in this case, we were beaten as things stood, and there was nothing to lose by taking a chance: therefore to the surprise of all present I called the superintendent who had come there specially to testify for the other side, and I asked him only one question. "You are, I understand," said I, "nothing but a janitor?" Whereupon, being stupid and much

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annoyed, he pompously boasted of his powers and responsibilities to such an extent that our case was won. Perhaps if I had started at once to practice for myself in police courts, instead of sitting and reading in a big office, I might have been a rich lawyer, or even in the end a judge.

As a fact, however, even in office hours, I put much of my work on literature, and evenings and Sundays I concentrated both on reading and on writing. The excellent public library was a joy. In it I found two books that I have never seen elsewhere. Both were by Alexandre Dumas, *SOUVENIRS D'UNE AVEUGLE* and *MEMOIRS DE LA MARQUISE*, and both were imaginary adventures mixed with real adventures of my then favorite French heroine, Madame du Deffand.

It was about a lady, but a vastly different one, that I completed an article at this time, and sent it to my friend Charles Dudley Warner. It was an enthusiastic account of Margaret Fuller, that high-brow walking and talking companion of Emerson, whom Lowell did not like, and who may well have been exasperating. But she was hungry for the best, and the fact that she was a woman, at the same time that she was a ground-breaker, drew me to her. Her end, a Marchesa, drowned in the ocean, was as romantic as could be asked.

Mr. Warner wrote an answer that I still often quote to those who come to me with dreams of authorship. He was generous in praise of the article, saying there was no doubt I should be able to write for the magazines, but to the specific question I had asked, what was the most promising market for this essay, he re-

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fused to reply. He said there was but one way to find one's market and that way was experiment. After sending various articles to a number of magazines he thought I would find some whose desires fitted my product. His method was certainly right. With my more serious articles I bombarded a long list of leading publications, and in the end was compelled to make my first successes in England, with the *Yellow Book* and the *Contemporary Review*. It was after appearances in such conspicuous media that the American magazines became more accessible.

Those who have treated me well, in my business relations, have been almost everybody. The senior partner in Williams, Holt & Wheeler believed that I ought to remain in the law, but when he saw the strength of my wish to experiment in journalism he spoke to his friend H. H. Kohlsaas, owner of some newspapers, and Mr. Kohlsaas spoke to the managing editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*. Mr. McAuliffe sent for me, offered me five dollars a week as a general assignment reporter, and with no hesitation I seized the offer.

IX

MAKING A REPORTER

WHEN I started work on the *Chicago Evening Post*, F. P. Dunne was writing all the editorials and receiving for them forty dollars a week. Also he turned in one Dooley article every Friday, for which he received ten dollars. Fifty dollars was looked upon by us as princely. It was the Spanish-American war that made Dunne a national figure and as an incident of his fame sent his prices to the sky. In the Chicago days it was his custom to leave his friends at ten o'clock sharp Thursday night, go into a room alone wherever he happened to be, and finish his Dooley article before he went to bed.

The paper used me on the work I could do best without newspaper training, which was interviewing, picturesque specials, and in general those stories that invited the literary touch. Charley MacDonald was then golf champion of the United States, and when I was sent out to see my first game I was so much excited by the beautiful country setting and the graceful flight of the ball that enthusiasm gave to my account what only enthusiasm can give. Once I wrote an account of a picture exhibition to such purpose that sales multiplied, and the grateful dealer undertook to reward me by offering to sell me a vase for only eight dollars. Afterward I learned that it was not worth eight dollars.

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When Conan Doyle came to town I committed my first breach of journalistic etiquette, but by no means my last. I knew something of Doyle's work, and had no intention of waiting around until he was settled in his hotel with a lot of reporters asking how he liked Chicago. I met his train, introduced myself, found him fond of walking, and carried his bag as we strolled through the streets, so he invited me to his room and answered questions through the transom while he took his bath. I was in the office writing my story before the others had begun their questions. Such conduct is not looked upon in newspaper circles as sporting; my own opinions on the subject are vague.

Vague are they also about the ethics involved when I was asked to interview a girl of seventeen on why she had eloped with her elderly uncle. She seemed to enjoy the talk, and so did I, but the resulting story no doubt catered to what is called the morbid taste of the public for undesirable information.

Of the adventures of a cub reporter in Chicago during the months of October, November, and December, 1894, there is only one of which I am seriously ashamed. It illustrates the bad morals of extreme competition,—the lengths to which one goes in a field where professional opinion encourages success ahead of delicacy.

A young man had disappeared from Evanston, near Chicago. His mother, when called upon by the morning papers, had refused to say a word. We were, as our name implies, a paper appearing in the afternoon. On most of the big news the morning papers had the advantage, so the afternoon papers were eager for what

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developed between two or three a.m. and early afternoon. I well remember, when a leading citizen was near the door of heaven, our city editor sitting with the telephone in his hand, muttering, "It looks as if he would die for the morning papers."

The morning papers having failed to get the inside of this disappearance I was sent to Evanston, and I write down what happened with some difficulty, perhaps with flaming cheeks, as the books say, but with a determination to make the story true; as in my whole plan I am softening nothing that properly comes within the scope of the book.

I thought I could probably get the information, and I knew without peradventure that I had no right to use the device that arose before me. Like Macbeth I went ahead without the excuse of self-deception.

Looking over the house and yard, I omitted the futility of ringing the front bell, but walked around to the kitchen and knocked firmly on the door. It was opened after a delay, a few inches, and a voice asked suspiciously what was wanted. "Is it true," I asked firmly, "that this house is for rent?" The question came at the right moment. After we had talked awhile the woman said, "At first I thought you might be one of those newspaper fellows." Undoubtedly she did not take the *Evening Post*, judging from her appearance and talk, but undoubtedly later somebody must have shown it to her. With what bitterness the mother must have thought of the reporter who had deceived her into making public something that she felt belonged to her alone! Not that anything revealed was discreditable; but it was for her to decide, not for me, what

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should be told. In my long newspaper career this exploit is my worst.

Soon I was called to more serious work. There was no more genuinely distinguished and admired citizen of the neighboring state of Wisconsin at that time than Horace Rublee, and the Milwaukee *Sentinel* under his editorship was an honor to the journalism of the country. It was through his son George that an offer came to me to go to Milwaukee, to do the regular political reporting, at a salary of twenty dollars a week, which was more than I needed to live on, and it was a relief to me not to call further on my patient and generous father. The staff, from Mr. Rublee down, was full of interest, with ability and personality. Philip Littell was one of the editorial writers, Will Rublee another, and the city editor, Jimmy Garrison, was later prominent in the city newspaper work of New York. Horace Rublee himself was the sort of being one is always glad to have known. His quality seems to live after him, so that it is as if he himself were actually still alive. His culture, sensitiveness, generosity of outlook, are not always the qualities that put a man into high position in the pushing profession of modern journalism.

He had occasion to reprimand me, not many weeks after my arrival, and I needed his reprimand, and was pleased with it. There was at that time a fight going on between the health commissioner and a faction in the Board of Aldermen, headed by a certain Alderman Rudolph. Mr. Rublee being away from town I took occasion to turn in, and have printed, an editorial fiercely taking the side of the commissioner. A decent

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respect for the interests of the paper should have kept me from committing the *Sentinel* to one side in a heated controversy, especially without knowing more than I actually did know; but the opportunity to get into a fight has always been one of the temptations most difficult for me to resist.

Soon the dramatic criticism was put in my hands as an extra, my salary shooting up to twenty-five dollars, of which I saved nearly half. At times I would cover as many as three performances in a night,—not serious ones. The most notable event in the Milwaukee theaters during the months of my work on the *Sentinel* was the visit of James A. Herne in *SHORE ACRES*. My review of that play was full of thrill, and I followed it with an interview with Mr. Herne. Mr. and Mrs. Herne were both splendid actors, and the company, including Grace Filkins and Annie Clarke, was a strong one, so that the qualities of the comedy appeared clearly. The plays of Mr. Herne were the first written in America in which modern realism stood out with strength and direction, so that I look upon *SHORE ACRES*, *MARGARET FLEMING*, the *REVEREND GRIFFITH DAVENPORT*, and *SAG HARBOR* as marking for that era a step ahead as distinctly as Eugene O'Neill marks our advancement now.

I am not among those who believe in progress in the arts in a constant sense. Wonder never ceases to come over me when I meet persons (which is often) who see in art the steady conquest that marks the history of science and mechanics. Such minds (and even so brilliant a thinker as H. G. Wells sometimes seems to slip into the group) would find the sculpture of today

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ahead of that of Greece; painting advanced from the Italian Renaissance; lyrics from the days of Elizabeth. That is no creed of mine. But there are moments when one or another of the arts seems to start into life in some particular country; and when the history of art is written for the United States the drama will offer to James A. Herne an honorable place as a pioneer.

After four or five months of general work on the *Sentinel* I had acquired confidence enough to make the jump to New York, then as now the center of publishing enterprise. A couple of hundred dollars saved meant that I might hope to land on my feet without needing to ask my father for help.

I knew exactly one person in the city, but he had written me an encouraging letter about coming. George Rice Carpenter, with whom I had become intimate at Harvard, was teaching English at Columbia, and his brother-in-law, Sherwood Seymour, was business manager of the New York *Evening Post*. Through the influence of Mr. Seymour I was allowed to sit in the office of the reporting staff, without a salary, paid for the space which was filled in the paper by my productions. For the early months this space averaged twelve dollars a week.

The results were small because, while I was by nature a good reporter of matters human and literary, I was at that time unbroken in routine. When there was need of completeness in an ordinary newspaper story, I was among the worst. And, moreover, the men on salary had first to be kept busy.

The ablest all-round reporter on the staff was Lincoln Steffens, and I thought him also the best general

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reporter in the city. He was at that time interested primarily in events that passed before his eyes, with comment on their significance kept in the background, and narrative, description, and humor combined with a professional thoroughness. An incident that showed him as a well-equipped professional and me as still entirely an amateur has been misrepresented in print, with the mistaken object of making it more picturesque, so I tell it here for accuracy as well as for part of the foundation I am laying to indicate what it takes to make a finished reporter. For the kind of professional reporter I was soon to become I refer, in order to keep up a reputation for modesty, to the volume called *A HISTORY OF THE EVENING POST*. The change from the futility I am about to describe to the position assigned to me in the official history of the paper was so sudden that it makes the causes of the change the more observable.

It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon. All the other reporters were out on their assignments, and work was usually hurried at that hour, as the paper went to press about three. I was sitting, as too often, at my desk, with my mind more on articles I was writing, and hoping to write, for the magazines than on how I might make myself useful to the *Evening Post*. Suddenly H. J. Wright, the city editor, called me to his desk, in a state of unusual excitement, calm as his manner always was. He already liked my work, but he knew its limitations, and he would never have turned to me in this emergency if there had been any more finished product whom he could reach.

In the wholesale district of New York there was

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going up a seventeen-story edifice, high for those times, called the Ireland Building. With no warning, when it was in large part erected, it fell with a deadly crash. There were all the elements of a newspaper story of the first order: unexpectedness, destruction of property, the slaughter of workmen, the scandal of faulty construction and probable graft. The hour at which the building fell meant that the afternoon papers were to have either full advantage of the tragedy or else nothing but a preliminary sketch, with the complete information staying over for our morning rivals.

In a few rapid words Mr. Wright stressed the importance of the news, the shortness of time, the impossibility of getting in touch with other reporters, and told me to hurry and do the best I could, with the closing hour in mind.

When I reached the scene, I surveyed the surroundings with calm. I had not yet learned to become excited when a building falls down and I have to tell about it. At the bottom of my heart I did not care much. My thrills were elsewhere. From the nearest policeman I gathered a few vague opinions and an occasional fact about where the break was and how many were killed. Soon I saw Steffens, who had not required to be sent, but had left police headquarters as soon as the news came in. He was talking rapidly to an official, knowing exactly what he needed, getting all there was. It was still with a manner of ease that I asked Steffens how much was known. He had an idea of my then mental processes, and he looked around kindly, smiled at me, said nothing, and turned back to his inquiry.

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I went back to the office and turned in a statement that would have made about two inches in the paper and that contained essentially no more than Mr. Wright had known when he sent me out. He was in despair. If he had been that kind of man he would have torn his hair and sworn. It was within twenty minutes of press time.

The telephone rang. Mr. Wright's face lightened. Steffens was on the wire. He held it until perhaps a quarter of an hour after the paper should have gone to press. Not only did the *Post* have by far the most complete, orderly, and dramatic account of any afternoon paper, but of the morning papers, with nearly a dozen more hours to work on form and detail, not one came near to equaling what, after half an hour's preparation, had been dictated over the telephone in another half hour by Steffens.

Some months later there occurred an event that was one of two happenings to start the change that made me a professional. It was something that would not occur in the congested New York of today, because it was the result of leisurely strolling about the streets at night, seeking diversion in the picturesque, in little human bits. Often as I walked up town in the afternoon I would pause at the point where Broadway crosses Fifth Avenue, to consider which of those two streets held the stronger charm. If I turned to the left I walked through the theater district, then often though somewhat inaccurately called the Tenderloin, which was actually a little further west and included the houses of prostitution that were most profitable to the police. As I strolled past the restaurants and play-

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houses, I pushed through no crowds as now, but browsed around at ease, nibbling impressions, or meeting an acquaintance. If on leaving Twenty-third Street, I kept straight up Fifth Avenue there was the attraction of the broad street, with no motors on it, with the elegant ladies driving forward and back in their victorias and nodding to the men or women of their world passing on the sidewalk. The literate may be tempted to a comparison with Heine, when the charms of three rivers put him in a similar predicament. New York has improved in a dozen essential ways, but it has lost as a place in which to take pleasant walks along the street.

It was on evening tours around the center of the town that I became addicted to the Salvation Army. Their singing groups had plenty of space to gather on the corners. There were proportionately many more drunks for them to lure into their halls and bring onto the platform to testify. The young women and their eloquence had plenty of romance. One little lieutenant in particular caused me to sit many an hour on the benches to which she was preaching; and young as she was she presided at gatherings in the important centers. With her my acquaintance was slighter than I wished, but I soon made friends at headquarters and was an insider before a quarrel broke that for some weeks held the attention of many thousands in England and America.

Old General Booth, the founder of the Army, ran it on the principles on which actual armies are run. Discipline was absolute. A soldier's duty was to obey. To prevent them from becoming attached to other

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purposes than their mission, and from becoming tempted by the pleasant things of life, the leaders in the various countries were frequently shifted. The top posts were in the hands of the Booth family, and in the United States the commanders were Ballington Booth and his popular wife. When the order came to Ballington and Maud Booth to move on to other and less comfortable fields, the first sign of weakening in the old discipline was seen. Instead of unquestioning obedience there came from the two leaders a protest, put as is usual in such cases in terms of the true welfare of the Army and its work.

The general was adamant, and as the news stories followed one another day by day they finally centered on what was going to be done by Ballington; would he yield, or since it was now clear that the General would stand firm would Ballington get out of the Army altogether?

As I was versed in the affairs of this organization I turned in stories that gave much satisfaction in the office. One day Mr. Wright, sitting at his desk and reading my copy, began laughing to himself. "This is an excellent story," said he, "but you have a big beat, and you have hidden it in the middle of your article. While everybody is trying to find out what Ballington Booth is going to do, you are able to make the positive announcement that his resignation is settled, and yet you put it in a brief paragraph well along in the story. Perhaps you have a reason. If so, what is it?"

Rather ashamed of myself, I explained the literary and intellectual plan of my article, and added hope-

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fully, "But would it not be easy to let me take that paragraph out and fix it up as a beginning?"

An idea evidently flashed across the mind of Mr. Wright as I talked. "No," he said, "by Jove, I will leave it exactly as it is, and merely note the news in one of the sub-heads."

The idea that went through his mind was this: "The *Evening Post* is the *Evening Post*. It can afford to scorn the petty emphasis of its competitors. It speaks to the intellectual élite. It takes the larger view. We will be casual about beating the town, and let the story stand as a picture of the whole situation in its more permanent outlines. Thus we shall illustrate in a daring way our superiority to the weaknesses of American journalism."

For several days longer the news was big, and my inside position continued to make the *Post* stand out from all the others. Thus was there suddenly instilled into me the desire to win at the mere game of newspaperdom; to master the technique, not merely to express my own tastes and interest.

The other cause of this sudden change was developed at practically the same time. The condition of education in the public schools of New York at that time was so deplorable that those who know the schools as they are can scarcely conceive of it. New ideas and standards were creeping into the school systems of various cities, but there was no glimmer of them in the practice of the schools of New York. People often laugh at the new Tammany, and far be it from me to praise it, but those who do not realize how much less bad it is than it was thirty years ago do not know the

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history of the city. A Tammany mayor today simply would not dare to appoint to the Board of Education men as completely ignorant as many who decorated it when Mayor Strong came into office.

The whole question of whether or not New York was satisfied with the lowest quality of education came up in a fight over who was to be superintendent of schools, and more specifically whether the place was to go to somebody who had proved himself an expert in a more progressive city or to some local heeler who would use the patronage to fatten the organization. Being interested, I sat in meetings of the board, and horrified the members by reporting their speeches in exactly their words, not softening the incredibly crude ideas nor correcting the lower-than-primary-school grammar. I interviewed leading educators and carried their opinions in the paper, and visited school rooms and reported what I saw. One principal offered me ten dollars for a good write-up, the only direct bribe in money ever proffered to me, though of course the indirect kind of bribe is never far away from persons wielding journalistic power. More disillusioning was the cowardice of a famous man who repudiated his interview because he was threatened with a lawsuit. The *Post* was fine about it, never doubting my word (for there could be no doubt in the mind of anybody who knew the speaker's style), and offered to fight the matter to the end, but the position I took was that as my name was not signed, and my interests therefore not involved, there was no need of going to expense, and the denial of the author was printed without comment.

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Mr. Godkin was pleased with the accounts of the board meetings, and it was characteristic of him that the only way he showed it was to send word to Mr. Wright to be sure not to let any comment creep into my narratives. He was quite right, for his scathing editorial attacks, with quotations from the news report, were infinitely more effective than anything I could have written, had I wished. Editorials have seldom counted for much in the intellectual part of American life. There has never been for long anything affecting educated opinion as it has been affected for so many years by the *Manchester Guardian* and the *London Times*. But Godkin's editorials at that time, although the *Post* had less than twenty thousand circulation, were actually important, because they were read by newspaper men everywhere. In New York City they were taken for granted in the circles with which I came in contact. Everybody in my world read them, so one did not say, "Did you notice what Mr. Godkin said about the school board this afternoon?" but rather, "Wasn't that a choice slam that Godkin gave the school board?" It was pleasant to be on a paper that was an accepted part of the most enlightened elements in the city.

After the school fight and the Salvation Army split I received on the whole the most important assignments and thoroughly enjoyed the life. Doubtless I might have stayed on the paper years longer if Mr. Godkin had taken a different attitude toward the reporting staff. I sent in two or three editorials which found their way without comment to the waste-basket, not of necessity because they were bad, but more prob-

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ably because that sort of thing wasn't done on the *Post*. Mr. Godkin had his own views of democracy, his own charming powers, and striking usefulness to his day, but I imagine there was no moment in his life when he thought for five minutes about any reporter on his paper.

The most salient instance of this quality of his that touched my own case had to do with the reporting of some City Hall hearings on the freight differentials between Buffalo and New York City. We so easily led the town in this series of reports that among the echoes was a personal letter from Joseph Choate to Godkin, saying that in his opinion no other reporter in the country could have done the work and not many lawyers. This praise from the leader of the New York bar, who had never heard of me, may well have been a gross exaggeration. Nevertheless to most editors it would have been a stimulus to see what the reporter might be able to do for the paper, as old men must in their time develop understudies among the younger men. There was in Godkin none of the quality that made Frank Cobb, the vivid, energetic, and influential editor of the *New York World*, invite me, in after years, to come to dinner for the purpose of telling him what I thought of the field of younger men from whom there might be selected some who could be trained for his place before he became too old.

To sum up the meaning of the instances I have given, about the making of a reporter, in my case the change from a literary writer to a thoroughly professional reporter was extremely sudden for the simple reason that the missing element was something capable

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of quick birth. I already had an interest in writing, in thought, in persons. What happened almost in an instant was that to these detached interests was added a taste for blood, the competitive impulse, enjoyment of the fight and a consequent readiness to train for it, even when the training was dull. Once when I was at lunch alone with that cultivated boxer, Gene Tunney, talking about work and system, he said, "Once my wrists were no bigger than yours." As mine are tiny, the statement illuminated the place of drudgery in the conquest of a job.

Of course to make an absolute reporter there must be also zest, adaptability to circumstance, and that almost insolent audacity which is not undersupplied in the American press. One trifling adventure of my own points a national difference, for when I have boasted about the event to British friends they have shown distaste for what they evidently felt was a lack of delicacy. It happened that I was at a railway station in London, to meet a friend, whose train was late. As I strolled about I noticed that one platform was covered with a purple carpet, and that an area was shut off by purple ropes. A group of men in frock coats, silk hats, and gloves were standing expectantly. A royal carriage was waiting near by. Inquiry showed that the King and Queen were about to arrive.

As it was the height of the London season I also was dressed in a frock coat, silk hat, and gloves, and I saw no reason why anybody in the group should question my presence if I walked in and acted as if I were expected. I might be a railway official, palace functionary, or third cousin of somebody, for all the others

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knew. So I approached with the right expression of routine and respectful ennui; in a few minutes was exchanging bows with the royal pair; and departed feeling that a good work had been accomplished; though up to this day I have never told the story to an Englishman who applauded me. The insolence was unquestionably there, but to any American reporter it will seem justified.

When I tried to get on the staff of the *Harvard Crimson* I failed; therefore I cannot have been born with much of the reporter in me. It must have been the product of American life, a by-product of the literary impulse seeking a practical vehicle, the desire to survive, along with a love of adventure in the field of experiences with a meaning. My notion of a complete reporter is one who can report many kinds of things, complex, serious, frivolous, picturesque, or technical. I cannot report a championship prize fight as well as Arthur Brisbane, or a baseball match as well as Grantland Rice or Hugh Fullerton; but I can do it acceptably; the description of a lively scene is with me not a natural gift but a piece of acquired technique, and I am much more on my natural ground reporting a naval conference or a political convention; but the essence of a general reporter is to be interested in whatever he has to do. It is not without its analogy to writing editorials. I had no natural humor, but there was a brand of American humor needed in editorials and I set about to learn it. At least for a person who is to be connected with magazines as different as *Collier's*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Leslie's Weekly*, and *Hearst's International*, and with newspapers of every type of

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circulation, from the concentrated quality of the *Post* to the millions of the Hearst press, it is necessary to learn many devices that are not his by nature.

This subject must not be left in a way to give the impression that when one has become a thorough professional his errors have ceased. Two contrasting experiences ought to bring forward the continuing liability to error.

One was on the *Post*. There was to be a procession of such importance that it would occupy the first place in the paper, and I was assigned to sit in the office and write a moving picture of it, while others of the staff picked up details and telephoned them in, for me to fit into the story. As I visualized the scene the most interesting point, from the standpoint of spectacle, was Dead Man's Curve, and I carefully built the impression to climax in the snake-like bending of the long line of human figures, first curving to the left, then curving to the right, on its way around Union Square. I read the other afternoon papers and went to bed satisfied with the day. In the morning I noticed a small item tucked into an account, noting that at the last moment the route of the parade was changed, to the extent of giving up the curve, cutting straight west on eleventh street, and then going directly up Fifth Avenue. The consolation of such errors usually is the small amount of attention they attract.

The other was on a subject more serious. It was during the war, in 1917, and I was writing and cabling for a series of newspapers. In London I was getting ready a delicate article on the spy system. It is my firm conviction that, in almost any case where a story de-

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pendes on obtaining information that the informant might not usually wish to give, it is dangerous to ask questions. The best plan generally is to know as much as possible about the topic, to ask questions only on aspects on which the informant is eager to spread information, and to touch the delicate points in the form of casually offering opinions of one's own, or with equal casualness enlarging what the informant has said as if you were merely putting it in your own words while passing on to something. I have gotten more big stories in that way than in any other.

The first person I talked with was the head of the detective bureau. Everything went smoothly enough. Then I saw Captain Hall, soon to be Admiral Hall, head of the naval intelligence, and it was from him that I planned to get my big beat. He agreed with Mr. Basil Thompson, the detective chief, that spies did the British no harm, and that if it were not for public clamor they would mostly be left to carry on their occupation in peace, the British learning something from reading their correspondence and sending over to Germany much misinformation apparently signed by the spies. What I was hoping to solve was why the British fleet let the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* escape, when they apparently had them cornered,—the vessels running away and getting through the straits at Constantinople. "I suppose," I observed, with my heart in my mouth, but with apparent indifference, "that an example of the occasional exception where the spy is of some use to his side is the stealing of the code and sending orders to the British commander to let the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* get away."

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Nobody in the general public was then sure what the explanation was. Captain Hall nodded in assent, and I rushed to the Curzon Hotel to write my story and put it on the wires.

When I was halfway through dinner there was a telephone call. "Mr. Hapgood? This is the cable censor speaking. We wish to know who gave you the information in the message you have turned in today."

"It was all furnished either by Mr. Thompson of Scotland Yard or Captain Hall of the Naval Intelligence."

"Thank you. That is all we wished to know. Good-by."

My first doubts came weeks after, when I heard a conversation about Hall, in which it was said that his favorite device was to seem stupid, and through his apparent stupidity deceive the persons with whom he was matching wits.

And I must end with another admission. Although I care most for the serious side of reporting, and of journalism in general, it must be understood that seriousness has perils. During the more recent days of the *Post* there was on it a young man who told me one of his adventures. He was crossing on a ferry in New York when he noticed an automobile equipped with a machine for taking dictation. He had heard of only one person who had such an automobile, and he looked about the ferry until he found the owner. Stepping up to him he said, "Mr. Brisbane, I have long wanted to meet you. I am in journalism."

"How old are you?" asked Brisbane.

"Twenty-eight."

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"You are at the critical age," Brisbane went on. "In a man's early years enthusiasm and general interest help him, and if he has moderate ability he is likely to do well enough. Around thirty he is in danger of becoming too seriously interested in something and thereby becoming heavy and monotonous."

He pointed to a row of shelves built into his motor, and filled. "Do you see those books?" he asked. "It is an encyclopedia; there are thirty volumes; I began at the left, have read straight through fifteen volumes, and shall read straight through the rest. There is a little on every subject under the sun. Young man, if you would succeed in journalism, never lose your . . . *superficiality*."

It was a sound warning. In journalism men are likely to worsen as they grow older, and as they lose excitement. There are not many pen-men who, like Voltaire, are most effective in old age.

X

NEWSPAPER IDEALS

NEWSPAPERS and magazines in the United States are flashes of a moment. Even if the name persists, the actuality dies. Few are the publications which, like the *Springfield Republican* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, maintain their character for generations. There is in New York still the afternoon edition of the famous old daily called the *Sun*, but it has no blood relation to Charles A. Dana. When my grandfather read the *Boston Post*, and when in college I read it also, it was anything but the big circulation organ of today; and the *Boston Advertiser*, at present a tabloid, was then for the conservative business class. That lucrative weekly, the *Saturday Evening Post*, is no kin to Benjamin Franklin, whose face adorns it. *McClure's*, the *Living Age*, the *American Magazine* have known quick mutations. Occasionally, but not often, the change is a development and improvement of the original idea, as in the *New York Times*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Vogue*. On the whole the quick mortality but reflects the rapid social changes of the time.

To Messrs. Wright and Seymour the name of the *Commercial-Advertiser*, oldest newspaper in New York, presented itself as an asset. Therefore, seeing no future for themselves on the *Evening Post*, they raised

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the necessary money and undertook to galvanize into a modern general daily the sheet with the ancient business name. Outside of two technical men, in real estate and Wall Street news, the members of the *Evening Post* staff whom they invited to join in the effort were Lincoln Steffens and myself.

To me, as the most restless person in our group of four, the old name was specially obnoxious, and I urged that it be changed at once either to the *Leader*, my preference, or to what it ultimately became, the *Globe*. In retaining the old name for a number of years Mr. Wright and Mr. Seymour were undoubtedly sound, as I was always in too much of a hurry. There are so many things to do, and time is so swift, that my desire for change reaches the point of a weakness. What is a life of a hundred years, in a time when we know that it takes a ray of light centuries to go from one star to another? And the person who is accomplishing things for even half a century is in luck. Putting forty of these half-century activities end to end takes us back to the time when the Galilean was not yet wandering about the hills and lakes of his native land. The business man is not bothered by considerations of that kind, and I have never pretended to be a business man. St. John Ervine, writing in the *New York World*, in 1928, of one of Ibsen's plays, made a remark that is certainly not complimentary, but which nevertheless I quote: "In the WILD DUCK we see the sloppy romantic and the sloppier realist contending together. Gregers Werle, who might be called the Norman Hapgood of Norway, forever presents the claim of the ideal to people who are not able to discharge

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the debt of the ideal." Werle in fact was to my mind mainly a fool; and I may be as much of a fool as the pleasant British or Irish critic thinks me. At any rate it is entirely true that in my whole career in journalism and semi-public life I have been more adapted to putting energy into conceptions of possible improvement than to giving to fixity its full value.

To some extent the paper, after it had become the *Globe*, was what we had intended it to be, and it was more successful practically just before Mr. Frank Munsey bought it up and killed it than it had ever been. Mr. Munsey bought it not because he wanted it, but because he objected to having it around. When the Steel Trust bought out Carnegie a much more serious illustration was given of one of the important phenomena of our time, the tendency to increase by force the size of units and decrease their number. Some units are bought up because they have failed, but others because the large business man can afford to put them out of the way.

When the *Commercial-Advertiser* fell into our hands we probably, though by no means certainly, offered to the public more literature than in its daily paper it desires; intelligent literature, I mean. In syndicated banality its appetite seems to grow. On the old *Post* Mr. Godkin stood firm against anything tending toward the picturesque, of the sort in which the *Sun* of Dana was the ablest. "I do not want literature in a daily paper," Godkin used to say. Steffens and I did want it there, and for a few years we made the *Commercial-Advertiser* reflect the life of New

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York not only in straight news but in the many currents of its manifold and polyglot existence.

That we (or at least I) sometimes went too far, in reaching for freshness, there can be no doubt. Once, for example, there were two openings at the theaters on a Monday night. At that time I was in charge of drama, as well as of books, an education department, and the lighter editorials. The competing openings were Maude Adams in Barrie's play, *THE LITTLE MINISTER*, and Cleo de Merode, a beauty famous for her friendliness with the King of the Belgians. Miss Adams was not only an interesting and gifted actress; she was the favorite star of Mr. Charles Frohman, most powerful manager of the time, and even when she sneezed it was news. In making up the column I put the review of Cleo first, following it with the obviously more important event. Mr. Wright, who was a perfect handler of independent personalities, pointed out to me the news value of the Frohman opening, but did not insist, and Cleo led. No doubt my act was a studied insult to good sense, but it was one way, though not to be defended, of challenging the existing dead conventions in the theater field. The standardization that was so meekly accepted annoyed me, to such an extent that I was prepared for almost any device to make the bourgeoisie sit up.

We were not dreaming of a huge circulation. It is extremely doubtful in my mind today whether any newspaper or magazine with a million circulation can mean anything to the thinking minority, which are the people, no matter in what organization I may have been working, who have always interested me. Our

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hope was to pay our way by pleasing people who enjoyed the things we enjoyed, and there were plenty of them in New York. The *Evening Post* was making money, and also making history, on a circulation of nineteen thousand, and its weekly expression, *The Nation*, was a power in the land on nine or ten thousand. Steffens, Wright and I all had news sense, and had no intention of being beaten by others on the events of the latest hour, but we wished to shine also in another kind of news, the moving picture of what was happening in a city full of Italians, Jews, Chinese, Germans, French, rounders, slums, and palaces. We wished really to reflect the throbbing life and Steffens built up his staff partly with that end in mind. One member was Abraham Cahan, now editor of the most powerful Jewish publication in America; already full of the east European thought that glows in Tolstoi and Dostoievski, better understood by us now than at that time.

Another reporter who knew the East Side of New York with real intimacy was my brother Hutchins, as some of his books later showed. He also, in the theater department, furnished something I was after, the mingling of culture with cheap popular life,—as if Hegel were writing a sympathetic article about the week's features in a dime museum. There was active on the paper also Carl Hovey, later well known in the magazine field.

One night, invited to dinner by Mrs. Josephine Redding, editor of *Vogue*, I found myself next to a young girl with red hair, who at that time was running a rather highly colored serial story in the magazine.

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Shortly after this evening she called at my office, saying she wished to leave her home in Mt. Vernon, come to New York, and earn her own living in journalism. "Miss Boyce," I said, "I have been reading your serial in *Vogue*, and it did not suggest much promise for newspaper work. You are occupied in raising sentiments, perhaps somewhat exaggerated. In the newspaper what we need is clearness,—the word that tells the story or tells exactly the thing seen. A little like the late Dean Swift, you know. However, if you choose to try, I will give you an assignment. Here is a note of it. Go out, see the people, get the story, and write six or eight hundred words. Probably it will have to be thrown away altogether. Possibly I may be able to cut out and use a few sticks,—a few inches,—undoubtedly leaving out those parts that you yourself think are the best."

She smiled and left. In a day or two she brought in an article which was printed without the change of a single word. I never saw so quick and sharp an adaptation except once, which will be narrated when I come to the story of HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL. Miss Boyce carried out other assignments for me with such success that in about three weeks Steffens took her away from me and put her beside him at the city desk. After a time she married my brother.

On the editorial page, as the staff became completed, were numbered Philip Littell, later of the *New Republic*, and that witty and original essayist, too soon dead, author of IMAGINARY OBLIGATIONS, Frank Moore Colby. Had his impulse equaled his quality, and had he not been overburdened with work for encyclo-

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pedias, Colby might have reached fame in American criticism.

Looking in cool perspective back at the questions met on the *Commercial-Advertiser*, I am not convinced that Mr. Godkin may not have been nearer the truth than Steffens and I. There is at present clearly an issue between the newspapers, headed by the *New York Times*, that keep to the business of giving the news, and those which furnish entertainment; and this second class seems to be reduced to its logical extreme in the tabloids. Perhaps in the end, as one element in the picture of democracy, we shall have a few solid papers prospering as organs of the leading citizenship and others yelling like Coney Island and succeeding in their way through numbers. There may be no room in between,—nothing like what the *Sun* once was, or what the *Globe* might have been.

Apparently democracy does contain a conflict between quantity and value. Numbers must be dealt with. If the problems of democracy are to be carried through, huge numbers will be of the essence. But there must be better ways of handling the millions than merely selling to their easiest, crudest, and most extensive appetites. One of the toughest questions is this: When those who formerly were illiterate and negligible rise in importance, as a mass, so that huge and commonplace diversion is manufactured and sold to them, do they constitute an obstacle to a finer civilization, such as was not constituted by the plowing peasant or the skilled personal mechanic, or are they a soil, full of energy, from which will be drawn upwards to the sun, ever more as our knowledge increases,

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a minority that will increase the light-forming part of humanity? Moving pictures and radios invite the question as much as do the newspapers. If our books average better than they did before the tabloid, and our plays better than they did before the cinema, why is it not indicated that intellectual distinction and mass entertainment can be friends? If I remember accurately Renan, in his three plays suggested by Shakespeare's Caliban, little as he loved the multitude, pictured Caliban as in the end not only overthrowing Prospero but making a more admirable ruler than he. In the meantime, however, we cannot forget that in the New York Public Library most of the serious volumes are taken out by newer immigration. The lady in charge of the circulation department was explaining to an inquirer for novels that more space on the shelves was needed for the solider books. "I suppose," the visitor said, with a fair-minded manner, "you are compelled to furnish that kind of books for the Jews."

When I was in college William James, with much enthusiasm, called our attention to a volume by James Fitzjames Stephen, which attacked the ideal of democracy that promised "a lubberland of comfortable farmers." To me it has always mattered little whether I was working for the cultivated, as in editing *Harper's Weekly*, or for the millions; for the liberals who for some nine years drew strength from *Collier's* or for the hard-boiled who were forced to see my personal page in *Leslie's Weekly*, because the editor wished to be able to say that the liberal side also was to be found in his publication. Mr. Brandeis said to me one day that journalism in America, as far as progressive minds

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were concerned, had to be looked upon as guerilla warfare,—sorties, raids, and sudden opportunities. An active liberal in the present era cannot complain of the general nature of a publication, or of its ownership, if he has the chance to say what he means, without unreasonable interference. He must trust the truth to survive if conflicting ideas are permitted to see the light. To quote Mr. Brandeis again, it matters little who owns the theater, or even who composes the audience, if it is open to intelligent productions. Edith Wharton, stating this principle at the same time that she humorously registered her objection to a certain name, once told me she would be willing to see her writings “in any magazine except *Smart Set*.”

But while I have been happy trying to plant poison in the standpat readers of *Leslie's Weekly*; or bringing something of my own to the millions of *Hearst* readers; or concentrating liberalism in *Collier's*; perhaps on the whole I am happiest when I am talking to fewer people selected from those who recognize a quotation from KING LEAR, love ALICE IN WONDERLAND, know who Galileo was, and are interested by the name of Giotto. When I am in England I read the newspapers much more than when I am in America. Indeed, in my own country, unless I happen to be doing work which requires me to follow them, I scarcely glance at one, and often go no further than the first page and the sporting columns. In England the *Manchester Guardian* is my Bible, and I can read for pleasure and profit publications of such diverse views as *The Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Telegraph*, the *New Statesman*, the *Spectator*, the *Nation and Athenæum*, the *Labor*

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Leader, the *Fortnightly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary*. Yet England has some of the poorest magazines in the world, and the country of *Punch* is likewise the country of humorous weeklies far worse than our comic strips. And outside of England the newspapers are not very nourishing, the best certainly being in the German language, headed by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which likes to be called the *Manchester Guardian* of the continent, and partly deserves the name.

If Henry Ford were to offer me the use of millions to start a daily, weekly, or monthly here, I should be tempted to decline the offer, on the ground that the American equivalent of the *Manchester Guardian*, the *New Statesman*, or the *Contemporary* could not be made to pay its way, and the course of evolution cannot be much hurried. Journalism with us will have to go through its various business phases before it finds an expression that will enable it to play also the intellectual rôle that it still is able to play in England.

Of our small group on the *Commercial-Advertiser* I was the first to leave, not because of any difference of opinion about the direction of the paper, but because of the nature of my mind and the kind of exercise it needed,—an accident of my own personality; and I left with affection for the effort and a belief in the principles underlying it.

Several years before leaving I had dropped my miscellaneous functions, as the staff became more adequate, and concentrated on the drama only, in order to have outside time for books and magazine work. The drama for four years was among the pleasantest studies

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I have had, and I grew tired of it only because there was at that time so little material, even with the German and Yiddish theaters to help, that I found my ideas repeating themselves. The end coincided with a big fight that in the progress of our stage was not without its value. There was at that time a syndicate that controlled the routing of plays, and through this control of booking exercised a dictatorship which it grossly abused at the expense of authors and of producing actors. It happened to be of a play favored by this syndicate that I wrote a review in which I said it would not last over two weeks. Actually it lasted six nights, but the occasion was taken to discipline me, the advertisements of the great majority of theaters in New York being withdrawn together.

The revenue was something, but the hardest part of the blow was at the news, for a large part of the readers of a paper like to sit down and pore over the advertisements that tell what the theaters offer. No list to take the place of the advertisements has ever been nearly as popular reading as are the advertisements themselves. Mr. Wright, although the paper was not in a financial condition to enjoy losses, behaved with encouraging firmness, and I carried on the fight, supported so enthusiastically by the out-of-town press that the syndicate plays began to suffer, and therefore the syndicate surrendered, bringing its theaters back into our columns in a body. This victory seemed to offer an effective exit, and I went to Italy.

XI

THE CHARM OF THE THEATER

THE stage has held my interest, since I grew up, much more steadily than the novel. The novel is usually long in proportion to what it has to say. There is conscientious filling in of background and environment. The drama is swift and condensed. It knows where it is going. This form is the form in which much modern thought has been energetically put. When I was a professional dramatic critic it was necessary to fight for Ibsen. The writers for most of the newspapers were either lofty and condescending or furious about the Norwegian. They were apparently unable to understand either his revolutionary technique in construction or the influence he was to have on subject-matter. At supper one Tuesday night, after she had opened on Monday in Ibsen's *MASTER BUILDER*, Madame Nazimova demanded of me: "What do the critics mean by nearly all saying that I saved a bad play and a bad part? In Russia or Germany one may reject the opinion of a critic, but you do not find on leading journals men who cannot see that the *MASTER BUILDER* is a fine stage play and Hilda a splendid acting part." The first time William Gillette saw an Ibsen play he sat in a box alone with me, and the first act was scarcely well under

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way before he spoke of how ably things were being "planted," or in other words later effects being prepared in advance; but one did not find that kind of criticism in the papers. The most famous of the critics of my day, William Winter, would not have known what was being talked about. I do not pretend that Ibsen is an open book to me. On the side of his human significance I fancy I lose much; at any rate Betty Nansen, the leading Ibsen actress of Denmark when I was acting as minister for Wilson there, told me I was a baby when it came to appreciation of the poet's value and meaning, and I can well believe her,—but it is his technique that has revolutionized the stage. Mrs. Fiske has always understood Ibsen superbly, and during my theater days I had a young friend from whom I drew much intellectual comfort, Florence Kahn, who after a somewhat stormy career as leading woman with Mansfield and in other relations with managers, took some letters of introduction from me and went to London, where the letter to Max Beerbohm resulted in her marrying that gifted creature. It was partly because she understood so much, especially in the line of Ibsen and the German realists, that she found life in the New York theaters exasperating.

There was a need for crusading, in those days, in favor of foreign artists generally who stepped outside of stiff popular forms into some actual expression of individual thought or of life truly observed. Hauptmann was an example, and Sudermann, and in Germany also the author of that powerful tragedy *SCHULDIG*, which Henry Irving had translated, on my recommendation, and intended to act it, but decided in the

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end that his public would be too much depressed. Bernard Shaw had his energetic promoters, but the general public had not yet come to him. Pinero and Jones, who have to some extent become old-fashioned, were taking a step ahead as the British stage then was. France produced a fair amount of interest, much of the best of which was popularly damned with the words "problem play."

A notable instance in New York of the stupidity of the public and the rigidity of the critics of the period was given by the dramatized version of Israel Zangwill's *CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO*, certainly one of the author's most original and forcible works, but treated with blind hostility in the papers. It was a contrast to the same author's *MERELY MARY ANN*, a far less significant play received with enthusiasm, largely, to be sure, because of the attractiveness of Eleanor Robson. The defects of the New York critics then, in other words, were different from what they are now. Today the outstanding weakness is smartness, irrelevant cleverness, which prevents them from seeing in what respects *ABIE'S IRISH ROSE* was a good play and makes them see exceptional qualities in *PARIS BOUND*. As far as I remember, I have never read in an American paper one single interesting word about Shakspeare. He is treated with a tired air as something from the past, about which everything has long since been said. On the contrary, if I see a review of a Shakspeare revival in a leading British paper I am likely to read with care every word. The same would hold if *THE CENCI* were put on, or *THE RETURN OF THE DRUSES*, or *THE TROJAN WOMEN*. And the contrast stands out in the

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way a remarkable contemporary play, *THE CHASTENING*, both in itself and in the acting, was treated in New York and in London. One of the loveliest performances of the time, the Jesus of Margaret Gage, was simply scoffed at by some of the leading New York critics, something that I do not think could happen in any of the serious British journals. After balancing the two sets of critics, those who were working when I was covering the theaters and those who now occupy their places, it is necessary to say that those of today are ahead of their predecessors, almost as clearly as they are behind the British, Germans, and French. When the greatest acting company in the world, the Moscow Art Company, made its first appearance in New York, a few years ago, the critics were able to give an idea of its talent, method, and perfectedness that those of my professional period could not have approached.

Recently I read over *THE STAGE IN AMERICA*, the volume which contains the record of my impressions in the theater during four years, and I have no intention of repeating ideas to be found there; nor of commenting on the record, except to acknowledge one hopelessly unintelligent judgment, namely, when on reading *CANDIDA* I said it was not an acting play. Why that blind opinion was reached I am unable to explain.

What I wish rather to say in this chapter of my mind's wanderings is that for me the stage has always been a fertile soil, to be classed not among idle pastimes but among those experiences which build up a life and retain their value. It has combined a reflection of existence, equal to any other human expression, with

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a glamour of its own, coming from the fact that, unlike painting, books, sculpture, history, architecture, this one art is presented before us by living men and women, who tend to be selected for their beauty and their vivid temperaments.

The war broke continuity for most of us. We think naturally of what happened before and of what has happened after that upheaval. If I stand back a little from the moment, trying to make a perspective, from the time I left Denmark, in December, 1919 (which is the right date for marking the end of the war as far as I am concerned), and ask myself what events, outside of my family life, mean most to me, from that date to this, they can be reduced to a number that is small; perhaps four. With certain happenings in business, education, and politics I shall deal later. What concerns me at the moment is the amount of new mental activity and content brought across my path by the visit of the Moscow Art Company. At the second performance, Professor George Pierce Baker sat directly in front of me. Before the curtain went up he said, "Are you not surprised they are putting on the *CHERRY ORCHARD*? It does not seem possible that it can act successfully." At the end of the first act he turned around and changed his view entirely. We had been together in the Mermaid Club at Harvard, and studied the stage all our lives, and he had become a famous expert on playwriting, producing, and acting, yet neither of us was at all prepared for the method that was brought across our horizon from Moscow, a method that showed at its best in Chekhov, Gorki, and Ibsen.

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To describe that method here with anything like sufficiency is not possible. Stanislavski, at the moment these words are written, in 1930, is on the Riviera, a few miles from me, completing the first of four volumes in which he endeavors to leave to posterity an understanding of this method. He and leading members of his company have been my friends now for years, and my wife has started to make the English translation of his book, so that in addition to sitting spellbound many a time in the audience I have had the opportunity of asking numberless questions.

The main truth, as I see it, is that no great art is negative. When the Moscow Art Company began its career, in 1898, it was, to be sure, necessary first to rebel against an external and declamatory style that was in vogue and that did not suit the best of Russia's literary genius. What the declamatory style may be at its best we in our era of prose can hardly guess, although those who followed Sarah Bernhardt with sympathy in her subtler plays, outside of her Sardou repertory of mechanical effects, saw something of it. What declamation accomplished when Molière trained his own company to get the best out of his own plays we do not know, nor how the music of human sorrow, joy, longing, thought, and action echoed in the words of Shakspeare recited under the direction of the author of the words and the dreamer of the dreams. Stanislavski grew to manhood at a time when the genius of his country was not lyric but realistic, and being a true artist he, with his partner Nemirovich-Danchenko, developed a style suited to his era. But these men did not make the mistake so often made by people who think

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they are being realistic. They did not imagine their major task was done when they discarded a method that had served well some creative eras of poetry but had come down as a form without the living spirit of the great geniuses and sensitive publics to whom it owed its birth. They aspired to replace it not with something merely as lacking in high relief as modern drawing-room expression, but with something that should be as full of powerful mirroring of man's emotion as any theater style has ever been. How to be quiet, after the modern manner, and yet reach the limits of dramatic force and psychological intensity, was the problem they set about to solve.

"There is always action," says Stanislavski. If it is not external it is within. The triumph of the Moscow Art Company is that it has been able to reflect, as no other modern company has reflected, this action within. Duse could do it. Salvini, with his marvelous equipment, had a gamut that, while remaining true in every syllable and every motion, extended from heights of poetry to heights of prose, and from violent external action to throbbing quiet. But the birth of geniuses is in the hands of God. Stanislavski and Nemirovich had to build a method in which was used such material as Russia might afford, not an impossible crop of Salvinis.

Once I wrote a note to Salvini, directed to his home some miles outside of Florence. *Scribner's Magazine* had asked me to talk with him, and I addressed the noble artist with fear, wondering if he would permit me to call. The morning after the letter was mailed, while I was still at my coffee, a card was brought to

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me, bearing the printed words Tomasso Salvini. Not until I had questioned the servant was I convinced that Salvini had actually come in to Florence; I thought it might be some sort of courtesy indicated by sending a card. As I entered the reception room, full of apologies and explanations, I was prevented from expressing them by Salvini's burst of cordiality, with a child's pleasure that an American magazine should be interested in his ideas. He tried to talk a large part of the time about his son, but yielded to my interests, and said clearly what he thought, in reply to my questions about acting. As he talked French I am not bound in translating by his exact words, but their substance has always been vivid in my memory. "French acting," he said, "I do not like. It is too mechanical. The young man always makes love in the same way. From the point of view of soundness the Germans are the best actors anywhere. But they lack genius." He leaned forward a little, tapped me on the knee, smiled, and said: "*We* have that."

The Moscow Art Company was only about four years old at that time and was not in existence when Salvini made his trip to Russia. Indeed it was that trip, and the visit to Russia of the German Meiningen Company, that first showed to Stanislavski and Nemirovich acting that fitted in with their dreams. I am not sure what Salvini meant by genius. He had it, but no other Italian actor I have seen except Duse. He probably meant impulse, spontaneity, natural expressiveness, like that of a child; that enthusiasm I used to see even in the crude performances of the Italian communities of New York. I do not wish to guess how

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well the Moscow Company could play the Greeks and Shakspeare, both of which at the best invite something as far beyond reality as Beethoven or Michelangelo is beyond reality. But in the kind of play that has its birth with Ibsen it is not possible to conceive that there can ever be acting better than was developed by this company.

I say *was*, because it is by no means clear that the standard can be kept up. Leaving out the revolution altogether, and its forcible interference with methods of living, and with the free growths of human differences, there is the question of whether such unremitting toil as built this company can be expected without the driving force of two such men as made it. That the method can be picked out of Stanislavski's series of books, if he lives to finish them, there is no doubt, but the method is not proof against either stupidity or laziness, and perhaps it is not proof against the distractions of an age of mechanical diversion, though this last point is uncertain. There can also be no doubt about the amount of work and brains required. We know little about art and the soils in which its finest flowers grow. Last summer I asked Professor Boas, the distinguished anthropologist, what was the best guess at the dominating cause of the greatness of Italy in the renascence, or of Athens in her creative period. Emphasizing that his answer must be a guess, Dr. Boas picked out as the probable cause the emergence at that time of a number of specially gifted families. If we compare this answer with others which are more often put forward we realize how much we are compelled to guess. So I say nothing about what

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Russia has produced along the path of only sixty or seventy years that leads from the noonday of her foremost literary genius, Pushkin, to the formation of the most wonderful of modern theaters. It may be that three-quarters of a century that showed us Pushkin, Turgenev, Krilov, Tolstoi, Dostoievski, Glinka, Musorgski, Chaikovski, Pavlov in science, the modern renaissance of the dance, Chekhov and the Moscow Company, would have run itself to an end naturally without the revolution; or it may not. The work of Stanislavski and Nemirovich may have something for the future, or it may belong merely to the records of the past. Assuredly my acquaintance with it is the most important intellectual aspect of my contact with the stage, always excepting the Elizabethan giver of light.

During one of my more recent conversations with Stanislavski we talked about *OTHELLO*. Having never seen a Shakspeare performance by this company I ventured the opinion that it was as easy to miss his genius by underacting as by ranting; in brief, that he could not be interpreted as Chekhov, Ibsen, and Gorki should be interpreted. Stanislavski will no doubt express himself on this subject in his series of books, but in short he said he did not believe we could recapture everything of a past genius, and in Shakspeare's case there is so much that is as real to us now as ever that our best course is to express only what we ourselves can fully realize. I replied that the flights and outbreaks were expressed by Salvini in high relief, not in low relief; and Stanislavski in his turn answered that Salvini could do what others could not.

It would be misleading to suggest that the Moscow

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Art Company works altogether in low relief. Moskvín's climax in the *BROTHERS KARAMAZOV*, when he stamps the money under his feet, is proof enough of the contrary; but that scene is the intensity of actuality. What I am thinking of is the intensity of poetry: "Forms," as Shelley says, "more real than living man."

The beautiful balance of the Moscow company, its ever-breathing aliveness, its mirror of the blood that surges through humanity even in the quietest moments, was won by endless work, beginning when the actors awoke in the morning, continued until they sank to rest, and almost carried along in their dreams. All this labor was built on the perception that the body mirrors the soul only if the body is turned into the most sensitive and complete instrument for expression. Nobody has complete control of his voice if he cannot sing, and singing is but one of the calisthenics of the voice. The movements of the hands, of the head, of every member, must become as easy and responsive as it is in them to be; and such a training means hours a day for years, and some training every day as long as one remains an actor. The imagination dominates all. It is the motive power commanding the tools, and imagination like all else must work. Often the rôles in the Moscow company were distributed for weeks before any words were to be learned, and the actor went through his dressing in the morning, his meals, his walks, doing whatever he thought the character in the circumstances would do, feeling as the character would feel. The much-talked-of ensemble playing of the company would have been impos-

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sible had not the individual players put themselves through years of drastic imaginative living. It required skillful directing to mold all the parts into one piece of moving life, but the parts had to be right before they could be molded. Whether we shall ever again see such acting depends not only on whether we develop Stanislavskis, but whether our civilization invites the sacrifices required.

Once Lillian Gish said to me, after an outbreak of mine about this kind of acting, "My sister Dorothy thinks they are the only people." "I shall send your sister," said I, "some flowers." As a consequence there once took place a little dinner and theater party of five, two of them being Moscow players, and during the meal Miss Dorothy Gish said: "It is no wonder acting in the pictures is generally bad. Chaplin and my sister are screen geniuses. There is no rule for them. But what can you expect of acting when there is no consecutive living in a part? When you have to take scenes out of order, and time your acting to machinery? What ought to surprise us is that acting for the screen is ever good." And of course why I quote Miss Gish just now is because of her feeling for the need of living in a part. More than once members of the Moscow company have spoken to me with polite surprise of the habit, common with actors in America, of arriving at the theater in bare time to dress. How, the Moscow people asked, can they be fully in their parts when they have so recently been something else?

When the Moscow company was in New York its leading members saw *HAMLET* and also Eugene

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O'Neill's HAIRY APE. One thing that struck them in both cases was the amount of visible effort put out by the actors. "I do not see how he is able to play it seven times a week," said one of them of Barrymore in HAMLET, referring at that moment not to the inevitable strain of so big a part but to the physiological point of how the sounds were produced; and practically the same thing of Louis Wolheim in the HAIRY APE. The purely physical side of acting, the response of the body to the mind, is something that has to be conquered completely and made easy before an actor can belong in the Moscow company.

Next to the Moscow Art Company in significance, as I have followed the theater since it ceased to be my profession, is Charlie Chaplin, undoubtedly one of the most gifted artists of my day. What a change the screen has made in the life of the actor! For what Booth was, Salvini, Irving, Terry or Bernhardt, and further back what Garrick was, Mrs. Siddons, and Rachel, we have to trust recorded opinions, comparing them, judging the fitness of the observer, taking into account the prevailing taste of the era. What Fielding in TOM JONES wrote about Garrick in the chapter where Partridge sees HAMLET must mean a great deal to us, taken with the opinions of other gifted minds; and from Hazlitt down, the chorus about Mrs. Siddons is overwhelming. We know that these people must have been in the highest rank of acting genius, but we cannot know precisely the nature of their effects. We cannot compare Rachel with Sarah or Garrick with Salvini. But Charlie Chaplin belongs to the future, not as a tradition but as a continuing



A Sketch of Sir Henry Irving as Benedick in
"Much Ado About Nothing"

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reality; and after a while sound reproduction may become finished enough to record the vocal nodes and overtones of a Bernhardt. It is a revolution of incalculable meaning to culture, in a time surpassing all others in the number and speed of its revolutions.

When Chaplin was first coming into prominence I was so much wrapped up in the details of *Harper's Weekly*, and the political controversies in which it was an organ, that I had little time for the theater, and all that Chaplin meant to me, as I heard his name, was a popular comedian. One day a letter came from Mrs. Fiske, in which she insisted that I should go to see him; not once or twice, as she explained, but often. Her insight into acting is many times as fast as mine, she knows my theater mind intimately, and she was well aware that it would require more than a glance for me to see the genius of this new apparition. She explained, therefore, that at first the rarer art of the man would be hidden by the "business," the externals of farce, the shoes, the cane, the throwing about of water; that I should have to become accustomed to these things before I could see the importance behind them. This was not the first time I had learned acting lessons from Mrs. Fiske. Once when she spoke of giving a big part to a certain player, I said, "He is a good actor, but I think he will be poor in the part." Mrs. Fiske laughed. "He is a very bad actor," said she, "and he will be wonderful in the part." On the second half of her statement she was incontrovertibly right; he was wonderful in the part. Of the many things I owe her, from the standpoint of understanding the technique of acting, noth-

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ing takes a higher place than her starting me on the road to appreciating the talent of a man who has used a new art as the greatest actors of the past have used the spoken word.

With the creative art of the Moscow Company and the genius of Chaplin should be registered one other experience of the theater that has come to me since the war,—the growth of American playwriting, until it begins to come within hailing distance of present-day England, and may within a decade or two conceivably pull up abreast of it. When we have reached the point of having a large public for Eugene O'Neill we have entered on a new phase of national culture. Here is the first dramatist in American history who has meant anything to Europe. It is a pity that Nemirovich-Danchenko was unable to carry out his wish to produce LAZARUS LAUGHS in Moscow, with Chaliapin as Lazarus. Had he done so, one of O'Neill's most splendid bursts of inspiration would have been embodied to perfection. If I speak of O'Neill only, as leader in the new birth of American drama, it is not that I fail to count the authors of THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM, PROCESSIONAL, PORGY, and so many others that we know it is not an accident but a social change that is taking place. It is no injustice to Herne, Moody, and the few Americans who before the war were stepping ahead, to register the belief that O'Neill is of an era more advanced.

While the critics are better also, they are not enough better to make any noise about. Once Professor George Baker asked me if I would go alone with him, without our wives or anybody else, to a performance

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of DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS. He gave me no idea why he wished this arrangement, nor any hint of his view, until I had expressed my own. "It is one of O'Neill's best," I said, "in spite of some faults; but it is not easy to see its power the way it has been acted. There is only one person in the cast who is playing his part as tragedy demands. The central rôle, the woman (I did not see the woman who first played it), is a charming person, whom I loved in FASHION, but she is not a tragedian, and the whole piece revolves on this woman. The play will some day be revived by an actress who will play this part as Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, or Duse would have played it, all in different ways, and with different talents, but all as tragedy, and then people will see what there is in it."

"Exactly," said Baker. "That is why I asked you to come. I wished to see whether there was one person in New York who would see it in the way I saw it. As I read the papers, I wondered if I was blind."

"Take the scene where she kills the baby," I said to a playwright friend. "Think what it means, preceded by the passions that have made it possible, followed by the scenes that show her glad to pay the price,—and then imagine how a tragedian would play it, compared with how it was acted by a charming comedian."

"She wasn't killing the baby," said he. "She was tickling it."

These remarks are nothing against the actress. Her field was different. What I am stressing is the ample room for development in management and criticism. It is only fair to say that Mr. O'Neill himself is less

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strong on the management than on the writing side, for he could, if that gift were added to his others, easily take command of his own productions.

If the American drama has gone ahead, the German plays mean less than they did, in Russia there is no Chekhov, France is not producing anything that makes the dent that *CYRANO* made, and first place easily goes to England. I am not sure that Barrie will not outlast Shaw, and a large part of the story is the plays by other playwrights, such as Galsworthy and Granville-Barker and the translations of Murray, and perhaps most significant of all is the amount of strong work by men who in 1914 were of military age, and were generally supposed to have been blighted by that bitter insanity.

Happily for me, I was in personal touch with many of the outstanding figures of the British drama as well as of our own. The story I am about to tell pictures a side of Henry Irving realized by his friends more fully than it could be known to the general public. At the time, I had been scarcely heard of in England, but I was a friend of Irving's son Laurence, and together we often discussed the luminaries from afar. One night at the Garrick Club, in London, the social center of the leaders of the British stage, Laurence said, "My father wonders if you will be able to dine here with him, a week from Sunday?"

I could not have been more excited if I had been asked to dine with Tolstoi. In the interval I thought up things to say, and to ask, at what I pictured as a small corner table, in the general dining-room, seating Henry Irving, Laurence, and me. When the time

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came, Laurence met me downstairs in the club, and conducted me up the broad staircase, into a room at the top, in which Henry Irving was standing alone. Soon, to my great surprise, Pinero appeared; then Henry Arthur Jones; Barrie; Shaw: over thirty of the most distinguished literary figures of the time. Never had I been in a meeting that contained so much talent, and the talent was in a field that excited me more than any other; but the climax of dramatic effect was still to come. So far I had not dreamed of anything more thrilling than being able to meet these men. When all were gathered, Irving turned to me and said simply, "Will you take my arm?" As he led me down the stairs to a large private dining-room, it was hard for me to realize that the dinner was in my honor, a fact that was emphasized when, taking my seat at the host's right, I found Pinero, then chief of British dramatists, on my other side. The way it had been staged, the complete and easy surprise, was a perfect example of Irving's instinct for manners and for drama. It may have all begun in the love for his son, but it was carried out by the great theater producer.

While Irving could not have earned so high a fame without proving himself in rôles as large as Hamlet, Shylock, and Mephistopheles, some of his most striking work was done in plays that were not in themselves remarkable, as LOUIS THE ELEVENTH, the BELLS, and the LYONS MAIL. Of his dual impersonation in the LYONS MAIL I spoke warmly at the dinner, and added, "I like melodrama." "Yes," said he. "There are good melodramas. HAMLET is a good melodrama."

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He said no more, and I had to guess what he meant. That he missed none of the subtlety and beauty of that unequalled part is proved by the opinion of Miss Terry, a faultless critic, who says that it was his best rôle, though she adds that if there had existed a greater part it would have been his best. Behind his impressionistic remark about melodrama was nothing obvious and shallow, as might easily be supposed if one knew nothing of his mind. It was that in this most intellectual of plays Shakspeare, while pouring out his golden thoughts, had retained and strengthened the violent stage effects that had excited galleries in the days when it really was a melodrama. Irving could scarcely have put into words what there is in common between a powerful acting melodrama and a world-literature tragedy, but his imagination, in grasping the character and the meaning, never departed from the opportunities that belong especially to the stage.

I have said so much about Miss Terry in THE STAGE IN AMERICA and WHY JANET SHOULD READ SHAKSPEARE that I shall not try to reproduce here the charm that the loveliest comedian of her time had in private life, but I do wish to speak of the intelligence, generosity, and relentless honesty that made her a critic without a flaw. That her book, THE STORY OF MY LIFE, should be so soon out of print is one of the strange things of the publishing and reading world, for it is full of treasure for the student of acting. Once she and I were alone in a box, watching Nazimova play Nora in A DOLL'S HOUSE. I had seen the Russian actress do fine work, and so I presume had Miss Terry. In nothing had she been praised by the newspapers more highly than in



At the Behest of *Punch* Shakspeare Pays Tribute to
Ellen Terry's Fifty Years of Acting

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this play of Ibsen. Miss Terry was always more keen to pick out things done well than those done badly; but after a short time she turned around and said, "She cannot act this part." It was one of those cases where the opinion of one Terry weighs more than that of a hundred newspapers and a million theatergoers.

When Miss Terry felt that she was growing too old for young heroines she took a strong interest in helping Irving find a successor. Ultimately Cissie Loftus was given a trial, but that gifted woman had never built her talents systematically toward acting so as to equal her masterly imitations. She was charming with Irving and charming with Sothern, always delicate and poetical (the most poetical Peter Pan, Barrie told me, that he had had), but not solid and varied enough, as she would have been, I think, and Miss Terry, Sothern, and Modjeska thought, with the right training. My own nomination, when Laurence Irving told me his father wished my opinion, was Margaret Anglin, then acting with the Empire Company of Charles Frohman; and Miss Anglin would have received the offer, I am sure, but for a Harlem doorkeeper, whose stupidity surpassed that of others holding the job that seems to collect on the average more stupidity than any other. As Marguerite in *FAUST*, as Portia, as Volumnia, as Lady Macbeth, as Beatrice, as Olivia in the play from the *VICAR OF WAKEFIELD*,—in an impressive number of Irving's plays she would have shown her talent for comedy, drama, and poetry.

There are two ways of acting well, but only one

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way of acting at the best. If an actor, however gifted, is going to give seven or eight performances a week, it is almost a certainty that part of the time he will ride on his technique, without filling in this technique with the inspiration of steady and true emotion. Once in the trial scene of the *MERCHANT OF VENICE* Ellen Terry stepped up to the wings, whence I was watching the performance, and made a light remark, which she could not have made if she had been sunk in her part. But as she said of herself, she was not capable of sustained emotion, but reached her beautiful results by a series of cumulative but separate effects,—a method which is more possible in comedy than in tragedy. Even with a comedy manner like that of Miss Terry, however, it was not her best performance when her attention was to that extent detached.

Miss Anglin is an artist of rare intensity, and therefore the stupid habit we have in America of making an actor play the same rôle for months at a time, and six days out of seven, is harder on her than it is on those who go through their work more coldly. Even if she had been playing the greatest rôle imaginable its freshness could not have stood against such a system. Actually she was in *MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE*, a good acting play not out of the commonplace, and by the time Miss Anglin had been in it three weeks her nerves quivered with irritation as she repeated the too-familiar lines.

So, knowing that the part was no longer inspiring her, I reflected, as I approached the Harlem Opera House with Laurence, that it would be well to let her know there was something hanging on the evening.

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The doorkeeper with surly firmness absolutely refused to let me go to her room. The most he would promise was to take a note, so I wrote one on a program and handed it in with many doubts, which were justified. Miss Anglin did not receive the note until the play was nearly ended, and Laurence saw nothing like the acting I had seen several times when the run had not gone to such a nerve-racking distance. Salvini and Duse used to refuse to play more than four times a week, and in the Moscow Company if a piece is produced both in the afternoon and in the evening the principal rôles are taken by different actors, as they are also if there are a number of evening performances in a week. Sarah Bernhardt was a giant in strength and no rules can be based on her, apart from the fact that, mighty artist as she was, she often took long rides on her technique alone, especially on her golden voice. It is safe to say that no American company will ever come within sight of the Moscow Art Company standard as long as our runs are what they are.

Not to be misunderstood about Sarah Bernhardt, I wish to make clear that I am far from being among those who look upon Duse as the greater artist. They were of different types, Duse the more modern, but Bernhardt equipped with something that I believe will prove to be eternal. It used to be said that Bernhardt was of the flamboyant type, and the Duse of the gray, which is true if one takes out the unfairness to both. In her memoirs Sarah says that it is very rare to find a person who is both a good actor and an artist. Henry Irving, she thinks, "is an admirable artist, but not an actor. Coquelin is an admirable actor, but he is not

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an artist." Of her famous rival she says: "Eleanora Duse is more an actress than an artist; she goes along the paths marked out by others; she does not imitate them, certainly, she plants flowers where there were trees, and trees where there were flowers; but she has not brought forth with her art any personage that is identified with her name; she has not created a being, a vision that calls up the memory of her. She puts on the gloves of other persons, but she puts them on wrong side out, and she does it with an infinite grace, an ease full of abandon. She is a great, a very great actress, but she is not a great artist."

It is the opinion of a rival, to be sure, but it is worth pondering. When I think of Marguerite Gautier the face I see is the face not of Duse but of Bernhardt; the same is true of Magda, though I fancy Duse played that part better than the Frenchwoman; and for the vividness of my memory of Bernhardt in *PHEDRE* there is no counterpart in my memory of Duse. Sarah was an execrable Hamlet, but I am not able to forget her. Assuredly she created beings who call up the memory of her.

After using that dangerous word, "assuredly," I motored down to Nice again, had another talk with Mr. Stanislavski, and was again reminded that criticism of acting is far more uncertain, on account of the part played by personality, than criticism of literature, painting, or music. "I do not find that at all," said the great producer. "Everything Duse did I remember, and remember with pleasure. Sarah Bernhardt to me is all mechanical effects. If I think of a character they both played, the actress I see is always Duse."

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So that is that, and Mr. Stanislavski ought to be right, but I can only narrate my own experience, which is in line with what Sarah has written about her rival.

In my acquaintance with those who have given to England first place in contemporary drama, the playwright whose talk has meant most to me has been Barrie. This always original and always successful playwright fits into a theory of mine, that when it comes to criticism, or talk about the basic things in art, the best commentator is the artist himself. That the contrary view is widely held I am aware, but see little support for it either in my own experience or in books. As an example, I was sitting with Barrie at a performance or dress rehearsal (I have forgotten which), of a brilliant dramatist whom, for purposes of identification, I will call X; a man of high standing with a special appeal to the world of the intelligence. As the play was unfolded, Barrie said, "The trouble with X is that he tries to tell everything he knows in every play he writes." Did not Michelangelo say that making a statue is nothing but cutting away the part of the stone you do not want?

When a Barrie play is seen by the audience it gives every impression of starting from the story, yet my own experience makes me believe it starts with an incident or a setting that is an idea. For example, before any of *DEAR BRUTUS* was written, while it was being turned around in the author's brain, its title was *THE FOREST OF THE SECOND CHANCE*, which sharply points to the theme, that if we had a second chance in life most of us would repeat what we did with our first chance. *MARY ROSE* was first conceived

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with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in mind, and was not completed until she had passed out of the physical stage in which she was the ideal person to represent a ghost. In Barrie's early thinking, before the writing began, the germ of the play was the return of a mother's spirit to hover over the place where she died when her baby was born, "The love of a mother," as Barrie said in talking of the theme, "being the only force strong enough to draw a spirit back to earth." That idea, plus the confusion or stupidity of the disembodied mind, resulting in the murder of the son by the ghost, was what the play grew out of. I told him once that William Gillette liked playing the first three acts of *THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON* better than he did the fourth; Barrie smiled, and said: "It was to force the audience to swallow the fourth act that I wrote the first three." It is in the fourth act that the ironic idea of the drama is focused.

This existence of the idea, in its more separate form, before the whole play is worked out, is of course not special to Barrie, though marked in him. Mrs. Wharton had the name *DISINTEGRATION* in mind for the novel she later called *the HOUSE OF MIRTH*. Edward Sheldon, when he was conceiving *the HIGH ROAD* for Mrs. Fiske, planned to put flatly the case that intentional departure from virginity in a particular case brought an advantage greater than the cost; but as he approached the audience, in finishing his product, he retreated from this theme.

Besides the intellectual clarity about processes that makes Barrie so constructive a critic in conversation with his friends there is another side of the artist that

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stands out always in his personal life,—it is sharply marked in him, what in general remains true of the creative writer, that he has never ceased to be a child. One feels this as he walks up and down his study floor, pipe in mouth, covering the experiences and sorrows that life brings with an ever-rippling spring of the sort of fancy and emotion that is strongest in childhood. Once I stood with him near a croquet ground, in the gathering dusk, and a child of perhaps eight was with us. On some pretext Barrie was able to get a few yards away without being noticed. When he returned he picked up missiles and began hurling them at what seemed to be a bird seated on one of the wickets. Nearer and nearer the missiles came, but yet the bird showed no fear. In the end we saw that the author's eye had fallen on a bit of stick that in the dimness would resemble a bird, and had slipped away to place it on the wicket, thus making the necessary plant for his juvenile comedy.

I must put down one remark of Barrie's with which I disagree, but while disagreeing harbor a fear that if we knew the minds of leading playwrights of all time the consensus might tend to drive me from one of my cherished ideals or prejudices. My preference for going to the Irving Place Theatre, when newspaper standards would have directed me to Broadway, was based in part on the fact that in that theater there was extraordinarily little fitting of the actor to the part. A man would be seen one night as the charming leading youth and the next as an idiot; Rautendelein was played by the woman who usually was the sou-brette. In other words, members of the cast had to

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be actors, not merely attractive persons who fitted certain parts. Mr. Barrie, as he then was, went over the various Peter Pans with me, putting one first technically, another imaginatively, but adding frankly that his own preference, which he named, was the girl who actually herself was most like Peter. However, the actors of whom he thought as suitable to his parts were likely to be very good actors. I have already said that MARY ROSE was thought out with Mrs. Campbell in mind. For that delightful piece, ROSALIND, he thought first of Irene Vanbrugh, among actual persons, but the one he would have preferred, could he have found her, would have been one who could do the part and yet was wholly unknown to the public, so that the audience would have not the least idea of the actual age of the woman appearing in the double guise first of relaxed and happy middle-age and then of brazen and triumphant youth.

Stephen Phillips has not lasted well, because he died young, was not perfect in his habits, and wrote in poetry; but in his day he was an apparition of brilliant interest, and I shall never forget his personality. It was at the height of his career that we dined one night alone together, and after a couple of hours of refreshment had loosened his nervous system he began to talk without interruption. When it came to the question of our next meeting I suggested, as was quite becoming in the circumstances, that I should be the one to make the three-hour trip. "No," said he. "I will come up to London any time. I have nothing to do." If it was a pose, it is a pose that always makes a far better impression on me than the pose of being im-

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portant and busy. Once when I was editor of *Collier's*, we asked Booth Tarkington to illustrate himself a story we had bought from him, and I asked him how much should be added to the price. "I have no idea," said he. "Once I wrote a story for —, and did the illustrations also, and they paid me fifteen dollars." Again I say, if that was pose, give me more of it.

I am not going to try to reproduce the dark and penetrating bitterness of Stephen Phillips, so as an example of his talking style I recall what he said about the acting of Mrs. James Brown Potter in a play of his. He was sitting in the orchestra, watching a rehearsal, when after one of her scenes she hurried down to him in a fury and cried, "Mr. Phillips, you do not even take the trouble to conceal the contempt you feel for my performance." "I am sorry," Phillips answered, "I thought I did." Although Beerbohm Tree appreciated him, and produced him, Phillips would say nothing favorable about his acting. He told him once that he was the only real ghost in *ULYSSES*. One day, during the run of *ULYSSES*, Tree spoke of being very tired. "My mornings are full of business, and my afternoons are crowded with social duties," he explained. "Never mind," Phillips answered. "Think what a rest you get in the evening." At least he told me those things, and after all they are no more cruel than the more famous gibe of Gilbert about making *HAMLET* funny without making it vulgar.

Of that heaven-sent being, Ellen Terry, nobody could ever say enough. Next to her, at a period when I was intensely occupied with the stage, the most distinguished actress in England was Mrs. Patrick Camp-

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bell. The friendship that sprang up between us was made more stimulating, perhaps, by sharp divergences in our ideals. She was at that time a woman who lived in her moment. It was after her attempt to play Juliet had failed, and we had many a good-natured reference to it, in which Mrs. Campbell defended her interpretation, while I took the position that, though I had not seen it, it could scarcely have been good because of the actress's fundamental lack of sympathy with Shakspeare. To her he was unreal and also lacking in the sort of refinement, finesse, or poetry that she appreciated. Her poetry was the poetry of Burne-Jones or Maeterlinck, her subtlety that of the nervous complications of the NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH or the SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY. Next to Mrs. Fiske she was the best of the many Heddas I have seen. But Shakspeare is something entirely different; belonging in his depths not to a fashion of feeling, not to a moment, but to ages. It was with a good deal of satisfaction that Mrs. Campbell told me of entering a theatre in London late, not sure what the play was, and hearing the words "the foul womb of night." "That," she said, "must be Shakspeare," with anything but admiration.

For many years nobody in England even approached her in the interpretation of that important phase of dramatic literature that started with Ibsen and was the impulse, on the whole, of the best work of the years that stretched from Ibsen himself to about the beginning of the World War. She brought to so-called realism and to what I have already mentioned as being called the fin-de-siècle outlook much dramatic instinct

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and still more abundance of personality; personality fluid enough for a stage master like Pinero to mold at rehearsals to his purpose. She was an institution, in that nobody quite filled the place that she filled. Whether or not she was the model for Kipling's famous poem on the vampire, it is true that in the long line of neurotic and parasitic women who have flourished since the conventions of our own time were established, taking number and execution together, nobody in any country has equaled Mrs. Campbell in their portrayal.

One of the rôles that showed the actress, more even than the personality, was BEYOND HUMAN POWER of Bjornson. As William Dean Howells had been the most eminent and enthusiastic promoter of Bjornson's work in the United States I asked him and Mrs. Campbell to dinner together. Howells, as was natural, did what was expected of him; he talked earnestly to the actress about Bjornson as he had come to see him in their personal experience. She listened with unconcealed impatience, her mood happening to be that evening for lighter and less connected talk. Finally she swung around toward the kindly and elderly novelist and critic, her chin on her hand, and inquired, "Why do you talk to me as if I were nothing but a silly child?" That was the sort of thing one had to be ready for, in being friends with Mrs. Campbell. Once she thought she had a great idea: she was going to make me her publicity agent and we were going to have a grand success on one of her tours. I do not think I was ever able to make her fully understand why, much as I wished the United States to appre-

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ciate her, I could not see a critic acting as a press-agent, even if there had been no obstacles except that. No wonder managers found it difficult to go smoothly with her. We harmonized, for we both had at least that form of humor which consists in realizing the existence of contradictions and absurdities, and when our ideas clashed we let it go at that. Meantime the friendship gave me a vivid personal embodiment of contemporary art and it gave to her an appreciation of her brain and talent combined with a dogged defense of forms of art for which she had no taste.

Intimate friendships with playwrights and actors are dangerous for critics who are too kindly and sympathetic; they are enriching for those whose fiber is hard enough to stand them. Anybody who will read Harley Granville-Barker's brilliantly illuminating PREFACES TO SHAKSPERE will be awakened to the weakness of criticism that has in it no intimate contact with the theater itself; a weakness that can be found in many of the greatest critics, as Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, Lamb. Instinctively feeling that I was stronger on the literary than on the theater side, in judging drama, I was always ready to run the risks attendant on friendships with able practitioners of the art, and I think my Puritanism saw me through, though sometimes at the price of pain to my friends.

In my earlier days of dramatic criticism a friendship that needed to surmount many a sharp disappointment was that between me and the skillful and fertile but by no means intellectually significant success of his time, Clyde Fitch. His view of friendship was not mine. He felt that as we became intimate, and

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I understood what he was driving at, I should naturally go beyond merely praising his advances over prevailing American craftsmanship, and begin to praise him also in the higher sense. As each new play appeared, my review was a new disappointment to him, followed by a time in which our relations were difficult, but soon followed again by a return to cordiality. Fitch was a master of stage tricks, including the making of a rôle to measure, so that a bad player, by appearing only at favorable moments, and having nothing to do except what she would naturally do, could emerge triumphant, not only with audiences but also usually with newspapers. He was a hard worker and an earnest man, and he tried sometimes for the higher expression, as in *NATHAN HALE*, in a way deserving praise, but it was a cloud always over our relations, and perhaps also secretly over his life, that he was not a thinker, in the sense that Herne, alone among the most successful American playwrights of the day, was a thinker.

How difficult, in those days, was the search for strong art and deep thought in plays, can be discovered by any discerning reader of the *STAGE IN AMERICA*, or of the dramatic files of the *Bookman* and the *Commercial-Advertiser*, by the mere process of noticing how much space I gave not only to plays in foreign tongues, which I have already mentioned, but to revivals, often giving over a column to a single performance of an old masterpiece, where other papers would give a paragraph or two, the prevailing idea being that a review was written for the purpose of telling readers whether or not they would like the play,

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and what was the use of telling them such a thing, when the play was not to be repeated? If this book is a record of the ideals and interests about which I have been most passionate, then my devotion for years to these dramatic side-shows deserves to stand as one proof of the place taken for me by the literary art of which the theater is the home. And as I look back over my experiences in literary criticism, journalism, politics, business, I find none to which my heart responds more warmly than it does to the art, in its living form, of Shakspeare and Sophocles, Goethe and Schiller, Molière and Ibsen, Hauptmann and Chekhov, Gilbert, Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy, and O'Neill.

XII

"COLLIER'S"

WHEN my ideas about the New York stage were exhausted, the place that beckoned seemed to be Italy. Scarcely was I settled in Rome, looking at the gate where Luther entered, talking bad Italian to people in the street, prying into the secrets of Michelangelo and Raphael, when a cable arrived from Robert Collier, offering me the editorship of his weekly,—a cable full of enthusiasm about the possibilities and interests of the work, contagious as Collier's enthusiasm was. I sailed back, leaving literary dreams behind me, to spend nine years and a half in one position, the longest stopping place of my existence.

Collier and I sat at lunch in the Holland House, talking of what it might be possible to do. The circulation for those days was good,—three hundred thousand,—but nobody of my acquaintance read the magazine, or even knew its name. Although I turned out to have something to do with the increasing circulation, that was not my affair. It was for me to have the magazine strike a note that would create a reputation.

We began on the editorials. "It is not specially a writing job," I observed, after listening awhile to Collier. "It is a thinking job," said he.

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It did not take long for us to jump to the first place, as far as public influence was concerned, among the publications of the country. What we set out to do we did. We cleaned out some of the worst senators. In the publicity field we led the fight for the Pure Food and Drug Act. We gave the patent medicine business a blow so solid that it has not recovered. We led the conservation fight to such an extent that we drove Secretary Ballinger out of President Taft's Cabinet, for giving away our natural resources. We took up the social blackmail evil, in a libel suit with *Town Topics*, and crippled that industry to such an extent that it has never reached its former vigor.

These public interests were my special part of the paper, but a publication is not one thing, it is many. Our quality was made also by our enterprise in news pictures, notably in the Russo-Japanese war, and by the correspondence that went with them; by some of our fiction; and by an art quality that brought in Charles Dana Gibson, Maxfield Parrish, the Lyendeckers, Jessie Willcox Smith, Frederick Remington, Kemble, and I know not how many others. The varied, human, bustling side was primarily Collier. I have often said, and the opinion remains, that for a number of years Collier was the ablest magazine journalist in America.

The team play between us was inspiring. Each helped in the special fields of the other. We consulted about everything. Our offices most of the time were connecting; we usually lunched together; we spent week-ends and solid weeks together in the country. When I wrote a savage exposure of the doings of

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Thomas W. Lawson it was Collier who furnished the fetching headline, **HOW MUCH OF A LIAR IS LAWSON**. Although I took the limelight in the *Town Topics* case, and even saw a play written about it and me by Amélie Rives Troubetzkoy, it was Collier who suggested the editorial that plunged us into that sensational controversy. Even when I did most of the work in carrying forward some big topic, it was he who thought of effective settings; of how the page would strike the eye.

And with this gift for the visual went a strong vein of literary ardor, taking a direction that might seem in surprising contrast to his journalistic gifts, for his dashes into literary quality in the magazine before my editorship were with such writers as Henry James and Alice Meynell, anything but the direct, forcible, and picturesque; writers for the few rather than for the larger public. Some of Collier's subtlety of taste was undoubtedly of Catholic origin, but much of it was his personality. Later, after a lamentable quarrel that had separated us for years, his way of resuming relations, which moved me deeply although it was by correspondence only, was to send me some sonnets written by himself, full of emotion about his own inner life, and touched with poetry. Thus the latest expression of him to reach me was a part of the side of him that fascinated me when first we met. His literary gift flared up only now and then, when something burned within. It was so in his beautiful little tribute when his father died, so much superior to my own labored statement. Yet in writing as an everyday business, while he could do it well enough,

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he was anything but distinguished. The real man required impulse, and but a small part of his impulse was toward expression in writing. Action, conversation, friendship were steadier expressions of himself.

Once a very brilliant journalist wrote him a letter, protesting against an editorial position taken by the paper, and subtly endeavoring to make a rift between us by telling him how much better it would be if he trusted himself more and leaned on me less. At that time we occupied the same room. Collier passed the letter over to me without comment and never mentioned it thereafter. In the quarrel that marred the end of our relations I thought he lacked candor with me, and I well know that I lacked gentlemanliness and due recognition for the years that were passed, enriched by his magnanimity and power.

About one matter I shall never feel altogether sure; whether it was fair of me to be as obstinate as I was about certain points that I felt essential in the career of the paper. Perhaps it might have been both wiser and more just to have been less rigid; it is impossible to say, because it may well be that without my puritanic determination the work could not have been done. Collier's largeness in yielding to it, though his own Irish and dramatic nature was often of another taste, was one of his many endearing traits.

One illustration may suffice, a fair one, since readers will differ on which of our judgments was correct. Incidentally the account of this matter in Upton Sinclair's *BRASS CHECK* has the ridiculousness that a propagandist with an economic religion is likely to have when he undertakes to tell facts. *THE JUNGLE*

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was turned over to us for serialization. Rob Collier read it first (except for the BRASS CHECK story it would not occur to me to state that P. F. Collier knew nothing about it and very likely was unaware of Sinclair's existence); then asked me to read it, but not without telling me in advance of his enthusiasm. He had a much better head for circulation than I, and on questions of circulation I always preferred his judgment to mine. Nevertheless, when I had read the novel, I said:

"I am against our running this story. Probably you are right about the circulation it would give. My objection is not to it in itself, but an objection to its being in *Collier's*, because it would obscure what we are doing. We have quickly made a great reputation for the weekly. In doing it we have used a method that is sensation, but it is our own special kind of sensation. It is the sensationalism of telling the exact truth about important things,—as exact as science itself. Sinclair's sensationalism is of a more familiar type, the sensationalism of exaggeration, of piling on the colors, of saying, if there is blood on the floor of a slaughterhouse, that it is an inch thick, when it isn't. I am afraid if we start down that path we shall lose the distinct outlines of the character we have built up." Collier let me have my way, but I know he was disappointed, and I believe he thought I was a martinet in emphasis of principles that were too narrow.

While Robert Collier and I created the character of the paper it would be a sorry way of telling the story that should leave out Peter Fenelon Collier. The

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sale of *Collier's* on the news-stands, while it was sufficient from the point of view of attracting attention, was never any considerable part of the six-hundred-thousand circulation that the paper reached while I was there; which was probably as much as it reached while it was at ten cents. The principal sale was through agents, as a premium in connection with books, and the most important business change in these years of increasing prominence was that at first the books sold the magazine and then more and more the magazine sold the books. The extended organization through which the selling was carried on was created by P. F. Collier alone; it was said to have made ninety thousand dollars the second year of its existence; and it made steadily more money until Mr. Collier's death. As soon as he died, business troubles began.

At first the elder Collier had not understood what his son and I were after, with the weekly, and had interfered now and again in his friendly Irish-Catholic way, wishing us to print something pleasant about this friend or that. When I began to print editorials that had about as religious a sound as Omar Khayyam or Shakspeare, Mr. Collier came to me a number of times, not with his own ideas but with those of priests who had remonstrated with him about what they called an atheistical note beginning to appear in a paper belonging to a good churchman. "Hapgood," he exclaimed one day, as he came in his swift stride into my office, "I have an idea. I am going to send you for a year to a Jesuit college. It isn't that I want to influence your beliefs; just to let you know what the

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Catholic point of view is, so that you will not misrepresent it."

"Good," I laughed. "How long in a Methodist college? I don't want to misrepresent that. And how long to be fair to the Unitarians?"

Mr. Collier was amused, and he laughed also. "Perhaps we might compromise," he said. "Six months for the Catholics; six for all the Protestants. But really I am in earnest. Think it over."

"Fine," I answered. "I will think it over." And that was the last I ever heard of the subject. For these surface differences were as nothing compared to the friendship and confidence that sprang up between us. I was alone with him in his country house the evening before he died, and it haunts me sometimes still that I might have saved him, if my instinct had been surer. Again and again during our solitary dinner, as we drank his champagne and ate his splendid food and chatted of this thing and that, a shade of concern passed over his face, and he would say, "I will stay here this evening, if you do not feel well," or "I would just as leave give up the jumping tonight, if you are lonely," or "I do not feel much like jumping tonight." I thought it consideration for me, as I was throwing off the grip, but when he died at supper, after the last jumps he ever took on his great friends the horses, I knew that the shades, at dinner, that came over him, were fears that his heart was not right, and a wish for staying at home, if only I would furnish the excuse. As I did not understand, I merely repeated that I should be all right alone; and so he died.

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His kindness showed one night when a number of us were gathered in the country, two or three crack polo players, of the famous Meadowbrook team, Rob, his father, and I. A big donkey was grazing on the place, and Monty Waterbury had offered to bet me a dollar that I could not stay on his back thirty seconds; I had accepted; the young men were entertained. As there was grass all around it did not look dangerous to me, but being the world's worst horseman, and wholly unacquainted with animals that were as vicious and effective as this donkey, I by no means realized what I was facing. When Mr. Collier heard of the plan he sharply refused to have it go through. There was nothing amusing, for him, in the possibility of my being hurt. "No," he said. "You shall not do it. He might kill you." Of course I liked this man, who seemed old to me then, all the better for his tenderness.

His modesty was winning also, mingled as it was with a childlike vanity and a decent pride. As the confidence, friendship and understanding grew between us, he used to talk over his book plans, his worries and his figures, as if I understood them much better than I did; and he liked to tell sometimes the high points in the epic of his life.

Twenty-five cents in his pocket, he would say, he landed in this country, not yet of age, a boy from the fields of Ireland; soon driver of a street car, and holder of other manual jobs, before he became a book-agent, selling Bibles. "No, me boy," an old woman said to him, "I would like yer Bible, but I have no dollar. If ye want to lave it here, I will give



From "In Memoriam Peter Fenelon Collier"

P. F. Collier on Brown Dick in 1900

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ye tin cints, and ye can come back some ither time and get the rist."

Something clicked in the young immigrant's brain. How many other poor women were there in America who would like this Catholic Bible, but could not pay a dollar all at once? Then and there the installment book business had its birth. He put the idea to his employer, who rejected it. Collier had, or was able to borrow, enough money to finance him while he sold a book himself for one year, and at the end of that time he had made such progress that he hired other men, bought other books, and his organization was born.

Without P. F. Collier's organization, Robert Collier's education and ability, and what I added, *Collier's Weekly* could not have played the part in national life that for nine years it did play; and usually where a magazine or a newspaper has a brilliant period there is more than one element that is requisite. S. S. McClure was the creative spirit when his magazine was in the vanguard, but the decline began with the death of his business manager. As time passes, tradition is likely to preserve one name, that happens to be the one best known to the public, and the true balance is lost, therefore. Among those who remember the militant period of *Collier's*, much more credit is given to me than I deserve.

Even in that most personal side of the magazine, the editorials, circumstances played their part. The enthusiasm of Robert Collier for them, the confident way in which they stood out in large type opening the magazine, the circulation already created, gave

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them a chance to flash at once on the country, with a success they might never have had if less favorably and dramatically introduced. And the most brilliant successes of the magazine in the field of public affairs would have been impossible without the expense of large sums of money mostly earned in a combination of which the books were an inseparable part.

But such as they were (and as I reread them they do not seem worth reprinting in a collection) they were smart, bold, literary, and honest, and I presume that combination was what gave their vogue. It was a good moment in public life, as I shall try to show when I come to draw a sketch of Colonel Roosevelt, and the public temper helped, along with the other favoring circumstances. The circulation was large enough for our purposes, and it was not large enough to weigh us down with the deadly need of reducing our qualities to those that can be appreciated by millions and objected to by nobody. As a joke of the day put it, we were not where we could attack nothing but the man-eating shark. As far as my part of it was concerned, I do not believe I could have worked it out, at least in anything like the same way, with the country in the mood that has prevailed since the election of President Harding.

A quality the editorials doubtless had was a pointedness that led to protest and to more extensive controversy. Being constantly exasperated by the Clark house on Fifth Avenue, I wrote an editorial recalling the saying of Goethe that architecture is frozen music, and observing that if so this mansion is frozen ragtime. Wallace Irwin, lightening the magazine with

his delightful philosophy of Hashimura Togo, and also with his topical verse, dashed off a poem, based on the editorial, describing the ideal house of a millionaire, with all sorts of equipment, including a shooting-gallery for burglars. Senator Clark was so furious that he contemplated suit but was dissuaded by his lawyer, and to our disappointment we missed a choice scandal.

In the chapter on William James, describing a lunch at the house of John Maynard Keynes, where the drift of opinion was against very short editorials, I did not undertake to uphold my own practice, as I was then describing a meeting where the English intellectual public was in question. With our Collier public, however, there is no question that brevity was a popular aspect. Not only were the readers pleased to have huge subjects compressed into five hundred words, but departures to longer units were resented. This shortness also made it possible to give a larger variety of topics, and we treated the ten or twelve editorials as an artistic sequence, carefully thinking out the order in which they ranged, let us say, from a sharp summary of the basic issue of a campaign, through a picture of a great artist just dead, along through notes on events in many states and many lands, to a shading off to a disquisition on the tastes of women or the undeserved obloquy of stewed prunes.

Our patent medicine crusade, which President Eliot several times told me he looked upon as the best of the Collier national services, began in another attempt to be funny in an editorial. William Jennings Bryan at that time was having a great time with himself attacking the trusts, nowhere more vehemently than

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in his weekly, the *Commoner*. In one issue of this paper there was a page advertisement of a medicine called Liquozone, which claimed to benefit almost every ailment known to man, which I summed up as everything from consumption to corns, and asked Mr. Bryan if it was consistent for him to boom anything so much in the nature of a monopoly. He came back at me; the lawyer for the medicine company telephoned from Chicago and came on to see me; and in a short time we were launched into a field that we occupied for years. Thanks to the knowledge of Samuel Hopkins Adams, his force and wit, many fires were started before that tale was ended.

I have already noted that the *Town Topics* sensation began in an editorial of which the suggestion came from Rob Collier; it was when he read a scurrilous paragraph about Alice Roosevelt. When a warrant was issued on a charge of criminal libel, Peter Dunne told me he thought I had made a mistake in hurrying back from York Harbor to be arrested. "It is all right now," he said, "when people know what it is about, but ten years from now they will think you were arrested for writing an article in *Town Topics* libeling Alice Roosevelt, and many of them will remember your name without being sure whether you were the editor of *Town Topics* or the man who jumped off Brooklyn Bridge." Dunne's humor had in it so much of actuality that a man on a Pullman once told me he remembered me as the editor of *Town Topics*.

William Travers Jerome, who as district-attorney conducted the prosecution, had much fun with the

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editorial, on the ground that it was written in such Harvard College English that it was hard to tell exactly in what words lay the charge of blackmail. Instead of using that word, I had said that the paper abused people who were not cowardly enough to pay for protection. It was about that time that the editor of a New York daily asked his editorial writers to read *Collier's* to see how libels ought to be written. The trick was a simple one. It was to avoid epithets and instead to describe exactly what the person had done.

Another trick that I may recommend to young journalists who may happen to get into legal controversy is to answer, when on the stand, with few exceptions, only what is asked. Mr. Jerome was trying to show that our charges against Colonel Mann and Judge Deuel, of *Town Topics*, were based not on first-hand information but on what I had read in newspapers. He showed me one newspaper after another, in which there were paragraphs about minor employees of *Town Topics* getting into trouble, asked me if I had read them, and finally said: "Was all you knew about *Town Topics* acquired from the newspapers?"

"No," I said. "I was influenced also by the opinion existing in the district-attorney's office."

"What was that?" he asked. I said it was to the effect that it was easy to catch the little fellows, and that the person who would deserve credit would be he who would get the big spider.

"Who told you that was the opinion in our office?" Jerome asked.

"You did," said I. The effect was much greater than

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if I had been in a hurry to bring out this defense. Mr. Jerome himself, who entirely sympathized with us, in his summing up to the jury made much of the fact that the point had been forced out of me.

It is often said, by those who remember *McClure's* and *Collier's* in their days of greatest influence, that we lack now magazine writers of the quality of Samuel Hopkins Adams, Will Irwin, Ray Stannard Baker, Wallace Irwin, Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, Mark Sullivan, and Arthur Gleason. There is nothing in the statement, except that the young intellectuals of today find more inviting fields, since the mass production of magazine circulation has ended in banality. The energy, brains, and literary impulse are at least equal to the crop of a quarter of a century earlier. It is the market that has changed. And the change is not of serious importance. Much greater significance lies in such questions as what tendencies lie in the tabloids, automobiles, moving pictures, radio, and the schools.

Some of the most effective work for *Collier's* was done by men who were not writers by profession. C. P. Connolly, who threw much light on northwestern affairs, not only for us but for *McClure's*, was a lawyer. The sharp fight that put new light into conservation and turned out to be a heavy blow at the Taft administration was started by a man of twenty-six who was in the government service; and Louis R. Glavis was at that time, and is today, the ablest investigator I know into facts of the explosive kind. When, after the war, I was editing *Hearst's International Magazine*, he got together a long series of articles on the Ku Klux Klan that were almost exclusively their own

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documents and which far surpassed in actual information anything else ever written about them. While I was away in Russia, on a mission for that magazine, a liquor study that we were starting was carried forward so inexpertly that the secret agents of the Department of Justice, hoping to stop certain exposures of the rôle taken by Mellon banks in Pennsylvania, successfully gained the confidence of a man investigating for us and had a nice trap already fixed to get me into jail on my return. It was the old trick of offering an investigator what he obviously most needs to give completeness and force to his story,—an offer that ought always to arouse suspicion. On my return our investigator was almost hysterical over the long-distance telephone in his urgency about my telegraphing money to close a big deal for government papers and then taking the next train myself to Washington to meet the supposed government clerks in a hotel room and buy documents from them. If I had done it I should have landed in a cell by a route that would have been no credit to my smartness. Instead I sent for Glavis; he turned up in my place and threw a scare both into our too innocent investigator and into the secret service agents who had laid the trap. It was through him also that the same magazine published indications of the crookedness of Secretary Fall many months before the papers took it up; and we were kept from a world-wide sensation only by the unfortunate accident that Mr. Hearst knew Secretary Fall, liked him, and believed in him. Mr. Hearst has been most generous about this incident, as he has about everything in which he and I have worked to-

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gether; I have found him a man of more sides and more varied abilities than is generally appreciated; but the exact weighing of evidence in political matters is not his strong point. That fact was illustrated again in his notorious fiasco about the Mexican plot, and there again, unknown to the public, the most important evidence was furnished to the Senate committee by Glavis. Again, in the exposure of the power lobby and its methods, the salient facts were in my hands months before they were brought out by the Federal Trade Commission, and were mostly furnished by Glavis.

The entrance of Glavis into the history of *Collier's* was due to that quiet and effective journalist, John Bass. We had already gone editorially into the fight started by Glavis and put on the national stage by Gifford Pinchot, when one day Bass's card was sent in, and he came into my office with the young land-office investigator. John spoke about like this: "As Secretary Ballinger, Attorney-General Wickersham, and President Taft have all turned down Glavis's report on the stealing of the public domain that is going on, we have decided to go straight to the public, and Glavis has written a version of his report intended to put the issue in a way that can be understood by the public. He has already been offered three thousand dollars to write such an article by the —— *Magazine*, but he and I both wish it to appear in *Collier's*, and in offering it to you we make it a preliminary condition that nothing shall be paid for it." I read the article that night and accepted it the next day. Sherman was then President of the Senate,

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an absolutely hard-boiled gentleman, and the Tsar of the House of Representatives was still Uncle Joe Cannon, though a Tsar whose power was being shaken by the independent group whose leader, Dolliver, was in the Senate; as the leader of the same group, Norris, is in the Senate now. It was Dolliver who said of the President that he was “a large, good-natured body, entirely surrounded by people who know exactly what they want.” The machine leaders felt strong enough to teach us a lesson. A joint committee was appointed to look into the charges against Ballinger. Sherman had no trouble with his part, though it turned out later that the Democrats he named were to be of help to our side. Elihu Root was selected, to do the serious thinking and give respectability. In the House Joe Cannon was overthrown. He was not allowed to name the committee, which was named by the House itself, which was to prove our salvation.

Payne Whitney, son of the famous magnate William C. Whitney, was an insider in politics, being an important subscriber to campaign funds. He came back from Washington with some secret information that caused his friend Rob Collier to grow very serious. It had been arranged, he reported, that Ballinger was to be given a clean bill by the committee, after which foundation had been laid the secretary was to sue us for a million dollars; and with such a basis as the committee’s decision what could we do? We had been winning our libel suits, in spectacular fashion, but this was different. We were evidently compelled to protect ourselves by striking before the committee began its hearings. We therefore struck, with results that bring me to a different sort of chapter.

XIII

MR. BRANDEIS

THE meeting that took place in the New York office of Henry L. Stimson, now Secretary of State, had an outcome—fortunate for me—that it could not have had except for my previous acquaintance with the lawyer who is now Mr. Justice Brandeis.

At a club in Boston there was a lunch of three, the host being John Graham Brooks, one of the most valuable citizens of Massachusetts, who seeing what *Collier's* was doing, and being a devoted admirer of Mr. Brandeis, thought we should come together. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Brandeis and the state they represented all were of strong interest to me. I had heard so much about bigness in America that I was well bored with it, and Mr. Brandeis was an apostle of doing well what lay near at hand. Then and always since he, like Aristotle, has celebrated the value of the small unit. The Athens of Socrates, the Florence of Dante, the Nazareth of Jesus, are not measured by quantity.

Massachusetts to me was the most interesting state in the union and at that time, though not now, Boston was the most interesting big city. In other states that were classed as progressive there had been more emphasis on political mechanisms, like the once famous initiative, referendum, and recall; and what is

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more important, there had been more attention given to checking the raids of corporations than to working out methods by which corporate activities could operate in harmony with the community. In thinking out constructive devices to improve our business activities from the standpoint of the relation between them and government nobody in our time has equaled Mr. Brandeis. Because of his contributions to problems such as transit, gas, and life insurance, Mr. Brooks felt that to an editor with interests like mine an acquaintance with this builder would be invaluable.

Mr. Brandeis had abandoned hosts of charming friends in Boston, and cut himself off from clients he would have needed had he cared for riches, when he began to reshape some of the ideas and practices prevailing around him. Especially did he arouse fury by pointing out both that the New Haven Railroad, under the presidency of Mr. Mellen, was exercising an influence bad for the freedom of the state, and still more did he enrage the investing public by pointing out that its unsound business policies were directing it toward a smash. His successful controversy with this road led him into national railroad questions, and among other aspects of his activity was the famous statement that if the roads were run with efficiency, for which he was prepared to give all the details, they could save a million dollars a day. In several of his public efforts *Collier's* proceeded to take part, and our acquaintance grew ever closer.

In Mr. Stimson's office there were present: Gifford Pinchot, his brother Amos, and their attorney, George Wharton Pepper, afterward Senator from Pennsyl-

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vania; James R. Garfield, Secretary of Agriculture under Roosevelt, whose adviser Mr. Stimson was; Robert Collier and I. It was clear that *Collier's* had no standing before the joint committee, but Glavis did have such a standing, and it was proper for us to safeguard the interests of our contributor. The question before the meeting was, who should be attorney for Glavis?

There were several suggestions. Collier spoke of John G. Milburn whom he looked upon as head of the New York bar. Somebody proposed ex-Senator Spooner, as likely to be favorably treated by the committee. My nominee was Brandeis, and I observed that the only argument in favor of choosing him was that he would be the one most likely to win the case.

That argument carried; Mr. Brandeis accepted; shut himself off from both his office and his home in Boston, came down to the Harvard Club in New York, and for a week saw nobody but me. For hours a day he pored over the records of the Land Office.

When the hearings began it was expected that Mr. Pepper, as representing the most distinguished person concerned, would take the lead, but it required only a few days to prove to everybody that it was necessary for Mr. Brandeis to lead, since he already knew the facts many times better than any of the rest of us. The business of the Land Office, and of the Interior Department generally, is very complicated indeed. The only person who was held to understand it in detail was a permanent official named Finney; and he was the most important witness in defense of Balinger. When Brandeis had finished cross-examining

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him, Finney came impulsively over to where I was sitting in the committee room, and exclaimed, "Mr. Hapgood, I have no respect for you. I think you are doing this merely to make circulation for your paper. But I want to say you have a wonderful lawyer. He knows the business of the department today as well as I do."

I fancy myself somewhat as a witness, and I said in the last chapter that in general it is well to answer only what is asked. But this was not a court. It was a political committee, and a predominantly hostile one, with a specially hostile chairman, Senator Nelson of Minnesota, and a hostile element in its ablest member, Senator Root. So Glavis, who in his own field had a memory as wonderful as that of Brandeis, pursued a different method. Every question he answered definitely, and then he usually added, "I wish to explain my answer." The story that he thus had written into the record was a masterpiece. He and Brandeis divide the credit of the outcome.

One night Mr. Brandeis asked me to go out for a walk. He was excited as I have seldom seen him. Making it clear that what he said was secret, and that it was vastly important, he first asked me if I had noticed anything queer about the report in which Attorney-General Wickersham supported the report in which Ballinger had overruled the charges of Glavis. I had not, and Mr. Brandeis proceeded to put an idea before me so theatrical that he did not wish to commit himself to its accuracy until he had tried it on one other mind.

The first thing he had noticed, in the chain of

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thought leading to his startling conclusion, was the period of time between two dates. Accepting the dates as published, Mr. Wickersham had received Ballinger's report just a week before he had sent in his approval. By necessary reference the voluminous and complicated report of Glavis was made a part of the Ballinger report. The Land Office regulations all came in also. The Wickersham report was thorough in its references to many intricate documents. Mr. Brandeis is a worker of great speed; he calculated how long it would take to prepare the Wickersham report if a man devoted to it every moment of his waking day; and he told me that in his acquaintance there was only one man fast enough to do it.

But Wickersham was far from giving to it every waking moment. Brandeis collected what he could of the other work done during that week by the attorney-general, and decided that if he assumed half the time to have been devoted to the report he was being over-generous to the attorney-general.

What, then, was the answer?

The explanation, as it had formed itself in the imaginative brain of the lawyer, involved a serious charge against the attorney-general and also against the President of the United States; nothing less than an attempt to mislead the public on what had become a burning issue. Misdating a document with intent to deceive in some jurisdictions is held a form of forgery. If this document was misdated, it was in order to make the public think that, in supporting Ballinger, the attorney-general and the President, instead of a political white-wash, had given to the case

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an attention which at that time they actually had not given. It merely shows how differently honorable men may think, one from another.

Once having decided that the document was predated, Mr. Brandeis looked about to prove the truth of his conclusion. Many days and nights he pondered, before the proof flashed across his mind. Casually there was mentioned in the document an event that had not happened until after the date which the document bore.

To this proof there could be no answer; but Mr. Brandeis was far from ready to let the committee know of his discovery. Somewhere there must be a stenographer's notebook that he needed. It was all but a certainty that the exculpation of Ballinger had been prepared in Ballinger's own office, ready for the attorney-general and the President to rubber-stamp; and probably it had been prepared by his private stenographer. Fate intervened at this point. The stenographer taught in a Sunday school. His conscience tormented him. He gave his evidence to one of the persons interested, with the request to let Mr. Brandeis know about it.

Then began in the committee the assault on the administration-defenders that was to be their ultimate destruction. Mr. Brandeis made no charges. He merely requested the chairman to produce a certain memorandum, which he described, and of which he confidently alleged the existence. The chairman asked the Secretary of the Interior for the document (which in fact was the Ballinger model for the Wickersham report), and after many delays reported no such document ex-

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isted. Mr. Brandeis patiently repeated his request, from time to time, until the accumulated excitement became so intense that finally Mr. Taft himself was called upon to deny the existence of any such document. He may well have been candid, for he was not the sort of executive who keeps close track of the details of his organization. He had never desired to be President. All the world knows that he made a splendid chief justice, filling to everybody's satisfaction the position that would always have been his choice; he did some good things in the presidency; but it was not his kind of a job.

By the time the frightened committee saw the document produced the whole country had decided that there was a conspiracy to shelter Ballinger at any cost. The rest was comparatively easy. As Mr. Brandeis said to me: "It was the lying that did it. If they had brazenly admitted everything, and justified it on the ground that Ballinger was at least doing what he thought best, we should not have had a chance. Refusal to speak the truth is the history of many a downfall."

All this was in nineteen ten. The attacks on Mr. Brandeis in privileged and conventional circles, the slanders against him, were increased; but the public confidence was increased also. Among those who were impressed with his grasp of business and economic questions, and with his liberalism, was Woodrow Wilson; and Mr. Brandeis's love of the smaller units in civilization, as opposed to standardized bigness, was shared by Mr. Wilson. It became known, after his election, that he was considering Brandeis for Secre-

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tary of Commerce. At once an avalanche of libels were sent to the President-elect. Mr. Wilson handed them to me and said, "Please make me a thorough report on these charges. Not that I believe in any of them, but I need to have the facts." For a journalist highly trained in investigation, the job was easy. My report went to basic sources in every case, showing the story altogether an invention or else so twisted a version that when it was straightened out it brought credit rather than censure on Mr. Brandeis. Mr. Wilson then made his answer to the leaders of the drive, which was headed by McCombs, who had been Wilson's campaign manager before his health broke down, and by ex-Governor Foss, leading an army of Massachusetts politicians, helped out by politicians from the other New England states. Wilson's answer was: "I am willing to hear your arguments from political expediency and party harmony. But if you make any more charges against Mr. Brandeis's character I shall appoint him regardless of other considerations."

Mr. Brandeis remained on the tentative slate until the Thursday before inauguration, with William C. Redfield down as Assistant-Secretary, a position he had agreed to accept. McCombs, Foss, and others late in February induced Redfield to say he would not take the second place, but wished to be Secretary, and then they descended, Thursday night, with such a list of opposing politicians, especially Congressmen, that in the name of harmony Wilson yielded.

But he did not forget. By the fall of 1915 he had already made one mistake, in putting a reactionary on the Supreme Court, in order to get him out of the

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position of Attorney-General, and his one-track mind was fully awake to the issue when the next vacancy occurred. When the name of Mr. Brandeis was suggested, he jumped at it. "The man of men," he said. "Why did I not think of it before?" He sent for Mr. Gregory, then Attorney-General, and asked what he thought of it. "He is the greatest lawyer in the United States," said Gregory. "But I hope you realize what a tempest you will stir up."

Wilson laughed. "Let us see," he said. "I go west next Friday. I will send in the name on Thursday."

Now that Mr. Brandeis is recognized as one of the greatest of all American judges, standing with Holmes alone in our time, it is well for the stuffed shirts of the United States, which is the vernacular for those who are dominated by riches and convention, to recall the record made by leaders of society and leaders of the bar when the nomination was announced. I will not name the list now, as I wish to avoid unpleasantness when it is not required, but it is a stirring example of the fallibility of figureheads. In following the career of this creative reformer how many times has there sprung into my memory the words "against the wind" in the stirring lines of Byron:

"Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind."

The fight over confirmation by the Senate was long and bitter, and the President put himself into it with superb effectiveness. The apparent majority against confirmation was turned into a majority in favor by

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the decency of a few men, including Reed of Missouri and Hoke Smith of Georgia, who began with strong hostility, but were nevertheless open to the evidence when it was put before them.

How the President felt about this appointment was shown when I called to see him about the next vacancy that occurred on the court—"I can never live up to my Brandeis appointment," said he. "There is nobody else who represents the greatest technical ability and professional success with complete devotion to the people's interest." It was an admiration that never lessened. In his last years he would have liked more advice and consultation than the Justice thought it advisable to give. Both Brandeis and Wilson were figures about whom myth-making seemed to flourish, so when later, as editor of *Hearst's International*, I ran a series called "Henry Ford's Jew Mania," I was not surprised to find that the investigators of the great business genius had furnished him with the information that during the war there was a private and very secret telephone wire between the White House and the apartment of the Justice. But while Brandeis scrupulously kept out of controversial or political matters, after going on the bench, he did make to the President occasional suggestions of the highest value. One was the earliest formulation of what is likely in the end to be the answer to the prohibition muddle. He has always felt (more strongly than I do) the net loss brought on humanity by liquor; but also nobody has been much more shy than he of a policy applying force over a huge area to social developments. When the serious resistance of a big minority to the Volstead

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Act began to make itself clear, while he quite properly gave no public opinion, he did express to a few friends, the President among them, what he conceived, under the amendment, with its provision for concurrent jurisdiction, ought to be the division of practical responsibility between Congress and the states. There was one profound difference between his view and that of most who in the classification of the day are called drys. The other drys, as far as I know, think that if a state fails to carry out the intention of the amendment a reason is created for the national government to take over what is in its nature a state function. To the mind of Mr. Brandeis, however (and possibly to the mind of Justice Brandeis also, although I am discussing not the judge but the philosopher), if a state chooses to neglect or refuse the burden indicated by the amendment, then it is presumably nobody's business but that of the state, which can be left alone with the consequences. Only where the consequences directly affect other states, as in quantity shipments across state lines, does the proper rôle of the national government begin; in shipments from abroad; and in abuse of Federal permits to manufacture alcohol for industrial needs. If ultimately Congress acts on this idea, and the executive also, allowing the separate community as far as possible to sow and reap for itself, then it will be one case in many in which Mr. Brandeis has been first to see a large question through to its solution.

It was this gift of creative thinking about community life that made some liberals regret the appointment to the Supreme Court, since it took away from militant life the man who was intellectually their fore-

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most leader. The enormous power of the Supreme Court is no more fully realized now than it was in 1915, but the contribution Mr. Brandeis would make to it, and therefore to the direction of our civilization, is realized more fully, and no liberal today is sorry he took the appointment. It is widely believed among intelligent lawyers that on questions involving basic community rights a dissent made by Justices Holmes and Brandeis carries more weight in the law schools, and among those who are to be the leading lawyers and judges of the next generation, than does the official court decision.

One instance in which Mr. Brandeis permitted himself to take a rôle apart from his legal duties had momentous consequences. When we went into the war I wrote Mr. Wilson from London, urgently giving the reasons why Mr. Hoover ought to be chosen as food controller, and why he should also be given powers ample enough to make him satisfied to accept the appointment and then be happy in his work. At the same time I wrote Secretary Houston, as the cabinet member most concerned, and Justice Brandeis. Mr. Hoover was suspicious, particularly about whether if any offer came it would give him the powers he wished. When he was called to Washington there happened what was likely to happen with Wilson, who had the defects as well as the qualities of concentrating on one subject. No talk with the President was arranged for Mr. Hoover for an unreasonable length of time; as the days passed he grew more and more annoyed; and finally he was dangerously near to the point of leaving the city in disgust. What settled the matter was a tele-

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phone message from Mr. Brandeis to Mr. McAdoo, saying that, in the emergency of war, Hoover was too valuable a force to let slip away, and that McAdoo ought to make it his responsibility to see that the President acted. Mr. McAdoo did; and of course the chances are slight that if Mr. Hoover had not been food-controller he would ever have become our President.

Liberalism in America, as well as many causes not fitted for political definition, has had as long-continued, generous, and intelligent support from Charles R. Crane as from anybody in the country. As he was the main support of *Harper's Weekly*, during the years that I edited it, and as he and Mr. Brandeis were the closest of friends, it was natural that Mr. Brandeis put some of his most profound work into that publication. Part of what he wrote about railroads and about insurance funds can be seen conveniently by those who read his book called *OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY*. It was while he was doing a series of articles about railroads for us that I suggested a point to be made against Mr. Mellen, and Mr. Brandeis showed the essence of his mind by saying that the fight against Mellen had already been won, and that he did not care to pound people who were beaten. He has always held, as he said in the rate controversy, that he would never ask for a change unless he was able to show not only why it was needed but also how it could be carried out.

One of the firm interests of my life, started in me by Mr. Brandeis, is connected with a race to which he belongs and I do not; yet in its genesis this cause

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was not racial at all, but democratic, in the sense that Aristotle's small unit was a principle of democracy. When he graduated from the Harvard Law School, and for years after, Brandeis's concerns, immensely varied as they were, did not include Palestine, or the Jews, in any special sense. I think the seed of Zionism was first sown in his mind when Aaron Aaronson told him the story of the discovery of wild wheat, and the possible effect of this discovery on the life of Palestine. Two of his basic principles soon presented themselves to him as connected with the dream of making Palestine again the home of a culture ages long. It was not especially his culture. I have seldom heard him quote the Bible, as he quotes all the time Shakspeare, Goethe, the Greeks, and facts that are important about the industrial and social problems connected with the civilization that is founded on the modern factory.

No, Zionism became an outstanding idea in his mind (and from his mind it passed into mine) because it is an idea that is creatively democratic. Democracy, as he dreams it, and as I dream it too, is a garden where diverse things grow; something that makes life not similar and monotonous and mechanically controlled from great centers, but a force to add vitality, vigor, and profusion to human existence, by the method of free experiment and unchecked expression, whether it be qualities of the individual or of the group. Never a party man, he is always a Jeffersonian. It happens that the little country of Palestine made a contribution to the race of man that is among our most precious assets; and it happens also that the Jews exist today, in a sense in which the Greeks do not, or the Egyp-

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tians, or the Romans. That is to say, nobody thinks of looking for a Socrates in Athens, or for Greek culture there. If we think of the ancient Romans, practicing their form of democracy, and organizing the world, it is not in Rome itself that we should seek their counterparts. But in this fluid world the Jew has had an interesting persistence. In spite of scattering and wandering, the traits of Isaiah and Paul seem to look out at us frequently from some Jew of today. With this durability of a moral contribution and an energetic world-attitude, it is in keeping that the greatest scientific mind of today, Albert Einstein, takes an active part in the Zionist adventure; or that Mr. Brandeis was awakened to the thrill of an experiment which endeavors to give to the Jew a cultural Hebrew center and a spiritual atmosphere favorable to keeping alive the purer part of a tradition twice as old as that of its offshoot, Christianity.

The very lack of wealth in Palestine,—the impossibility of there ever being wrung from that soil much of luxury,—has been an attraction to Mr. Brandeis; for part of his greatness has been his interest in material necessities for all and his contempt for material excess for anybody. That also is part of a grand tradition. We need to fight for material advancement, as he has done, and fight to protect ourselves from its injuries, as he has done, and as thinkers have done always, giving out warnings along the route from the early prophets to Emerson's

"Things are in the saddle
And ride mankind."

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One of Justice Brandeis's constant objections to material excess is that it stops the conquest by the spirit of our own universe; it makes us no longer active inside but passive. Once at dinner at his apartment in Washington there took place between him and Miss Jane Addams an argument to which Plato might well have listened with interest, altering to his purpose, and reporting as he did the arguments of Socrates. Justice Brandeis carries his dislike of passive entertainment so far as to include the moving picture and the radio. Miss Addams, on the other hand, thinking of those in whose lives these inventions play the largest part, described the monotonous, congested life at home of a factory girl, with not even one room for her solitude or her company; with disagreeable confusion in a crowded area; and with the working hours spent in turning one machine always with exactly one recurrent motion. Better for the soul of such a girl, by far, Miss Addams said, were her evenings at the pictures, even if those pictures were the most commonplace, for at least her mind was stirred to something of wonder and desire by scenes of leisure and gayety, and often there was something better in scenes of travel, wild life, and perhaps of existence long ago. As usual when two great spirits meet, it is likely that each side saw a truth.

It was in 1915 that my relation to the ideals of a Palestine restored first became associated with action that two years later resulted in one of the British Empire's momentous risks. It was a dinner in the House of Commons, given by Josiah Wedgwood, whose study of the outlying parts of the empire never flags; nor of

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remoter parts of the world in action. "Why are you here?" he asked me, on one of my arrivals in England. "Your place is China." Indeed I felt a shame at being in Europe, when a social revolution, an economic revolution, and a political revolution were all beginning simultaneously in a nation of four hundred million intelligent and forcible beings. Wedgwood's book on the Palestine question, called *THE SEVENTH DOMINION*, with its perspective of all the globe, is the only important book I know on the challenge offered by Zionism to the statesmanship of England.

The talk, at this dinner of only eight, was led by Wedgwood, Mr. (afterward Sir) Herbert Samuel, and Dr. Chaim Weizmann, now head of the Zionish organization of the world. Among the others was Neil Primrose, son of Lord Roseberry, who although his mother was a Rothschild had, when the dinner began, not the slightest notion of what Zionist was intended to mean. His quiet questions were accompanied by close attention, and I have always credited him with an important part in making the cause real to leaders of the British government. Before the war was over, he had joined a Jewish regiment, and he died in battle on the plains of Palestine. His dream I can only guess, for though we dined alone together later nothing personal came into what he said. I think the dream must have been of the mission of Britain, of the physically and socially weaker causes, and of the long centuries during which the people of his mother had sought the light. It was an element in his chivalry that when it fell to him, in the House, to speak of a Jewish matter, he used the expression "my people," although it was

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but half true in blood, and not true at all in social contact.

In closing this chapter, with its attempt to suggest the life-note of a great American, I can express myself in no way more accurately than by saying that in a friendship of some quarter of a century I have never known Justice Brandeis to have a purpose or a topic of study that I did not respect. Living in his vicinity is like living in one of the inspired eras of our human history.

XIV

MARK TWAIN

ALTHOUGH my acquaintance with Mark Twain, starting when I was eighteen, had much of the pleasantness of long-continued friendship, what it means in the plan of this book, with its emphasis on the search for intellectual truth, is that the humorist offered me, more than any other person I have known, the spectacle of sheer genius. As writing was my chosen trade, I felt as a young scientist might feel if he had the privilege of knowing the personal side of Einstein. I may be wrong, of course, in putting TOM SAWYER and HUCKLEBERRY FINN among the lasting works, but I am wholly convinced; and if those among his books stand alone as wholes, the same master touch appears now and again in many of his other writings; in a considerable part, assuredly, of THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER; and in numberless details, such as the picture of the coyote, the crocodile story in LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, the attempt to explore his room in the dark before the mountain climb, the Heads and Taels of the Boxer Rebellion, the cruel defense of American morals in the reply to Bourget, the comment on New England climate and weather, the Economizing of Truth, the cable about exaggeration when his death was reported. Mark Twain was little of an artist, except in

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part of the technique of mere funniness, especially oral; in the touches that keep him where he is it is not art that gives the effect, but the unconscious something which we call genius and of which I have heard no definition that throws much light. To a person always wondering about the literary methods of gifted brains, the opportunity of knowing well one man absolutely of the genius type was a high spot of fortunate experience.

From my acquaintance with Mr. Clemens, as well as from his books, I should think that the new study, valuable in itself, of the subconscious, never went much further astray than when it treated him as if circumstances interfered with a spontaneous expression of what was in him. It is the worst of folly to select the best of an author and then attribute the less good portions to obstacles. The truth is that in many a case the banal and the inspired are equally parts of the gifted individual; and eminently was it true of Mark Twain. I am convinced he took as genuine a pleasure in some of his stereotyped farce as in the whitewashing of Tom Sawyer's fence. He was as assured of the inferiority of the painting of Titian, and generally of the Renaissance, as he was of the social truths behind Pop Finn's diatribe on negro suffrage. He was absolutely sure that Bacon wrote Shakspeare, and that Jane Austen was of no importance. These irregularities need no accounting for; they were in the structure of his mind.

As one listened to his talk, it was not the funny things that mattered. There come to my recollection only two jokes made in talk that tempt me to write

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them down. The one about the workings of providence has been told in an earlier chapter. The other was when we sat at dinner in his house on lower Fifth Avenue, and sympathized in our revulsion against the rôle that masses of money played in the thought of the big city. "In Hannibal, Missouri," he drawled, "where I was brought up, we never talked about money . . . in fact, there wasn't money enough in the place . . . to *form* . . . a topic of conversation."

No, the part of his talent that was reënforced in talk was the talent of the novelist. Wonderful was the clearness with which the simplest statement about what he had seen took on the flesh and blood of form and character. What he said was never abstract. A scene or an event sprang from his lips set in the visible world, where we saw every move; regardless of importance, there was always actuality.

Mr. Clemens was in a way a natural actor. Indeed, my first association with him and his family involved a theatrical performance. Nook Farm, in Hartford, was a literary paradise not quite like anything I shall see again. There were no fences between the houses, the doors were not locked, and the members of the different families walked in and out of one another's dwellings without knock or ring. Mark Twain's house, the largest, stood at one corner of the grounds. Not many paces from it was the residence of Charles Dudley Warner. The house in which I used to stay was that of George Warner, brother of the author, whose wife was the sister of William Gillette. Richard Burton had a house within the grounds, and once, although I no longer remember whether her house was

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there or not, I saw Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of *UNCLE TOM'S CABIN*, wandering along the sidewalk adjoining Nook Farm, muttering to herself, her mind gone, but her happiness apparently remaining. I believe Joe Twitchell, Mark Twain's great friend, had his house there; it must have been across those well-known fields that Twitchell came rushing to tell Mark Twain, who had been so proud to see his books on a little table by Darwin's bed, that the letters of the great biologist had just appeared and that Twitchell reading them had come to the confession that after the heavy work of his middle age set in Darwin was not able to read any literary volumes except trash.

In such a setting I found myself during vacations of my college years, and it was on my first visit that Margaret Warner took me across to the Clemens house, where I was promptly cast for the rôle of the lover in a play written in scenario outline by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. Susie Clemens, the beautiful and poetic oldest daughter of the humorist, was the leading girl; the words in these plays were improvised by the actors; and my orders were to go upon the stage and make a violent declaration of love to Susie.

We had become friends at first sight, and more especially after a long walk in which the enthusiasm we both had for talking about English poetry, and quoting it, had full expression, and I was in truth not afraid of her, any more than a youth of that age is almost inevitably afraid of an especially lovely girl. The terror started only when I stepped out before the audience, of a dozen or so members of the group of families, under the sentence of making an open and

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continued declaration of consuming passion. My cheeks took fire, and not a single word would pass my lips. Susie, a seasoned actress, though several years my junior, did what trained artists on the professional stage do also in similar emergencies; she changed the direction of the plot immediately, and the girl it was who did the wooing. I stood and listened like a burning stick. When I stepped back from the Thespian boards at the end of that scene, it was to appear on any stage as an actor, alas, nevermore.

Years after came the only other meeting between Mark Twain and me in which the theatre was the setting. *HUCKLEBERRY FINN* was being put on as a musical comedy, and at a rehearsal were Mr. Clemens, the manager of the production, Charles B. Dillingham, and Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, who had brought me with her on account of my interest in the stage, because she thought certain questions might arise in which Mr. Dillingham's views of how to treat the story might not appeal to her. Dillingham and I were old friends and treated each other with any kind of roughness for which the occasion seemed to call. At a first night once, finding between the acts that I did not like the play he was putting on, he assured me that my disapproval was the only thing required to make him absolutely sure of its success. I believe it did succeed, but on another occasion there was a different outcome. Through me he had bought, for Julia Marlowe, a dramatization of *MANON LESCAULT*, made by Mrs. Edith Wharton, and I had brought Mrs. Wharton to the Criterion to talk over some changes contemplated by the actress and the management. The

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result was that Mrs. Wharton abruptly withdrew the piece. As I had made it known that two other actresses were interested in the play, the then-existing syndicate rushed on a rival version, made to order in a hurry, and it ran two weeks.

At the HUCK FINN rehearsal, as Mr. Clemens and Mr. Dillingham sat directly in front of Clara and me, there seemed reason to hope that before the end Dillingham and I might have a chance to hurl at each other some of the choice jocosities we loved to exchange. It is true that points were raised by Clara, and put forward as her abettor by me, but her father laid down a principle that left no opportunity for a scrimmage. He said that he had written the book, and that there his responsibility ended. He had no intention of taking any part whatever in determining the structure of the musical comedy. No doubt he was wise. In general it is sound to limit one's responsibility to those matters which one can successfully influence, and unless a novelist is also a dramatist, like Barrie, it is well as a rule not to be responsible for many suggestions in detail. The musical comedy version of HUCK FINN, after all, was not a serious attempt to reproduce that masterpiece, it contained nothing strongly offensive, and the philosophic humorist let it go at that. I think the larger talents are often satisfied to do their best and leave the outcome to the forces of time. In other words, the larger talents are likely to have philosophy.

In fact, by the time I knew Mr. Clemens best, one of the things one felt about him most constantly was the philosophic way he was taking life. He adjusted

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himself to old age with a success that comparatively few attain. Often I would stop in at the Fifth Avenue house around noon, nearly always finding him in bed, with a pipe in his mouth, and a writing pad at hand; and always cheerful, which was by no means the case in his younger days. Once, after destiny had dealt him some hard blows, he said to me: "I was happy in the early part of my life. I am happy now, but there was a stretch of years in the middle of my life when I was not happy . . . and that middle period was the only part that was worth anything." It deserves, I think, that little speech, to be remembered in connection with the beautiful inscription that he wrote for the grave of his wife. The wandering early years of Hannibal, Missouri, and of piloting on the Mississippi, required no discipline and no adjustment, they had no human relations that brought necessities, obligations, and limits. The later years also found him free, master of his time, active and almost alone, making his own world according to his own taste, going out into the general world only on rare occasions to receive its plaudits, playing with a few friends who adjusted themselves willingly to him. It is easy to understand what he meant when he said that it was the time of human love and difficulty that had the value, the time of stress and contradiction, of need and care and sorrow; easy to understand when said, but not everybody would have said it; and nothing was more characteristic of Mark Twain as he was known to me.

Before his wife died there occurred an incident that brought into relief the kindly side that was always a

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large part of the man. My father and mother were crossing the ocean on the same ship as Mr. Clemens and his wife. Mrs. Clemens was in poor health, and her husband had requested my father not to talk with her when she was in her chair on deck. My father, who was the most scrupulous of men about the rights of other people, on the second day out found himself in a predicament. As he took his regular walk around the deck, Mrs. Clemens intentionally catching his eye, motioned him to come and speak to her. His decision had to be made quickly. The warning of Mr. Clemens was in his mind, but merely to bow and pass on, after so definite a request from Mrs. Clemens, would have looked like rudeness; so he decided to stop a mere instant, say a pleasant word or two, make an excuse, and continue his walk. By a coincidence, such as those that occur in fiction and in experience, at that very moment Mr. Clemens happened to come up. With all his calm and drawling manner, he was a man of sharp impulse, temper, and emotion. "I told you no one was to speak to her," he broke out, almost or quite angrily. My father raised his hat, said merely, "I am sorry," and passed on.

Of course a word with his wife showed to Mark Twain the mistake he had made; and the result was what might have been expected by one who understood his moral nature. Every remaining evening of the voyage he sought out my father, asked him for a walk, and in order to make amends for his error called out all the resources of his sometimes wonderful conversation, resulting in an atonement that was more than complete.

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Another example of human consideration was almost Quixotic; but I long ago—almost as far back as the episode, already told, of William James and my mother—came to look upon simple kindness as a trait to be expected in minds tinged with greatness. It happened that I had a box for one of the plays of Eleonora Duse, and Mr. Clemens had accepted an invitation for himself, though not for his wife, as her health did not permit her to make the trip from Riverdale, where they were living, to New York. The worst snowstorm of the winter burst into the situation; it was hard enough even for New Yorkers to get to the theater; and it was only what I expected when the curtain went up without Mr. Clemens having appeared. During the intermission, however, after the first act, he did come in. "It was impossible to reach you," he said, "by telephone, or in time by telegram, so I have come to explain that Mrs. Clemens is so unwell this evening that I ought not to be away." He was an old man then; and he went out again into the storm and took the railway journey into the country, having remained true to the laws of courtesy, as his high standard conceived those laws.

As Mark Twain was a master of the difficult art of giving charm to old age, he saw much of people younger than himself. There is no other way of making age a success. This naturalness with younger people, energetic interest in things as they happened, and refusal to yield to any calls upon his time and strength that did not harmonize with himself, were the elements that made him live triumphantly and happily in his final years.

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His white evening dress had the appearance of a sort of outer symbol of independence of assaults from without, of unity with himself. It was by no means a defiance of convention; only an ignoring of it. He was more comfortable; the coloring was more in accord with his flowing white locks; and it was an accent of slight oddity in a world that was socially standardized. From one less famous, no doubt, independence would have looked more like egotism, and would not have been met with the same cordiality; but the advantage of reputation, money, or any asset, is to be able to make the best of it; Mark Twain made the most of life at every turning.

He saw much of Robert Collier, they got on happily in their personal relations, and through the book branch of the Collier business they were of practical use to each other also. We who were a generation younger than he sometimes spoke of him as Old Mark, but the only person whom I ever heard address Mr. Clemens as Mark to his face was Peter Dunne. It was a pleasant relation between these two humorists, and many an hour they spent in billiards. The little literary group of which we were all part treated the author of TOM SAWYER as a credit to the human race, a benefactor of it; creator of the most lasting American fiction since Hawthorne and Poe; and we trusted in posterity to agree with us.

XV

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A MESSAGE from William Gillette in the early summer of 1912 came to me as a surprise. In my too rough way I had hurt his feelings during the Patent Medicine campaign, because he thought our strictures on one of the medicines would imply a criticism of him as an officer of the company selling it; so I was especially pleased to have him telephone and ask if on my way up town I could manage to stop off at the Plaza Hotel to give him some advice. What he said, when we had settled down in his room, was a summary of the meaning of one of our most vigorous political movements since the Civil War. It was an illustration of what Theodore Roosevelt meant to millions. Would my memory were good enough to render the talk in the characteristically broken sentences of the playwright, with his shrugs, pauses, and sudden smiles; but as that is beyond me I must turn it into language much too coherent in form and political in vocabulary. The meaning, however, was this:

"I have asked you to come here because I want to know whether there is anything a fellow like me can do in this business that is going on now. I never had any feeling for getting into such things before. It always seemed to me those fellows, the politicians, were

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not worth bothering about. But this is different. It seems to be something that is good for the country; something that is right and fine. If I can help I thought you might tell me how to do it."

Gillette did not know I was supporting Wilson, and I did not stress the point; my duty was not to change his mind but to see if I could facilitate his participation in a splendid outburst that was inspiring hundreds of thousands. He knew nothing about the issues, nor did I mention them; it was enough that he wished to stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord.

And so it was with a multitude. Tied up with the picture of Theodore Roosevelt was a faith in the goodness and value of life. The loyalty and ardor he inspired, that ardor and loyalty he deserved. Some of his leading supporters, such as Gifford Pinchot and William Allen White, were among my most trusted friends. When the break of 1912 occurred I had many more friends in the Roosevelt than in the Wilson camp, though on the Wilson side, in Mr. Brandeis and Charles R. Crane, were the two men to whom I was politically nearest. Sometimes I have thought the situation at bottom had much in common with 1928, as far as the division of the independent intellectuals was concerned. Many of my friends in 1912 at least felt about me as a lieutenant of Mr. Hoover did in 1928 when he said: "What is the meaning of Hapgood's being in the Smith camp? All his kind are with us. I suppose it is merely that he cannot bear to be in accord with the majority of the people he knows."

The explanation was not quite so simple. Both times it was the logic of my conception of liberalism not as

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a feeling but as a definite direction. It was a guess at which man and which position taken would be most likely to encourage American principles along the line on which I hoped they might develop.

In December of 1911 Colonel Roosevelt invited me to spend a night at Oyster Bay; something I always liked to do, as the conversation never failed to be stirring and full of information and charm. There were others present, being some of those who had helped to introduce to the colonel's attention the minimum wage and other excellent ideas that happened to enjoy the liberal attention of the moment. Sitting next to the ex-President at dinner, I had the opportunity of introducing one topic that was partly journalistic.

"Mr. President," I said, "you once told me of an autobiography written by Champ Clark, but you told me in confidence. Now that he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination, I am asking to be released from that confidence, for I wish to see if I can get it and print it in *Collier's*."

"No," said he, "I will not release you. The publication of it would diminish Clark's chances, and if I am to run I want to run against Clark and not against Wilson."

"I understand," said I, and that incident was closed. In the morning, before it was time to take the train, the colonel, when we were alone for a moment, suddenly said, "Suppose I am nominated by the Republicans, and Wilson by the Democrats, whom will you support?"

"I hope that will happen," I replied. "I always like to see each party put forward its best principles and



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay

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nominate its outstanding progressive leader. With you and Wilson running, both parties would be doing their best for the country. If that happens I shall be determined by the platforms, and above all by the plank on the trusts and the plank on the tariff."

The colonel said no more. His mind was like lightning, and it saw at once where an emphasis of those two planks was likely to lead. For the strength of his financial backing was George W. Perkins, and that Wilson was a crusader against the pampering of monopolies by allowing them to draw the tariff schedules in their private offices was already known. For my part, I was as sincere in what I said as was Mr. Charles R. Crane when, seeing ahead further than I, he backed with his money, at the same time, in the primaries, LaFollette in the one party and Wilson in the other.

This balanced and impersonal attitude the colonel did not like. As is the case with many a crusader, he felt a contempt for half-hearted adherents, and he told me once, when referring to some other independent, that he preferred outspoken opponents to supporters on whom he could not count. He elected me more than once to the Ananias Club, but on the other hand if his name had been presented for election to the Laodiceans he would have been incontinently blackballed.

So emphatic was he on this point of unwavering support that during his second term as President he got P. F. Collier excited by giving him a secret mission to a high-up Catholic, a mission which he described as of most enormous importance, and when Mr. Collier

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was properly worked up the colonel explained the harm that was being done by the critical support of the weekly. Mr. Collier thereupon marched into my office and declared that he wished no further criticism of the President. When the criticism continued, there was another complaint from Washington, and again Mr. Collier issued an ultimatum. One day the New York *American* called me on the telephone to ask if it was true that I had been discharged at the request of the President. I said I did not know of any such occurrence but could find out if the city editor would hold the wire. He was satisfied, however, with my not having heard of the matter, and let the subject drop.

It required a pachyderm to behave so callously to President Roosevelt, for nobody, I believe, ever used the charm of the White House so successfully on journalists. His energy was unequaled; he invited everybody who fitted into either his plans or his interests; he was able to talk to all; he forgot nobody. Meeting a friend of mine for the first time, he said, "I met your father in Montana forty years ago." When he incidentally quoted something out of my *Life of Lincoln* I could not be sure he had just looked it up. It was possible he had read it ten years earlier and not forgotten it. Many a journalist of national standing was cured of amused or serious criticism by the radiance shed on him or on his wife by the White House.

Many a person would say, if the question were put, that the President was right in the position he took about half-support. I did not like his talk about big sticks; his assertion that he wanted the Panama Canal strip and therefore took it; his devotion to Lodge; nor

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did I appreciate by natural temperament the full cogency of the gospel of salvation by sweat. It is more than possible that the friends with whom I differed were nearer right than I. Certainly I had every opportunity of appreciating the big attributes of the President. In the long run the most important of the fights in which *Collier's* was involved were the Pure Food and Drugs Act, its corollaries in the Patent Medicine crusade, and the controversy over forestry and mineral resources that reached its climax in the throwing out of Ballinger. These were among the much-smiled-at "my policies" of Roosevelt, and nothing of a political nature, or any other nature, ever caused him to turn aside from his devotion to them. His greatest political strength was in the northwest; it was the northwest that was most hostile to any doctrine of conservation that lessened immediate local profits for the sake of the country at large and of the future; and yet Roosevelt put every inch of his strength into the cause. If it be said that Gifford Pinchot was the soul and dynamo of the conservation movement, it is true; but the credit of Roosevelt is not lessened by that fact. When he came into the presidency, by grace of the pistol of a crazy man, McKinley had done his part to modernize our view of natural resources, as Cleveland had before him, and it was McKinley under whom Pinchot had made the start in his ideal and educative drive. But Roosevelt took Pinchot to his heart, felt a natural affinity with him, and put behind the movement a popular momentum such as none but he could have produced.

After Roosevelt declined what he said would be

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in meaning a third term, and forced the first nomination of Mr. Taft, he speedily deserted him, out of conviction that the new President was abandoning the Roosevelt policies. Of the two great errors that gave the death-blow to the Taft administration, the more important in its political effect was the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act, but the conservation betrayal under Ballinger was the one that came more closely home to Roosevelt, and it was in his support of the Pinchot-Glavis attack on Ballinger that he first came into the open in complete opposition to the man whom he himself had forced into the presidency.

So important was this issue to *Collier's* that I went to London to see Colonel Roosevelt, as he was returning from his trip around the world. He was a superb fighter, like most very successful politicians, and what I learned there about his intentions with regard to the conservation issue and its place in his plans was highly encouraging. It was on his return from London to the United States that his bridges were unmistakably burned behind him in regard to the Taft administration.

London was stirred over his visit, partly in admiration, partly in amusement. The admiration was for the force and attraction of his personality, the amusement especially for the readiness with which he was telling the old British Empire exactly what it ought to do in order to bring to a successful status the problem of governing Egypt. A detail in which the amusing and the serious were tastefully intermingled was told to me by Professor Gilbert Murray, between whom and Roosevelt there were the interests in com-

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mon of literature, politics, and history. The colonel told Professor Murray there was one thing he would particularly like to have arranged: a dinner of only four, at which the other two would be the historian Bury and that man of general culture and philosophy, Arthur Balfour. The dinner was arranged, and the colonel fired in rapid sequence an avalanche of questions at the three Englishmen. To Mr. Balfour, as the most gifted fencer, fell naturally the duty of avoiding the necessity of answers that might be embarrassing, and he sought the offensive by inserting questions where he saw the opportunity. "What," he said at one point, "do you think of Mr. Bryan?"

That diversion was well planned. The colonel had no love for the Commoner, and no admiration for him. He smelt battle, his eyes flashed, he raised his fist, stuck out his jaw, and showed his teeth. "Mr. Bryan," he cried, lifting his fist higher into the air, "has a brain—" (here the fist began slowly to descend)—"of THREE GUINEA-PIG POWER,—and when I say THREE—" (the fist banged the table)—"I EXAGGERATE."

Events from the colonel's return ran along with logical swiftness to his leadership of the more ideal Republicans in the next campaign. When the die was finally cast, the machine had prevented the ex-President from having his "third cup of coffee" presented to him by the convention. President Taft had been renominated, and the colonel had bolted, taking with him much of the more wholesome sentiment of the country.

The public has never realized, what Roosevelt

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himself realized fully, how much the outcome was determined by what a group of Wilson supporters persistently discussed under the title of the Missing Plank. After I left *Collier's* Colonel Roosevelt published a statement in October in that magazine that Wilson, Brandeis, and Hapgood had poisoned the mind of the public against him by misrepresenting the monopoly issue. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Brandeis discussed that issue on its merits. They refused to take seriously the colonel's statement that he was for good trusts and against bad trusts. They took their stand on limited competition as against the opposing stand which they described as limited monopoly. In other words they pinned their faith on the value of competition as a basic principle, limited only as experience showed limitation to be required; hailing it as a better principle than private monopoly recognized with powers to be limited only by its definite misdoings. The colonel disliked nothing more than the defensive, but in this campaign he was unable to get away from that uncomfortable position. Mr. Wilson discussed monopoly, and the tariff as dictated by the monopolists, and the lobbies that sat in Washington and spoke for the monopolies, and it did the colonel no good to try to put to the foreground a group of sound but minor issues. On the defensive he was forced to remain.

The bearing of the Missing Plank on this central fact of the campaign will be made clear, no doubt, in later histories of the United States, but I know no history or biography in which it has yet been made clear. When the Republican convention renominated Mr. Taft, the bolting convention, held to nominate

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the colonel, was heralded as a spontaneous and completely democratic outburst. Spontaneous it was; democratic it certainly was not. The progressive and democratic elements did their best with the platform, and made it much more liberal than it would have been if it had been drawn by the professional politicians who stayed with the colonel, or than if it had been drawn by George W. Perkins, the steel magnate who made the campaign financially possible. On the critical trust plank the liberal elements seemed to win a victory. They may not have written exactly the plank they wanted, but on the whole, as it came out of the resolution committee, it represented their view. The plank as it left the committee on resolutions was adopted by the convention. It was given out to the Associated Press for publication. Then something happened that showed where the final word lay. Mr. Perkins saw the platform in type. He arranged an immediate interview with the colonel. The colonel, putting the committee on resolutions and the convention itself in the negligible place where they belonged, called back the platform from the Associated Press and substituted a trust plank dictated by Mr. Perkins. This new plank was the one on which the campaign was fought.

I for one in my heart never questioned the colonel's right to overrule the convention. It was his convention. But if the campaign was to mean anything except personalities, then it was necessary to air the meaning of this extraordinary substitution. Hence our unceasing call for the Missing Plank, which next to Mr. Wilson's relentlessly relevant speeches on big things only

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did most to take away the colonel's chance of starting a prairie fire by confining him to the defensive. He had his usual luck, in being shot by a crank,—luck that was deserved, and scarcely to be called luck at all, since certain personalities inevitably create drama for themselves; but not even this incident could put the result in doubt. The prairies would not light.

Although my leaving *Collier's* was not on the Roosevelt issue, but on one of business and editorial relations, there is no doubt that my headstrong behavior turned many persons in the organization against me, and therefore took away what chance I might have had on the underlying problem that confronted us in business conditions that had developed since Mr. P. F. Collier's death in 1909.

There is always something sad in being compelled to choose between two good influences. Nineteen-twenty-eight had something of the same sadness for me as 1912. Nineteen-sixteen did not, because though I highly respected Mr. Hughes I felt that the attacks on Mr. Wilson, in the middle of a world war, with problems before him unexampled in our recent history, and with a first term far surpassing in constructive liberalism any administration since the Civil War, lacked dignity, relevancy, and even sincerity. In 1920 I had no regrets over opposing Mr. Harding, and in 1924, without any issue from which I expected much, I was glad to support Senator LaFollette in the hope that whatever strength he developed would make for the growth of a point of view opposed to a timid acquiescence in the domination of concentrated money. Wilson in 1912 and Smith in 1928, represented exactly

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where I like to stand in politics, but there was in each case a little alloy in the worth of the opposing standard bearer.

Happily for the pleasantness of my memories, my next experience with Colonel Roosevelt was one in which my enthusiasm is without bounds. It shows what we mean by manliness; particularly what we mean by the word in a democratic civilization like our own. I have already spoken, in an earlier chapter, of the wholesomeness of Mr. Roosevelt's ideas about his earnings. The incident I am about to narrate shows the wholesomeness of his feeling about acting as a minor officer, after he had been a world-renowned commander-in-chief.

In 1913 the Committee of One Hundred and Seven, which nominated John Purroy Mitchel for Mayor of New York, needed for chairman a man who, whatever else might be said of him, was known to be outside of party ties or individual ties. Therefore they gave the chairmanship to me, and as chairman my most important work was to deal with the men we needed to complete our ticket. Some of the finest Republicans in New York had entered into the backbone of our committee, among them Henry L. Stimson and Herbert Parsons, but the problems that confronted the Republican office-holders were different. The two most important of these were Mr. Charles S. Whitman, then district-attorney, and William Prendergast, the city comptroller. Mr. Prendergast was in Europe, and we could get from him no decision on whether he would run on our ticket or not. If he refused, Mr. Whitman would be likely also to refuse, and it would be im-

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possible to represent the full strength of the Republican party.

I had in the meantime become editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and one day while I was sitting at my desk a message was brought to me that Colonel Roosevelt, if he could be of any service in the campaign, would be glad to see me. I knew how he must dislike me. I was not his type, and the recent campaign was full of bitter memories. Reaching for my hat I went as fast as I could to the *Outlook*, where he had taken an office. His reception of me was the perfection of manners taking into account the conflict between his personal feelings and his public duty. He came rapidly across the room to shake hands, with just enough lack of warmth to mark the change in our relations, but with plenty of objective cordiality, repeated his desire to help, and asked if there was anything he could do. "Frankly," he said, "I was sorry Whitman was not nominated, but as it is Mitchel I should like to do all in my power." Of the three men among whom our committee almost evenly divided, Whitman was a Republican, Mitchel an independent Democrat, and George McAneny an Independent.

"Yes," I said, "there is one thing that you could do for us that might turn out to be absolutely decisive." Prendergast had followed Roosevelt in the Republican split, and it seemed likely that he might yield to his chief. We met later again, the cable was sent in energetic language, Prendergast accepted, and our ticket was completed. Without the generous volunteering of a true citizen helping to elect a Democrat on the ticket of a committee headed by a person he

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disliked, John Purroy Mitchel might never have been Mayor of the City of New York.

It is a happiness also to me that the last relation of all between us had a touch of friendliness. William Barnes, Republican boss of New York, had honored Roosevelt with his opposition. Roosevelt had attacked him, and Barnes was contemplating a libel suit, when one day I received from Barnes's lawyers a letter asking me if I would testify in the case. I replied that it would be necessary to send me a summons, if I were to appear, and that it was only fair to inform them that if they did call me my testimony on the points at issue would be entirely against their client and in favor of the colonel. This act called out from Colonel Roosevelt one of his characteristic jerky letters of enthusiasm in which the word "bully" would not have been sought in vain.

But between these two last amiable incidents there came one of bitter conflict of outlook. When the war broke, Colonel Roosevelt published immediately in the *Outlook* an article in which he spoke of the need of our keeping out, the impossibility of our knowing the facts, and the injuries done by the French invasions of Condé and Turenne to his ancestors in Germany as worse than anything in Belgium. A few weeks later, full as he always was of resentment against Wilson, he began to attack him for not taking a strong stand on the invasion. While I was free as editor of *Harper's Weekly* to follow my own ideas, the new owners had put their money in the magazine partly to have an intelligent exposition of Wilson's policies and I stressed that duty as much as I legitimately could.

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Both out of personal inclination, therefore, and out of the magazine's policy, I repeated time and again extracts from what Roosevelt had at first urged as the American policy, contrasting it with the attacks he was continuing on Wilson for following the same policy. It was not difficult to understand his attitude, but it was impossible to accept it. Great man and enormously helpful leader as he was, he could not forgive another for occupying the position of power in which he was sure he by right belonged.

Those who followed him without question accepted these attributes without difficulty, and almost made them part of his attraction, as they seemed part of his force. Once, when I found myself on the same train as Elihu Root, I ventured to start a conversation, although I had but barely met him; and after a little I introduced a subject on which I was sure the views of Root and those of Roosevelt were different. Mr. Root betrayed no secrets about what happened in the cabinet. What he said was that when a President was as completely set on his own way as Colonel Roosevelt there was no advantage in attempting to turn him into another path.

Varied as he was, Roosevelt was all of one piece; and it was a figure around which myths grew easily. About him the most picturesque simply must be the true account. Once I went to Wyoming, among other things to see a horse-riding contest at Cheyenne. The wickedest of all the horses was named Roosevelt. It was a fitting name for the concentrated adventure of the plains, though in all probability the horse's name had been changed the day before the bucking contest

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began, and changed on account of the visit of the President.

On the same occasion there was a gallop across the plains, ending at the house of Senator Warren, whom Doliver called "the greatest shepherd since Abraham." As the riders approached the house I was standing where the horses stopped. The Secretary of Agriculture, James R. Garfield, was well out in front of all the others, trying to hold back his horse, in order, I was sure, to make a finish that was respectful to his chief. As Garfield dismounted he passed by where I was standing, and we exchanged a few words, so that I know he was not winded, or even breathing unusually. Colonel Roosevelt was breathing hard, though in wonderful condition for a man of his duties, age and weight. The New York *Sun*, which carried the motto "If you see it in the *Sun* it's so," described the ride with graphic details, featuring the President's arrival at the finish, fresh as a daisy, with Mr. Garfield far in the rear, scarcely able to keep his seat. But what does it matter? The essential lines of the tradition are true. Another member of the Roosevelt cabinet, John Hay, when I asked if a popular story about Lincoln had any basis, replied: "I never look into those things. If the story *represents* the truth, I am satisfied."

XVI

WILSON AND HIS CABINET

THE first time I saw Woodrow Wilson he stood alone in his library in New Jersey; the last time, he was in the White House, with several persons around; and he looked as lonely as in the other picture. We were on a friendly basis, with serious business between us, for a stretch of crowded years; but I went to see him seldom, because though the door was always open, I had the feeling that to ask for a meeting was to ask a sacrifice. People did not invigorate him, as they invigorated Roosevelt. They broke into his life, which was lived with his inner self. My reluctance to be even for an hour a burden on a man on whom rested a weight heavier than any other friend of mine has ever carried, was made easier by the warm sympathy and understanding between Colonel House and me,—Colonel House taking easily and with pleasure those steps in human intercourse which meant costly adjustment when taken by the President.

There were exceptions, of course, to this rule,—exceptions in time, circumstance, and personalities,—but among my own meetings there was only one in which his prevailing note was gay. This was at a lunch, after the victory of 1912, in the home of Mrs. Alexander, in Hoboken. Across a narrow table I sat

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opposite to the President-elect, both of us drinking good wine, and for once I seemed to see his heart when it was light. Even then I was present for a business reason, as Mr. Wilson wished to go over with me the list of men who were already being considered for the Cabinet. We sat, after lunch, on a sofa in a big room and there was much that required discussion. In the middle of the talk it became necessary, as a matter of tact, to see an acquaintance of Mrs. Alexander, who had come in to give his ideas on insurance. Mr. Wilson met him across the room, by a window, so far away that all that reached me was the hammer of the caller's insistent voice, with the pounding gestures that accompanied the voice. As Mr. Wilson returned to our sofa some of the spring had left his manner. "I wish," he said, as he resumed his seat, "people would realize, when they wish to flatter me, that the one way to do it is to assume that I can understand a thing when it is stated to me *once*." Through his life he suffered much from those who had no conception of the rapidity of his mind, and no conception either of the pain it may be to a rapid thinker to be forced to plod along, down every vale and over every hillock, on the path that a slower man deems it necessary to take.

Our first meeting of all was connected with one activity of *Collier's* that was not without its importance in the close struggle for the nomination between the conservative and machine forces in the party, with Clark as their first or ultimate choice, and the liberals solidifying behind Wilson. While the mobilizing of the two armies was under way, a dangerous attack was launched against Wilson in connection with the pen-

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sions granted by one of the great foundations to professors after a certain length of service. The attempt was made to convince the public that Mr. Wilson was endeavoring to secure a pension to which he was not entitled, and the political situation was too delicate to be safely complicated by an attack from so powerful a source, taken to be respectable and unbiased.

One day an old and close friend called at my office to show me certain letters. They were correspondence between an individual in high position and Wilson, and they showed beyond question that Wilson had taken no step except at the suggestion of the foundation itself; *but*—these letters were marked "Personal." My friend asked whether in these circumstances I thought it would be right to make them public.

"You have a peculiarly strong ethical understanding," I replied. "Much surer than mine. Calling letters personal does not make them so. Make your own decision, and I will accept it."

He went away, thought it over, no doubt prayed over it and decided the letters ought to be made public; so we printed them, and the attack along that line ceased. This was the special topic on which I went to see Wilson in Trenton. It was interesting that he did not believe, in spite of the letters, that the campaign against him was conducted by his correspondent in that interchange. He charged flatly that the real mover was the president of a certain large university.

While the Cabinet was being planned, Colonel House telephoned that he would like to have me stop at his apartment next morning on my way to the office.

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When I arrived, he said Mr. Wilson wished him to find out what I thought of Franklin D. Lane for Secretary of the Interior. "It would depend a good deal," I answered, "on who takes his place on the Interstate Commerce Commission. He has done great work on that body." The colonel was sure that the right man was in sight. "Well," I said, "I admire Lane a lot. He is a Westerner, however, and I do not know whether he takes an enlightened view of conservation. He may share the prejudices that prevail on the Pacific Coast."

The colonel said he would invite Lane to breakfast, and I could drop in, as if by accident, and bring the subject around to natural resources. After the talk, which was satisfactory, I asked Colonel House if Lane had had any notion I was coming, and was informed that he had not. "All right," said I. "I am satisfied." "Governor Wilson wants it in writing," said he. So I wrote it, in the form of a letter to the colonel.

Lane was in some respects a surprise. He was the most graceful and varied conversationalist in Washington; master of the best written style in national politics; social to a high degree. The radicalism of his western years faded at the dinner parties of agreeable plutocrats. His social nature believed in those who had become his friends. All who knew him were fond of him, and their friendship was returned. The President's aloofness offended him; he did not like, a Cabinet officer, to be ignorant of what was happening in the mind of his chief. Nor did he remain at heart in the end sympathetic with the underlying purposes of the President, which included the relentless reduction of

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privilege. But a person who had known Lane well, no matter what differences of ideas might come, would be sure to love him to the end.

I have spoken of his command of English style. It can be seen in his Flag Day Address, which may be found in the files of *Harper's Weekly*; and I dare say in his collected writings. As a man of thought and action Wilson will grow even greater with the years; and as a public speaker he had grace, persuasiveness, and power; he wrote well, of course, but no more than that, I think, can be said with fairness. There is no President since Lincoln who has written anything with the classic touch. The nearest to it among political Americans of my time is found in certain speeches and writings of Al Smith.

Another member of the Cabinet who drifted away from the President was Lansing. I was on an ocean liner when the appointment was made, and was pleased by the wireless news, because I mistakenly calculated that Mr. Lansing would be glad to put his technical knowledge of diplomatic detail at the service of the President, without attempting to obstruct his policies. That was, however, not the case. Mr. Lansing breathed in the atmosphere of evening dress, money, and precedent, and he turned out to have determination of his own. From the moment when it became clear that he was using his position to give to the Mexicans an impression different from the one Wilson desired to convey, confidence ceased. It was an extraordinary situation on both sides; that Lansing should not have resigned, and that the President should not have requested his resignation. Mr. Lansing undoubtedly felt



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

President Wilson and His War Board

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that he was acting for the welfare of his country, and Mr. Wilson could not face the nervous distress of demanding a resignation. So he made Colonel House secretary in fact, and left Mr. Lansing secretary in name.

The historian who in half a century correctly pictures the powerful elements in the Wilson Cabinet, along with McAdoo, Baker, and Houston, will include Daniels. There would be no gain in my going into that argument now, but one picture I must draw. I was talking in the early part of 1916 with the President about Mr. Lane's desire to go onto the Supreme Court, and I suggested that Daniels could be moved into Lane's place and somebody who was not under fire could be made Secretary of the Navy. We knew the summer campaign was going to be hard and the election probably close, and my idea, a shallow one, was that there might be gain in removing the navy issues from the firing line. Wilson would not even consider my suggestion. He swung around and pointed in the direction of the Army and Navy Club. "Those are the fellows behind the agitation," he said, "and their real grievance is the stand Daniels has taken on contracts and graft. He makes foolish speeches but he does his work well. If I were to change him it would be taken as discrediting him." Then he said something that showed the fighting man; "Rather than do that, I would lose."

In Washington there are two especially prominent clubs, the Metropolitan, with more conservative and plutocratic leanings, and the Cosmos, decidedly more liberal. During the Wilson administration the dining-room of the Cosmos at lunch time was likely to have

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anywhere from one to half a dozen members of the Cabinet. On a certain day, as I entered the room, I was beckoned over to take my lunch at a table where there were already seated Bryan, Houston, Daniels, and one or two others. The talk was on liquor, and it was being conducted with that good-humored flippancy which is often found in Americans in even the most onerous positions. Mr. Houston was making gentle fun of Mr. Bryan's ardor on the liquor question. "The human body is mostly water already," he said. "Why overdo it?" Mr. Bryan, in spite of his solemn and oratorical nature, was always ready with this American jocosity. "It shows water is the body's natural element," said he. Mr. Houston then told us a story I have never heard elsewhere, or seen, about a temperance crusader, of more courage than caution, who went among the worst illicit distilleries of the Tennessee mountains to make a prohibition speech. Surprisingly, nobody molested him. At the end, however, an old man stood up, his hand trembling with rage and weakness, as he stretched out his arm with a copy of the Bible. "I have read this yere book through twice," he cried, "from kiver to kiver, and I find no place where a man asked for water to drink, except one, and he was in Hell, *where he deserved to be.*"

Never have I seen more energy put out by a single man, not even by Roosevelt or Hoover, than in the stress of war was put out by McAdoo. For a long time I saw much of him, in his house as well as in his office, especially during the war, when he ran the Treasury in the morning and the railroads in the afternoon; ran the Treasury, I believe, as well as anybody since the

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days of Hamilton and Gallatin, and ran the railroads so well that Walker D. Hines, himself the special pride of the railroad men, who took over the government of the railroads when McAdoo dropped it, became a convert to public management. McAdoo has had an uneven career; if he had not needed money, and a lot of money, he would have been likely to be nominated for the presidency. No Democrat but Cleveland and Wilson has been elected since the Civil War (except that Tilden actually was elected), and certainly no Democrat could have been elected in the flush times of 1920, 1924, and 1928; but if circumstances had permitted McAdoo to be President the huge executive labor would have rested on his shoulders as easily as on those of Roosevelt. Although it was some of his business associations that stopped his career, he is a genuine liberal, and altogether would have made one of the notable Presidents. I was more intimate with him than with any other member of the cabinet, and made a study of his work; and if I know of any case in which a man in high office has had less than justice done to him, it is the case of McAdoo's management of the railroads. Few people know anything about the figures, or the relation of the cost of freight to the need of subordinating everything to the task of getting supplies across the ocean to an army; and they naturally accept without analysis the statements that it is so easy for the big money interests to get into circulation. When it comes to administrative ability—leaving out a different thing, like the intellectual leadership of Wilson—the four ablest public men I have known are Roosevelt, Smith, Hoover, and McAdoo. If a Presi-

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dent happens to be undervalued, as for instance Andrew Johnson or Rutherford B. Hayes, or over-rated at the time, like so many, time will correct the estimate; but time, in dealing with so large a subject as the World War, may not have time to consider cabinet officials.

Baker's work, as Secretary of War, was underrated for a time, but that error seems to have been corrected. When General Dawes returned from his war work to the United States, Baker being then under fire, and said the war could not have been won but for the ability of Wilson and Baker, it was a Republican speaking, an executive, and a man familiar with the facts. The picture of an advanced progressive pacifist handling the War Department in a first-class manner in the biggest of all wars was one about which the average mind found it easy to be skeptical. The average mind is so gullible that nothing would be easier for it than to believe that the first general at hand would be a better Secretary of War than Stanton, or the first admiral a better Secretary of the Navy than Whitney; or Andrew Mellon, because of his wealth, among the great Secretaries of the Treasury. The newspapers often fall for the same superstition. Fortunately the cases of General Grant and Admiral Dewey seem to have prevented a similar line of thought from being applied nowadays to the presidency. It was one angle of this superstition that Roosevelt used in his first attempt to get Wilson on the defensive, in speaking of him nearly every day as "Doctor," to indicate an academic remoteness from practical politics; but nobody paid any attention to that line of attack.

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Although Wilson's cabinet contained an unusual number of men of high ability, and although these men rendered noble service, nobody influenced Wilson's final objectives. The biggest change in his thought made by anybody was made on the subject of direct as opposed to representative machinery of government, by George U'Ren, of Oregon, on a visit to New Jersey. Wilson's major premise was that a body of carefully selected men, working together without being influenced from the outside, could reach a sounder joint conclusion than could be reached by a mass of people voting as individuals. U'Ren accepted this major premise, but challenged the implied minor premise, that the Congress of the United States was such a body. The time, he argued, was gone, when Congress was a body of men responsible only for their own opinions. The individual member was likely to represent permanently some interest, and the whole body was subject to pressure of the most definite sort, especially by the money interests most able to direct pressure. Hence the needed offset of mandates from the voters. No argument could change Wilson, on a subject on which he had seriously put his mind, except in the extraordinary rare case, of which I know only the U'Ren example, when the argument was the presentation of something relevant not yet considered by him, and of first importance. He yielded to necessity more than once in Paris, but that is not the same thing as changing his mind. I sent him a statement by Norman Angell, which as far as I know was the first exactly of its kind, that it would be wrong for us to enter the war until both sides had told us pub-

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licly what settlement we should be fighting for, and he soon in a speech used almost the exact language, but that again was no change, merely a contribution, and contributions he welcomed.

Whatever may be the date at which it entered his mind, this simple thought, that for our entrance to the war the payment should be an open statement in advance of what the victory was to bring about, was unexampled in history, and a permanent contribution to the reasonableness and ethical progress of civilization. How little it was appreciated at the moment was shown by a remark made by the man who today is England's most constant and forcible promotor of that new method of conducting international business which owes its birth to Wilson. I went to London at the end of 1916, and a few weeks later dined at the house of Mr. Balfour, with nobody present except his brother and Lord Robert Cecil. Wilson's fourteen points had been published, but neither side had answered. What Lord Robert said, and what seems surprising now that Wilson's procedure has been so fully justified by time, was this: "We are sorry that the President has asked the question, but as he asked it we shall answer." If he had not asked it, and obtained the moral advantage of a public promise, he would never have gained—as he did gain—the essentials of a victory at Paris between the adherents of the old idea of victory, as a chance to chop up your enemy, and the vision of greater fairness among nations. The crowd is often wrong, but in this case it was the common people of Europe, not the leaders, who were right about Wilson. I did not meet a sol-

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dier, peasant, or laborer in Europe in 1917 who was not enthusiastic about Wilson; and not many leaders who were. In France, later in the same year, Whitney Warren, the architect, when I quoted what I was hearing everywhere from the common people, replied that their opinion did not matter. He it was, many years after, who was able to force on Louvain a library inscription designed to perpetuate resentment; a rallying cry of the old régime in international relations; a régime that will emit many another rallying cry before it is finally defeated.

Wilson was wary of suggestions that wore the dress of contributions, but were in fact designed to change his objectives. This truth was neatly illustrated when one of the most widely known bankers in the world, during the fight for the Federal Reserve Act, when prevailing financial opinion was shown by the fact that only one Republican in the Senate voted for the act, invited me to lunch in order to ask me whether or not Mr. Wilson would be willing to hear from him suggestions about how the act could be improved. "I think," I said, "he will see you if you do not wish to argue against the value of the act, but only, as you say, to suggest ways of improving it." When I told the President of this conversation, he replied: "You did not go far enough. I wish to avoid not only those who are against the act, but also those who are against the final purposes for which I support the act." In other words, as I interpreted his speech, he cared to waste no time on those who really preferred the Aldrich Act, containing some good technical features, but not endeavoring, as did the Federal

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Reserve Act, to make the control of credit more democratic.

Strong as were his opinions when they were once formed, he had the virtue, which Socrates claimed for himself, of being one of few, when he did not know a thing, to be aware of his ignorance. Early in his first term I asked him if worrying about great matters ever kept him awake. "Only," he said, "Mexico; because that is a situation I do not understand." He knew what he wanted in that country, but he lacked the data to be sure about methods of bringing about what he wanted. Lord Bryce, who probably at the time knew more than anybody else in the world about forms of democracy all over the globe, said to me: "I wish you would call the attention of President Wilson, apropos of Mexico, to the truth that in the development of a nation there are stages in which the building of a railroad, or the development of an industry, makes for progress more strongly than alteration in the form of government." But I do not believe Wilson really needed to be reminded of a historic principle so fundamental.

- During the period in which Wilson's sound and powerful nature conducted our politics, from his first election to his breakdown, the only stretch of time in which I felt a little disillusion was in the campaign of 1916; and the disillusion was about the public mind. What ought to have been the leading issue was the record made by the President in his first term. I was vice-chairman and acting-chairman of the Woodrow Wilson Independent League (William Kent, the chairman, not being able to undertake the work), an

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organization supplementing the National Committee by dealing specifically with voters who, instead of being regular Democrats, were either independent altogether or else members of the disintegrating Bull Moose party who were deciding whether they would vote for Wilson or signifying a return to their former party by voting for Mr. Hughes. It was our business, in other words, to formulate as well as we could a genuine intellectual appeal, independent of party rallying cries; and there could never have been better material. We could point to the Federal Reserve Act, which had seen us through the financial commotions accompanying the outbreak of war, and was destined within a few years to prevent several financial difficulties from going the usual way into panics. We could point to a tariff law, and a spirit toward the Tariff Board, that treated the tariff from the standpoint of all business, and of the consumer, instead of being a bone given to a few monopolies. The lobbies had been thrown completely out of Washington, to come back with a grand rush under Harding and Coolidge. Much of what has proved correct and lasting in farm relief had been accomplished. The national spirit had been turned in a better direction concerning Latin America, and particularly Mexico. Expertness and liberalism had been shown in the guise not of opposites but of friends. Not only had the promises of the Democratic platform been carried out but the main points of the Bull Moose platform also; as in the establishment of the Federal Trade Commission. Mr. Brandeis said at the time that the great opportunity of that commission was to obtain and make public

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information, which has in fact turned out to be its surest value.

With such a record, wholly unequaled by anything done by any administration since the death of Lincoln, could we stir up any interest? Not the slightest. The public went to sleep when these matters were discussed, and one of the choice ironies of history came to pass when Wilson was elected, by a hair, not on his record, but on the slogan, "He kept us out of war."

Colonel House once said to me, with generous exaggeration, "If the President is successful in his plans for what is to follow the war, he will stand higher in history than either Washington or Lincoln." At any rate, if Geneva in the end proves the focus of a new human era, Wilson as the one who forced that triumph of reason will be bracketed with those bright figures. When he died, the fairest comment was written by one who had often been severe with him, the publicist H. N. Brailsford, who said that when we criticize Wilson for not reaching our ideals, we criticize him in the light of ideals which he himself created.

XVII

RUSSIA

IF one were to call Woodrow Wilson a radical, the word could easily be misunderstood. If there is anything more stupid than a mind conservative in all circumstances, it is one that is at all times radical; Wilson was a radical in the sense that he had ideals, not merely of protecting the right but also of progress. It is not possible to be in the Twentieth Century what one would have been at the close of the Eighteenth, but making a proper allowance for circumstance Wilson was in the tradition of Jefferson. He trusted popular growth, the promise of gain through freedom. The spirit that was behind his first term was behind his dream of the world to be sought through the outcome of the war. If the term radical did not raise the picture of noisy individuals trusting some brand of social machinery, without humility before the complexities of growth, not realizing that to move in a right direction is more important than to move fast, we might select that expression among the first to apply to Wilson; for he sought change, and sought it at the roots.

Colonel House also, who for half a dozen fertile years was the most accurate reflector and most constant helper of the President, was as radical in sym-

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pathies perhaps as Jefferson himself. It is no longer a secret that before his friendship with Wilson began he was the author of a novel that envisaged changes in our modes of government that were far-reaching and to a creditable degree prophetic.

It was through these two men, the President and the actual though not the nominal Secretary of State, that I was led to undertake a mission connected with the most important revolution, at least in the western world, since 1789. And the reason I was requested to seek information about Russia was the special interest that for many years the subject had aroused in me.

This interest showed itself on *Collier's*, as far back as the attempted revolution of 1905, when it became evident that the medieval empire was creaking; the underlying cause being its medievalism, the precipitating cause an inefficiency shown in the war with Japan. To prove, however, beyond any question, that this cruel and unteachable survival could be tolerated no longer, another strain of war was needed. When the Tsar's government fell, in the Spring of 1917, I was at British G.H.Q., with a number of officers and some journalists, who included a Russian named Aladin, formerly a member of the Duma, and therefore naturally a person to whose views we gladly listened at dinner, when our various automobiles returned to headquarters and found the news awaiting us. A few days after I had a letter from that bold spirit, Josiah Wedgwood, saying that the collapse of the Russian Empire was in itself enough to make the war worth while.

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To the soldiers the information was tragic. In its first phase the revolution was democratic in its nature, and many of us hoped that a government by an intellectual coalition might turn out able to conduct the war with less inefficiency than the Tsar's régime, but the officers went on the simple and correct principle that in an upheaval Russia was likely to furnish less help than before to the allies rather than more. The one whose guess was furthest from the truth was the only Russian at headquarters. Aladin was completely sure of increased efficiency, not through a modernized democratic government, but through the emergency of our old friend the "strong man." He thought a little later that he had found this strong gentleman in Kornilov, and went to join his army, and after his collapse he joined Denikin, which was the last I have ever been able to learn of him.

The period between the fall of the Tsar and the fall of the democratic provisional government was one of the most interesting, to a philosophic journalist, in the history of the war. My profession is much blamed for superficiality, and the blame is deserved, but whether we are more superficial than statesmen, big business men, or ordinary citizens is open to the gravest doubt. It was of fundamental importance to the allies to know to what extent the masses in Russia were behind the provisional government; whether there was any discontent; and in general what was the prognosis. I sat in a group of scholars in Paris and heard the report of Albert Thomas, just back from Russia, assuring us that public opinion was happy,

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and that everything was completely safe. England sent a commission headed by Lord Milner, which made the same report, not only for public consumption but privately to Lloyd George. The United States, having entered the war, sent its own commission, with Elihu Root as chairman, and the report was similar. This was just before the whole situation blew up and Lenin took command. The only correct account of matters I saw in those critical weeks was in a series of articles by Michael Farbmann in the *Manchester Guardian*, which has the habit of being right. While all these commissions were reporting, Farbmann was telling us that within a few weeks after the Tsar fell, the Lvov government was unable to take a step without the assent of councils (soviets) of workmen and soldiers stationed in St. Petersburg. The first true accounts sent officially to the United States Government from Russia were sent by Col. Raymond Robins of the Red Cross, and he was forbidden for a year by the State Department to make his observations public.

While on the subject of the effect of official office on the method of handling facts, perhaps I may obtrude an incident of 1917 that has no bearing on Russia but does illuminate the general principle. Clemenceau had but recently become premier when I was sent to him, as President of an association of war-correspondents in Paris, to make a protest. As soon as he would see me, I said: "The association of newspaper men that has sent me was much impressed with the fight you made, before you came into office, against the degree to which censorship was being carried. When you were chosen they expected to be able to

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tell the truth more freely. Instead of that, the lid is clamped down tighter than ever."

"Certainly," said he. "Why not?" He indicated that our talk was finished, and with that cynical clarity as my only booty I was forced to report complete failure to the association of fact seekers.

During this year of 1917 my newspaper syndicated articles dealt out of all proportion with the revolution. I could add nothing to the ordinary battle news; though again I could see, by using my eyes, that the only forecasts that came true were those in the *Guardian*, written by a civilian who was afterwards bought away by the *London Times*. "How does Scott get these men?" said Lord Northcliffe. "He seems to get them from nowhere. I have to buy them after they are discovered." What I could do was to carry on my tiny bit of sanity in the middle of the war stress, and as a step toward it my wife translated for me papers printed in Russian and published in various cities, which often resulted in fresh angles.

In 1918 I accepted an invitation to inflict on the reactionary readers of *Leslie's Weekly* a personal department that should be an oasis of liberalism, and among the subjects to which I continually recurred was the question of how most wisely to treat Russia. Although I was in favor of recognizing the new Bolshevik government as soon as its stability should seem reasonably probable, I proposed an interim plan of doing business with the Coöperative Societies, through their central body, which represented some seventeen million persons and was at that time entirely unpolitical. The essential line of cleavage was between

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those who believed Russia could best be cured by external force or boycott and those who believed that normal relations would have more chance to moderate and guide her and would also be best for the economic prosperity and political harmony of Europe. At the end of the summer, my wife agreed to initiate a department of Russian language at Dartmouth, which further emphasized the family interest in the subject. The course was playfully known among the students as Bolshevik One,—or Bolsheviki One, as they were more likely to pronounce it. The new Russian word rapidly became the favorite scare word of the conservatives, like the word Socialist when I was a young man, and labor-union when I was a boy. As I was the first chairman of the League of Free Nations Association, now the Foreign Policy Association, and Mr. Taft was the head of the League to Enforce Peace, we were working on parallel lines, and sometimes speaking together, and I shall not forget the impression his round and smiling person made when he explained that his work was causing him to be called “a Bolsheviki,” the plural form of the word in those days being used widely by most classes. Shaking all over with amusement, with gestures to emphasize his roundness, he would ask of the audience, “*Do I look like a Bolsheviki?*”

To be anything novel was to be a Bolshevik. In those days the Republicans were being divided into those, like Mr. Taft, who were seeking the good of their country and the world, and those who, led by Senator Lodge, were seeking primarily to ruin a President of the opposite party. Lodge, who took the lead

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in trying to slay the League of Nations when it became Wilson's policy, was earlier an eloquent promotor of the idea.

In the winter of 1918, one of the few rich Americans who took a rational view of Russia, Col. William Boyce Thompson, called at my house in Washington, pointed out that the Soviets were about to hold their first All-Russia meeting, and said he thought it would be a graceful act, and might be a useful one, if President Wilson would on that occasion send them a friendly message. As the event was only two or three days off, I went to the telephone while Colonel Thompson was still in the house, called up New York, and passed on the idea to Colonel House, who said he would call the White House at once. The message was sent immediately and published, and after a little the Soviets replied with the stupidity characteristic of fanatics. Their reply was addressed not to the President but to the toiling masses, or some familiar propagandizing synonym, and amounted to the rejection of a friendly gesture that, if taken with less stiffness, might have definitely increased their chances of doing more good than evil. Not that the rudeness in any degree affected the behavior of President Wilson, who never once lost his temper with these unpleasant cleaners-out of an impossible civilization; but in rejecting the advance of the most powerful individual force in existence they struck the note to which they have persistently adhered, as for example in their treatment of the British labor party. In my opinion, as a figure of the period, history will place Lenin higher than anybody except Wilson. He was a very

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great statesman, and his power can be measured by a comparison with the string of leaders who arose and died in the corresponding upheaval in France, whereas Lenin's control was not only never shaken during his life but continued in spirit after his death, when his rigid principles were followed without the compensation of his genius. But great as he was, his zealot talents were costly in their narrowness.

It was during the summer of 1918 that Colonel House began to ask me if I would not agree to his putting my name before the President for various legations; but I was too happy in Hanover, earning my living with small effort, talking, reading, and walking, while my wife did the more important part of the family work. I was not shaken from my stand until Colonel House, late in the winter, cabled that he and the President thought it was my patriotic duty to go to Denmark, as it was possible I might be of help to them in seeking an answer to the Russian problem. It was a request that could not be declined, and therefore I became officially associated with a puzzle that had been intriguing me for years. The next time I saw Mr. Wilson, on other business, I found a moment to slip in the query, "Have you any instructions for me in Denmark?" "No," said he, "I trust you." And that is all he said. It was a ticklish undertaking at the best, and with the State Department holding views different from those of Colonel House and the President, and with Senator Lodge commanding a majority in the Senate, on account of the November election, it was still further complicated. But the Russian Revolution was one of the big things of the war, and

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any chance to gather facts was worth a try. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, headed by Senator Lodge, refused to act on the nomination, so when the Senate adjourned I went over to Denmark on an interim appointment, and as Mr. Wilson broke down in September, and the conduct of foreign affairs passed from Colonel House to Mr. Lansing, my work was done before the Senate came together again, and soon after I resigned, to avoid a fight that would probably be lost, and in any case would be one more needless burden on a President persecuted by Lodge with every kind of venom.

Before sailing for Denmark I was visted by Alexander M. Berkenheim, vice-president of the central body of the coöperatives, and I gave him a letter to the State Department. As it turned out to be impossible to do anything constructive about the Russian situation, and the only energy shown toward it was the useless energy of attempted suppression and restoration, the coöperatives, the only existing organization on a large scale that represented the Russian masses, were soon taken over by the Bolshevik government and turned into a mere department of the central administration,—useful but entirely without the meaning they had when they were a free activity of the people. Mr. Berkenheim, after vain attempts to work out a plan among the statesmen assembled in Paris, turned to help in the constructive work in Palestine.

As what caused me to be sent to Denmark were the qualities of an investigating journalist, one incident preceding my sailing perhaps deserves noting, as bring-

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ing out the extraordinary ideas of evidence that prevail widely in diplomatic circles. During the few weeks that I spent in Washington, before leaving the country, the members of the State Department were extremely courteous, in spite of the irregular situation, and quick to help in any way they could. One of them, high up and especially concerned with Russian affairs, had among his papers a quotation that purported to be from Lenin. It was only a few lines, and it did not seem to me to represent the position Lenin was taking, so I asked if I might have the whole article or speech from which the alleged quotation was taken. The answer was that this was all they had; perhaps half a dozen lines, without context, and with not even a note about the supposed origin. Yet that is what passes for investigation in high circles. It is no wonder that a man as serious in his topics and methods as Charles W. Eliot declined President Wilson's request that he become Ambassador to Great Britain; but that was before the outbreak of 1914 lent importance to all central positions, and I imagine if the offer had come after that date Mr. Eliot would have accepted. The angle from which he looked at the question of what was important was shown by his early interest in having preserved all possible photographic records of the war that showed its actual and horrid side, to use in the future in opposition to the usual idealizing and sentimentalizing that is the worst form of education. He spoke particularly in this connection of the moving pictures, and I wish he had been able to see so popular a star as Miss Lillian Gish

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appearing in a war film that was in sharp opposition to the old one-sided forms of patriotism, and to know of WHAT PRICE GLORY, JOURNEY'S END, and ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT. These symptoms would have helped him to believe that the essentials of his wish may be carried out in the impression of the war passed along to coming generations.

The little unplaced, probably false, and if not false then misleading, quotation from Lenin was followed in my experience, as soon as I reached Copenhagen, by still more overpowering ideas of what makes good evidence. Are we any worse than other countries in that respect, diplomatically? I should not venture on an answer, although we were the only country that accepted, supported, and based our views on the extraordinary collection of absurdities known as the Sisson documents, purporting to show Lenin as a venal tool of Germany. What I found in Copenhagen, as soon as I had time to go over the back files on Russia, was not less absurd. As Russia was the topic for which I was primarily responsible, I read those files carefully. They were largely concerned with the nationalization of women, and other things almost as idiotic, and while I was in Denmark it was quite impossible to divert the gentlemen who were sending us information from various countries from accumulating more proof that the Russians had turned the ladies into property owned by the nation at large, like real estate, and distributed accordingly. Naturally the sort of agents who clung like grim death to such lines of proof were unlikely to reflect anything of importance in their reports, and the often attractive mem-

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bers of society who usually received, weighed, and digested these reports had similar training and sympathies.

In the whole Russian file I found exactly one document worthy of attention by a person with any sense of what it meant to seek light on a topic so vast and important as the explosion of a great empire and the destruction of much of its social fabric. Naturally I started to find the man who had written this single valuable report, and it took me months to do so, as apparently his report had been filed without arousing interest, even if it had been read. After a time we did get together, and in all the years in which the situation in Russia has concerned me I have found nobody whose comprehension was better than his. Although he had no sympathy with the religion of Karl Marx, and saw Russia's future in the peasants, he has done what many of the most competent Russians have done, and is today doing solid work in harmony with the government as it exists,—in building, not in political arguing.

After we met, this man told me much, of course, that did not appear in his report, and one of his stories is a perfect example of the then-prevailing attitude toward information. He was one in a group of Russians listening to a person claiming to be an eye-witness telling about atrocities of the red armies. One of the grewsome experiences was the discovery of tortures inflicted on two trained nurses, who were captured by the Reds, their arms cut off near the shoulder, themselves tied to a tree, where seven hours later, when the white armies recaptured the ground,

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they told, in the presence of the narrator, of the horrible treatment. The only listener who said the wrong thing was my friend. "Do you mean," he inquired, "that seven hours after their arms were cut off, these women were not only alive, but able to talk?" How was this natural comment received? "So!" said one of the group, "you sympathize with the Bolsheviks?" It was much cruder, of course, than a cable I received from the State Department, after I sent, as a matter of form, some unwelcome information, really not intended for them, but for the President and Colonel House. I was informed, the answer ran, that the department would "continue to be animated by zeal against Bolshevism." There would have been no advantage in trying to argue that the President was as zealous against Bolshevism as the department, but a little more audacious in his pursuit of truth.

The will to believe took the place of scientific observation even in accounts of the military situation, and I am not sure that the most unpopular of all my dispatches were not those throwing doubt on the rosy tales of how soon Kolchak, Denikin, or Yudenich was to occupy Petrograd or Moscow. The occupation of Petrograd by Yudenich was fixed to the exact day, and Sazonov, chief of the Whites, with his headquarters in Paris, sent dispatches to meet him on his entry. By the time these dispatches arrived in the neighborhood, Yudenich had disappeared and the Reds took charge of the papers. As they reprinted some of them, I was entertained by seeing an order sent by Sazonov telling Bakhmetev to go over to the State Department and see that I was stopped (and also the Minister

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to Sweden, Nelson Morris) from expressing opinions making toward the resumption of relations with Russia.

This Mr. Boris Bakhmetev, sent by Kerenski as Ambassador to the United States, carried on his work in a way to deserve admiration. He and Count Bernstorff were the two foreign representatives in Washington who executed specially difficult tasks with extraordinary skill. If those in control of affairs in Germany had followed the reports and advice of Bernstorff the outcome of the war would have been different. His communications to his government are among the few war papers that need no omissions and no changes to make them accurate in the light of what we know today. Bakhmetev was no less successful. Representing a government that had long ago ceased to exist he dictated for years to our State Department the policies of Sazonov and the Russian Whites, and was able to use as he thought wise money loaned by the government to Kerenski. Sinclair Lewis, some years after Kerenski fell, was at my house at a tea, talking on one side of a large room, when a lady entered at the door opposite. "Who is that?" he asked, with his quick interest in the passing show. I told him it was the sister of Ambassador Bakhmetev. "I am an ambassador," Lewis exclaimed. "I represent Carthage. Hannibal appointed me." Which was to put the situation perfectly. For doing their jobs with skill, there is little to choose between Count Bernstorff and Mr. Bakhmetev, the trained diplomat and the professor of hydraulics. The constructiveness of their work is another story. The usefulness of that of Bernstorff cannot

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be questioned. His concentration on the League of Nations since the war has shown the same accuracy of vision that he showed when the war was being fought.

As getting at the truth, as far as that elusive lady can be cornered, has been my besetting interest, the incident of O'Grady and Litvinov must claim a place in references to Denmark. During the first administration of Ramsay MacDonald, Russia was a problem, as it nearly always is. I knew MacDonald, and intensely sympathized with his aims, so it was natural that when his delegate came to Copenhagen, to meet Litvinov, and see what could be done about normal relations, I should see a good deal of O'Grady. That was easy, and raised no question with the State Department. When, however, the arrival of Litvinov was imminent, feeling that I had no right to act on my own responsibility, I telegraphed for authorization to see him also, and received sharp instructions not to do so; sensible enough orders, granted the whole policy, but the whole policy was not conducive to knowledge. Copenhagen and Stockholm were looked upon as two ports where it was possible to learn much about Russia. Probably while I was in Denmark I saw on an average half a dozen persons a week fresh from Russia, many of them those who had been doing business there, in addition to keeping close track of newspapers printed in the Russian language in various cities on the continent; and a government official stationed there or in Stockholm, Riga, or Warsaw, ought to have been able to come much nearer comprehending what was going on than was indicated by the behavior of most of the governments. Germany knew, and probably Japan,

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and the Chinese Minister in Copenhagen was one of the most intelligent men I ever met in diplomacy; but the prevailing ignorance, as often in this life, made one wonder how government on the whole gets along so well with such a large percentage of error. To my mind, in that year of grace 1919, there was no more depressing lack of seriousness about Russia than lay in the fact that when that creative Russian, Prince Kropotkin, published his statement about why he disapproved of Bolshevism, but why nevertheless he intended (old as he was and comfortable as he was in England) to go back to Russia to work under the Bolshevik government, his letter, as far as I was able to learn, was printed in only one newspaper in the United States.

Mr. Wilson's notes to me during this period were brief and encouraging, the matter being mainly in the hands of Colonel House. The colonel, as shown in the Prinkipo conference, the Bullitt mission, and on every possible occasion, let go by no opportunity to encourage direct communication. The gist of the President's letters to me during this period was that he knew little of the subject, but that as far as he could form a judgment it was in accord with mine. He had all he could do, and more than any man could do; and it was the intensity with which he confined himself to a limited number of objectives that helped him to leave for good an impress on the world that is likely not to be forgotten.

That he would have applauded a quotation, now about to follow, I have small doubt: "In recent years the obduracy and stupidity of my own government—

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in which other governments I am less free to criticize have shared—gradually forced back Russia, in her isolation, upon the traditions of the old nationalist imperialism that fell in 1917.” But Wilson had no opportunity to applaud this quotation, published by H. G. Wells in 1930, over a decade after Mr. Wilson broke down. The years that pass throw into ever sharper distinctness the dependence of the world on the most passionate ideal of Wilson; and compared to the habit of constant sitting around a table by Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and France, the problem of Russia was minor; but compared to other problems it was big. It was settled against the spirit of Wilson, and it was settled wrong.

XVIII

WITH THE PROPERTIES OF HEARST

BEGINNING in 1912, but especially in 1916, Mr. Hearst made me various offers, which I was unable to accept, mainly on the ground that they were editorial in nature, that the Hearst newspapers were run as a unit, and that therefore I should find myself at times seeming to support policies in which I did not believe, more especially in regard to foreign affairs. Mr. Hearst's view was that our agreements were more numerous and more important than our disagreements, and in view of the sharpness of some of my attacks on him his consideration for my attitude was remarkable. However, there did not seem any chance of success until 1920, when in reply to his most recent offer, instead of declining it outright, I said that I could not give up my own ideas, but that perhaps he, instead of making me responsible for a property, would merely invite me to talk in his papers over my own signature. This he promptly did, and never have I had a more satisfactory sense of freedom to express myself. The sales tax I attacked openly when it was a cardinal policy of the papers in which I was writing. The papers replied, in the best of temper, in a special editorial called "Boy, Page Mr. Hapgood." Even on the most delicate subject, foreign

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relations, I was asked to express every day the news of the Washington naval conference, and while the accounts were objective the views of the author of an account, however impersonal he tries to be, are likely to make their impress. In the huge organization I made few enemies and many friends, but in the ups and downs of seven years of one kind of relation and another it was Mr. Hearst himself who was my steadiest supporter. After my salaried relation to his organization was over, and it came to the question of getting basic knowledge about the power lobby, it was Mr. Hearst who wished it to be done by me. As far as I am concerned, his attitude has always been magnanimous and reasonable. One feature of his press that has not been much emphasized is that it is less standardized in some ways than most successful newspapers; as will be hinted in the last paragraphs of this chapter.

Of course one has, in a life of controversy, to deal not only with his own convictions, but with public opinion. When I passed from lives of Lincoln, Washington and Webster, from writing for the *Contemporary Review*, the *Yellow Book*, and the *Bookman*, and working on newspapers that were conducted for the educated minority, to the editorship of *Collier's Weekly*, the man who had been my only supporter when I came to New York, always one of my best friends, protested, and others expressed more mildly their disappointment. Times change, however, and when I started to write for *Leslie's Weekly*, with a circulation of 400,000, all of whom were benighted on the most important subjects, there were few of

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my friends who did not think it a rather amusing experiment in conveying poison to unwilling victims.

The Hearst decision was more difficult because of the intensity of public feeling. It was not long after the war, when the dislike of yellow journalism had not yet been much tempered by the appearance of an even cruder appeal in the tabloids, and when there was the added bitterness of the Hearst opposition to our entrance into the war on the side of England. Having made up my own mind, I thought I would try out intelligent rather than conventional opinion, so I asked twenty of my best and most respected men friends, and eight women, for their opinions. Of the eight women, seven voted against my writing for the Hearst organization; and of the twenty men nineteen and a half voted in favor of my doing it. The half was a professor in the Harvard Law School, who described himself as on the fence, saying everything was in favor of it except the foreign issue, which he looked upon as the most important in the world, and he doubted therefore the rightness of strengthening (as he amiably put it) an organization that endangered progress along that line. When the step was taken the only attack I saw was in *The Nation*, which did not bother me much. On the most difficult side of the problem, which cut the Harvard professor in two, the attitude of *The Nation* and that of the Hearst press was essentially the same in result, though the impulse was formula pacifism in the one case and formula patriotism in the other. In each case there resulted an unwillingness to play with the wicked foreigner. As Mr. Hearst's mind is singularly agile and

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attentive, however, in spite of some fixed prejudices, his papers change toward foreign affairs more rapidly than *The Nation*.

An instance of his ability to take things lightly, while sticking to his view, and then later altering his view, was in his relation to Herbert Hoover. His papers were persecuting the Secretary of Commerce, starting from the illusion that he was a representative of Great Britain rather than of the United States, when I sent from Washington a personal telegram to Mr. Hearst, saying that I knew Mr. Hoover intimately, and that so far from being foreign in his sympathies he was "almost simple-minded" in his convictions about the superiority of American points of view and institutions. Mr. Hearst telegraphed back immediately that if Mr. Hoover was simple-minded about American superiority the two of them, Hearst and Hoover, ought to be confined in the same institution. By the time Mr. Hoover was nominated for the presidency, Mr. Hearst was fully ready to support him, not merely because of his personal feud with Al Smith, but also because as the years had passed Mr. Hearst had become convinced that on the whole the gospels of big business were the true gospels, a faith that carried him to the extent of making Andrew Mellon above all others his personal choice for the presidency.

It would be impossible for me to say whether Brisbane or Hearst is the abler man. The speed, volume, and force of effort of each is extraordinary. Among Brisbane's faculties, of course, one of the most highly developed is the ability to say much in a few words.

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On this subject of the rule of big business, one day when we were lunching alone at Delmonico's, and I had spoken in favor of as much power being used by the majority as possible, Brisbane answered in substance this: "It will be time for the people to use their power when they are educated enough to know what they want to do with it. Now it is in the hands of a few men who have intelligence enough to bring into use new forces of nature, which results in the majority getting cheaper underclothes." In conversation Brisbane has the rare ability to put his argument in a nutshell and then stop. The only adverse criticism I remember his making of my own writing was in seven words, and it was sound: "You try to tell them too much."

The leader who undertakes to please the multitude, from Julius Cæsar down, confronts moral dangers that have increased with printing and with large voting constituencies; dangers that are the shadows of increasing justice. In journalism these moral perils are as present as in politics, and of much the same nature. Perhaps they are not greater than the moral dangers that inhere in catering to a well-to-do minority; and at least it may be said that they cannot be, and ought not to be, avoided. As everybody is to do some sort of reading, and is to vote, there must be newspapers that the least intellectual can understand and enjoy. Just what in the end they will be, nobody knows. What we do know is, that democracy will be a failure unless the masses have a happy life and unless at the same time there are trained minorities that can lead them, by understanding them, sharing their troubles,

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and seeing further than they do. Aristocratic leadership was a failure in that it left the masses suppressed and static. Popular leadership tends to the debauchery of playing on passions that are nearly universal and easy to arouse; but in my observation, as well as in my reading, I have reached the conclusion that the failure of reform movements is as often in failure to understand how masses feel as it is in soft conformity with mass taste.

It may be that men who own as many newspapers as Mr. Hearst, or as Mr. Scripps owned, or as Lord Rothermere owns, exercise too much power; but trust-busting up to now has ended in failure, and the problem is not only still to solve but still to have any light thrown on it. Probably the tendency of rich men, fond of power, to build up strings of publications will increase; for the reasons that led the educated owners of the *Chicago Tribune* to found the only successful tabloid in the United States, and to found also the weekly *Liberty*. But on the other hand is the contrary tendency. When Mr. Hearst dies it is likely his papers and magazines may not be held together, as Roy Howard has held the Scripps properties. This is one of numerous things we have to leave to history. Meantime it is usually a snob or a coward in journalism who thinks it beneath him to deal with the millions, while being blind to the subtler and less obvious dangers of better dressed publications. As an example of what I mean, let us take as a suppositious case that the one among my acquaintances in the profession who is hottest against what used to be called the yellow press, exercises autocratic con-

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trol, has set aside a fortune for his family, and arranges that losses on his publication shall be met by friends; his procedure would not thrive under a full light of publicity, but even if it were known the comment it would call out would have none of the virulence that marks the hostility to the too sensational press. For my part, I have been free and happy on every kind of publication, from the blackest conservative to the yellows, which is merely my luck, but in philosophy also I approach the mood once hastily expressed by Dean Pound, of the Harvard Law School, when he said to me,—to be sure in a moment of impatience,—“I have no use for the people who think one *kind* of newspaper is worse than another.” Of course Dean Pound did not mean that one could not call the *Manchester Guardian* superior to the New York *Mirror*; he was speaking not of individual publications but of classes.

It is impossible to get through a discussion of this sort without meeting the question of Mr. Hearst's changed attitudes toward the trusts. Nobody can begin to understand this business man without dropping the idea of finding him all of a piece. Once when I wrote an editorial to the effect that many great poets had made very quick starts, like the openings of HAMLET, THE TEMPEST, and MACBETH, and like the first line of THE CENCI, “That matter of the murder is hushed up,” Mr. Brisbane told me that Hearst, in discussing my editorial with him, quoted Greek in the original. Nobody in newspaper work in America today likes good writing better than he does, and not many can write as forcibly as he at times writes,



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

William Randolph Hearst

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and yet it is likely he himself enjoys some of the crudest parts of his papers. So in his thinking,—he is much the best business man in his organization, and it is always a pleasure to hear him talk figures, and make-up, the parts of journalism and magazine work in which he has the most natural gifts. When we come to public affairs, he is really out of his element. Once I was lunching at the Cosmos Club with that sound and energetic correspondent, J. G. Hamilton, then representing the *Manchester Guardian*, when he said: “Why all this pother about Hearst? He is always right.” Of course he is not always right, any more than he is always wrong, and often his changes are enormously sudden, yet the fact that one of the most illuminated correspondents in Europe, representing the best newspaper in the world, could make such an observation, is a refreshing contrast to the lack of perspective that is bred by undesirable qualities seen too near. In politics I have often disagreed with Mr. Hearst in home affairs, and the majority of times in foreign relations; but I do not always stay put myself. The sales tax will do as an example. On principle, so to speak, I am fiercely against any tax that falls on the rich not in proportion to their income but in proportion to those of their expenses, like food, which differ comparatively little from those of the poor; but in taxation collectibility has to be considered along with principle, and the ease with which the rich beat a large part of the income tax, as for example in fake incorporations of themselves, has put me into a state of doubt. In the same way, that favorite doctrine of mine, the preference for the small or mod-

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erate unit in business, as against the huge unit, which Mr. Brandeis emphasized in me, and which was cardinal politically with Aristotle, is as strong as ever in the form of an ideal, but I cannot overlook the fact that the Sherman Act, and most laws aimed against size, have been failures; and the only suggestion that seems to hold much promise, the taxation of mere size as such, has not yet been tried. As regards Mr. Hearst, it must be remembered that while he no longer fights trusts as trusts, it is still characteristic of him that he made a better showing than any other publisher against the most important recent trust evil, the control of education in schools and colleges by the power lobby.

Probably his weakest point politically is not in measures but in men. Big Bill Thompson, Hylan, Fall, Daugherty, Moses, make a tough list of friends, to set against such enemies as Wilson, Smith, and Mitchel; and his worship of Andrew Mellon was a sad joke; but even here it is well to keep perspective, and to remember Theodore Roosevelt's championship of Henry Cabot Lodge for the presidency of the United States; contrasting it for spice with President Eliot's deadly summing up, "I have known Cabot Lodge since he was a little boy, and I never knew him to have a generous emotion."

Drawing together this side of the chapter, by repeating that the emergence of the tabloid and the moving picture has removed from the so-called yellow journals the importance they once had, as representing the crudest expression of democracy, I pass on to some individual experiences in the Hearst organization that

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strike me as worthy of record. These will be drawn partly from Washington, whence I sent out personal opinions, and partly from *Hearst's International Magazine*, which for several years I thoroughly enjoyed editing.

Perhaps for pleasure of memory a slight professional exchange with William Jennings Bryan stands at the top, because it focusses so well the charm and the limitation of a man whom for years I liked the better as I knew him more. My first reaction, when he sped across the American sky in 1896, with his Cross of Gold, was to refuse to vote either for money as represented by Hanna or for economic ignorance as represented by sixteen-to-one, and to register my view by adding one ballot to the ticket of protest, Palmer and Buckner. It is a predicament in which the American, having no trained liberal party, often finds himself. Bryan grew with the years, in character and ethical weight, though never in technical understanding. Once when he was making a fight to solve the problem of what is a trust by a simple rule of fifty percent of the production, I asked him if he was satisfied with the bill, then before Congress, in which his idea was embodied; and he said he had not read it! He was not a statesman but an evangelist, and at moments an orator of the first rank.

Those high moments, it seemed to me, were in controversy, fitted to the circumstances, as in the fight against Parker at St. Louis, and against the machine group at Baltimore, in both of which conventions, for one who listened to him, as I did, he was a noble and majestic figure; for he had then nothing to deal

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with that he could not understand,—merely the broad distinction between freedom and entrenched money. I cannot compare him, for sheer oratorical ability, with Ingersoll or Booker Washington, for I do not remember them with sufficient clearness; but the only man in recent years who has seemed to me to mount higher in oratory than Bryan did at those conventions was Trotski, in 1923, when I sat just below him, in a crowded opera house, crammed with communists stirred to a war-fever against the British government of Lord Curzon, and heard him, without an outbreak of voice or a violent movement of hands or body, take the three thousand listeners into his power and lead them to a mood of peace. It would be absurd to mention, in this connection, a man who was at once a great orator, a great lawyer, and an important statesman, except for the one point of the comparison between show speeches and fighting speeches. Of Daniel Webster, Emerson wrote to Carlyle: "You must hear him speak, not a show speech, which he never does well, but *with cause* he can strike a stroke like a smith."

It was a pleasant experience to see Bryan, long-time leader of his party, appearing in various conventions as a mere journalist, never self-conscious, never different from other reporters; even playful in his manner, after the American fashion; and indeed nothing in American life is more wholesome or attractive than the way in which those who have held the spotlight turn naturally to humbler rôles.

It was a gentle soul who met a disappointment in one thing close to his heart during my editorship of

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Hearst's International. Mr. Bryan wrote that he would like to do an article for us on the relation between science and religion. I wrote to him, in as friendly a way, I hope, as such an idea could be put, that the purpose of the magazine was to print important contributions, on large subjects, and that nothing would fit more exactly into our plan than articles from him. But, I explained, it would need to be on subjects where his views actually were of importance, as for example on what ought to be the next fighting ground of the Democratic party, not on a subject where it was impossible to contend he was an expert,—the question of whether or not the truth for all time was frozen into some writings sifted from other parts of Jewish folklore by the Catholic church, and put into a collection called the Bible. Mr. Bryan, in another letter equally amiable, came back again with his request, and with the statement that he thought he had some things of interest to say on the subject,—and it was difficult indeed to refuse such a man; but every magazine should have an ideal, to which it adheres. Mr. Bryan on Genesis and Darwin was readable, but scarcely of the highest quality.

It seems unlikely that the time will come again when one of the two great parties shall be led for sixteen years, and influenced longer, by a man marked by archaic piety and also by ignorance of all the technical problems that crowd the new world of science and mechanics. The last significant act of Mr. Bryan was his preparations for a crusade in favor of the single standard of sex morality. About whether he intended to crowd it into the Democratic platform,

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should a favorable opportunity occur, I am ignorant, though he may have left papers clearing up that point. For a political organization to have undertaken to fix anything so complicated, fluid, and cultural, rather than legal, in its essence, need not have seemed ridiculous to him. He might have been happy to have had the whole Decalogue in his platform. And the principle that in his later years seemed to stand even ahead of trust-curbing, entire abstinence from alcohol by force of law, was in his case not founded on objection to waste, but on a branch of the revivalist passion that was flaming in him when he spent much of his remaining life-energy in an attempt to slaughter Charles Darwin in Tennessee.

The last time I saw him in public action was when I was reporting the turmoil of Madison Square Garden in 1924. He had lost some physical energy, since the days of St. Louis and Baltimore, but what was more important, he was launched on a strange new sea. The prohibition issue was there, to be sure; he was in the den of Tammany, which he had attacked with splendor and success at Baltimore; Wall Street itself was less than three miles south; he distrusted eastern cities, and he was standing on a platform in the center of the biggest of them all. But the issues were as disorganized as the Atlantic Ocean in a storm. The clarification was to come four years later, when Bryan was in his grave. Then was to come the lining-up in the Democratic party, in which the ghost of Bryan sided with the west and south, militant protestantism and evangelized dryness, talking about Tweed and regardless of Chicago. Had he lived he

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never could have compromised with the meaning of Smith, or indeed understood it. The unequaled record in Albany would have meant nothing to him. He scarcely knew an executive budget from a sinking fund. That a man could love Murphy, Bourke Cockran and beer, have a shrine to the Virgin Mary in his bedroom, and yet be the favorite of the best equipped professors at Harvard, was a puzzle with which he would not have attempted to wrestle. He would merely have kept the devil, where it always was, thoroughly behind him. Not for him to think out ways in which wealth and liberty might be friends; in which democracy might borrow expertness from progressive business; in which slums and prisons might cease to breed physical, intellectual, and moral disease. The word of God for him was enough. It was pathetic, in a way; and yet on the swiftly running tide of the decades, amid the seeming-good and seeming-bad that have gone whirling by, Bryan's rôle was such that there is admiration as well as affection in the cheer I would fain send to him across the divide.

Another prominent figure, interesting and typical, though far less dominating, that is connected by a pleasant incident with my Hearst experiment in magazine-making, is Calvin Coolidge. When a new editor takes his seat, to carry on and at the same time radically to change, a publication, there are inevitably problems growing out of material on hand bought with a different outlook. From Mr. Coolidge, then Vice-President, I found a rather long article, distinctly approving of goodness in general. It bothered me as I read it over. Conventionally, of course, it would

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help a magazine to have a Vice-President in its columns speak in a kindly way of virtue. On the other hand, I felt committed to reality and energy, rather than to convention; otherwise journalism had no interest for me. Inquiry showed that the article had been bought from an agent, with the privilege of cutting if desired. We could then use it, as I saw the problem, in full, but set in a way to emphasize it little or more prominently by selecting the one point in it that was real, in the sense that it was not a commonplace, but a rather bold statement of a principle bound to play a large part in the history of the next half century,—namely, that justice must find expression in the relations between employer and employee. So I took merely that salient part and printed it on the first page of the magazine, where the effect was emphatic and contributive. Mr. Coolidge wrote a letter of enquiry about the cutting, entirely courteous in tone, and I did my best to explain, within the bounds of a letter, the choice that I had to make between completeness and effectiveness. Rather to my surprise, and much to my pleasure, Mr. Coolidge wrote back that my explanation was entirely satisfactory to him.

I have rather regretted not knowing this man better. Never but once in the two-hour talk referred to in an earlier chapter, did I get behind the official to the man,—and the effect of that conversation was so pleasant as to make me wish to go further. There were endless differences between us, as nothing could express more dramatically than his running in a woman's magazine a series of articles on the danger of Bol-

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shevism in the women's colleges of the United States, almost too fantastic an idea to be funny; yet there were strong attractions for me in the simplicity of his life and tastes, and in his very real New England wit. As he appeared in his office, facing either the single visitor or the regular group of correspondents, the acid side of him was too likely to be prominent, the side that gave rise to the famous jest that he was weaned on a pickle. However, in what was important to me as a correspondent, he was stimulating; he could think on his feet and he was not afraid to do it. Due to President Harding's complete ignorance of the public business, combined with his good-natured desire to please the persons in front of him, it had been found unsafe to allow unexpected oral questions, and therefore written questions were substituted, a sort of variation on the questions with notice in the House of Commons. Mr. Coolidge did not need that protection, for he knew what was going on, and also what he thought, and he was always ready to follow up an answer to the written question with answers to oral questions expanding the same topic, provided the subject was one he cared to have discussed. It is often said that the presidency has become too big a job for anybody without the physical vitality of a Roosevelt. Coolidge was a proof of the contrary. He had so organized his life and his mind that he kept up with the mass of business without any more fatigue than should be expected from any big job at the time of life when men under modern conditions are likely to become President. His ability to meet the task, and carry it without breaking, was due to that quality, a rather

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alluring one, of applying some simple rules of wisdom to the conduct of life.

The above incidental mention of President Harding recalls a completely different figure. The question that precipitated the taking away from him of the privilege of talking freely with the correspondents was put by me. It was when there was in question the possibility of an economic conference, to follow the success of the naval conference in Washington, that I, prompted by satanic influence, asked if Russia and Germany were to be invited. Mr. Harding, the best-natured of men, answered that he hoped so; and that afternoon the riot act was read to him.

His good-nature spread in many directions. If you are too cozy with the ladies, you are likely to have children who are accidental. If you are a good fellow with gamblers and grafters, you will have Falls and Daughertys in the cabinet, and it will be only by the grace of God that Fall is not in the State Department. I felt Harding's charm. He was appealing and pathetic, and one of the few men who did not wish to be President. He was put in the office by a handful of men in George Harvey's room in Chicago, taking long-distance orders from the Big Boss in Pennsylvania, and the only reason he was selected was because his record showed he was easy for the boys. Against the crowd that handled him, from Penrose down to Fall, Daugherty, John T. King, and Moses, my feelings may not have been charitable to the scriptural extent, but against Harding himself it was difficult to be severe, as if he had in him anything vicious it did not show. Those who chose him knew

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their job; he had been in the Senate long enough for them to predict his course.

If anybody is writing a thesis on respectability as an adequate test of political morality let him read the properest newspapers in the days when Senators Walsh and Wheeler were taking the lead in breaking down the Harding régime by exposing Fall and Daugherty; he will find those two energetic senators treated as little better than pickpockets. It was only after the facts had been forced into the light, against the well-dressed newspaper opinion, reflecting the well-dressed opinion of the public, that the papers of conventional type changed their direction and joined in the pursuit.

One of the most pleasurable experiences of my work in the Hearst organization was coming to know the man who, but for his health, would have been likely to be the compromise Democratic candidate in 1924. Senator and former Governor Ralston was the pride of Tom Taggart, the famous Indiana boss, and that was enough to put me, in my ignorance both of him and of Taggart, against him, as he began to loom as a presidential possibility. As I think of errors of that kind, and also of men who have seemed large at one moment, and inadequate a few years later, I am sometimes tempted to steal for my own Montaigne's motto: "What do I know about it?" Feeling that our magazine ought to give to the public outside of Indiana a thorough picture of Ralston I asked William Hard to go to the state and write up her leading political figure. Hard left the east with fully as much prejudice as I had, but came back, after looking up the record

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and seeing many people, with a favorable opinion. Later I followed up this investigation myself with several talks with Ralston, and when it became clear at Madison Square Garden that the McAdoo and Smith forces would neutralize each other, and a compromise be necessary, it would have pleased me to see Ralston run, if he had not been suffering from a fatal disease. Talking frankly with him about the Taggart association, I received in several ways a new idea of the Indiana boss, and what was essential, as far as Ralston was concerned, was that Taggart asked for himself only that he be consulted about appointments; about measures all he asked was to know what Ralston wanted, and to get behind it with all his force. Again we see how leading a part a label plays in human thought. The name of Taggart, because he was an established boss, will be repeated for decades by people who have been little impressed by the fact that the Republican machine in his state was so rotten, and so linked with the Ku Klux Klan, that ultimately several of its leading men were sent to jail. In the campaign preliminary to the nomination of Smith, when I was speaking in the middle west, I stopped off in Indiana, and spoke at the same banquet with the acting governor, who explained that the governor was unavoidably kept away "by legal obstacles"; and he raised a happy laugh from the audience of business men when he declared: "Indiana has the best Senate that money can buy."

In such political conditions Ralston had a long test, a constructive record, fundamentally sound principles, and no blot. My talks with him were when he knew

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he could not live many years. "If I could only know the date when I am to die," he said to me, "I should like to take the last two or three years in the country, reading the best books. I should have been glad to be President, not because I had any feeling for it, but for the sake of my children and those of the family to come later."

The campaign that followed the nomination of John W. Davis at Madison Square Garden, of Calvin Coolidge in Cleveland, and of Senator LaFollette in the same city, was not as educational as it ought to have been. LaFollette has been one of the noblest and most useful figures of our time, but his contribution on the national scale has been in action rather than in speeches. Within the smaller and more definite limits of his own state his campaigns were no doubt a large part of public political education, but even in the state the solidest work was in the measures passed and their proved soundness afterward, so that even his enemies would not have them repealed. In Washington, until his death, he was the backbone of the progressive group in both houses, and wherever liberty was in question, as in natural resources, publication of fact, appointments of significance, he carried a flaming banner; and as to his measures it was wholly true that his party first called them bad measures and later adopted them. *Hearst's International* supported him in 1924, and I went on the stump for him, but had a sense of disappointment in the whole campaign, because instead of building a liberal feeling on the broad foundation of what he had accomplished, and the promise to continue in the same spirit, he centered on one issue

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that was dead, government ownership of railroads, and another that was unsound, the attempt to control the Supreme Court in certain lines by dictating the majority of judges who would have to vote for a measure to make it effective. It was not that we should have had perhaps a couple of million more votes if the voting had come three months earlier,—that was due to rising prices for grain; what mattered was that we came out of the fight with nothing left in the public mind, except that there had been some sort of a protest against the conservatism of the two big parties. It is a story repeated often in American politics,—a certain amount of liberal sentiment with nowhere to go.

It was in connection with this campaign that John McCutcheon, who did much splendid work for us, made some illustrations, for an article of mine, that pleased me more than anything else ever done of me. Oliver Herford once said I was easy to caricature. "All the artist has to do," he added, "is to draw you just the way you are." McCutcheon did not mitigate anything, but while making absolute likenesses he put in expressions that are completely the way I feel. There are three of them, the first looking at three ballot boxes, trying to decide between them, and happy over being fed such an intellectual puzzle; the second at a dinner of conventional plutocrats, looking like an ironic anarchist, and the third at a dinner of radicals, looking like a bored society man. McCutcheon does so much in comic cartoons that we sometimes forget his range of interpretation. In all my years in journalism I saw nothing more powerful than his

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picture of a frozen exit after the terrible slaughter in the Illinois Theatre fire.

Of two kinds of work in the Hearst organization it would not be possible to say whether I enjoyed more making the magazine or hurling around political opinions from the Capital. For a person interested in public affairs there is in the world no place more interesting than Washington, unless it be London. If one is not interested in such questions, then the city is sunny, pretty, and dull, full of the sort of people who go to that agreeable spot to attend parties and to die. But so much happens, of importance and even of world interest, that I offered once to undertake to write six articles a week for six months all under the heading "Walking Down H Street," meaning that six days a week I could get a good story lunching at the Cosmos Club or the Metropolitan Club, or from the people walking on the street, or from the Department of Commerce, Mr. Hoover then being Secretary. The city changes, and every year it becomes more important in making the world history of the present. There is no place I have ever sat in which so much expert knowledge on things over the globe passes by as on a sofa in the Cosmos Club. But, except in the earliest years, it is no town in which to bring up children, since it has no simple life of its own.

One day, to my house in O Street, there came a telephone message asking me to go to New York as soon as possible to see Mr. Hearst. "Well," he said, when I reached his apartment, "we have been working together some months, and perhaps you have de-

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cided we are not as bad as you thought. Will you take the editorship of *Hearst's International*? I want to build it up."

"I am perfectly willing to try," I answered. "But I doubt if I am the person you want. I am not a large circulation editor, in the sense that some of your men are. On *Collier's*, as far as we could tell, I was responsible for only a third of the circulation."

"You made people notice the magazine," he said. "That is all we ask. Do that, and we can do the rest."

We made a good magazine, as vigorous and intelligent as any American magazine I know anything about, but when it was finally "combined" with the *Cosmopolitan*, or in other words dropped, the most interesting question associated with it remained unsolved, which was the amount of circulation a magazine could obtain without lowering its intellectual level. That question was not solved because others came in to complicate it. From the beginning there appeared a danger that as we forged ahead the general magazine that would suffer most from our competition would be the *Cosmopolitan*, since it was promoted by the same publisher, and that turned out to be the case. Nevertheless, although the fundamental aspect of the problem was not completely worked out, there was every sign that while we could hold the intellectual level and have a circulation approaching half a million, at thirty-five cents a copy, we could not double the circulation at that price, and keep the standard; and for my part I remain unconvinced that at any price a magazine can have a circulation of a

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million while keeping a quality that is stimulating to the most intelligent readers.

Our list of contributors could not, I think, be surpassed, from the standpoint of quality and original contribution. Arthur Gleason up to his death kept the light and ardor that made him a star on *Collier's*; and with his intensity and faith he had a fairness that inspired. For example, when I asked him to go to Cambridge and bring back a series on the stand President Lowell was taking on the Jews, before he began to write he returned to the office and said, "Lowell has a case."

"What is it?" said I.

Gleason expressed admirably the desire of Mr. Lowell and others to retain the civilization of Plymouth Rock, but I was adamant. "The Saltonstalls and Cabots," I said, "have every advantage to begin with. If they cannot survive without a quota system to protect them, let them die. I am willing to have the dice loaded in their favor. Let Harvard require oral examinations in Shelley and Chaucer, if it wishes, and mark on pronunciation; let it exclude day students, thus eliminating the large mass of Boston Jews; but whatever its rules, under those rules let the Back Bay prove equal to the Ghetto or disappear."

Like Galileo, Gleason said, "However, he has a case"; but I rather think he was pleased that I rejected it, and he turned in a perfect series on one of the basic problems of the time.

It is seldom that the gift of lyric prose and the gift of investigation are combined, as they were in Gleason. He could write editorials as near to actual

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poetry as you will find, and also he could do what he did for us when he wrote, to be signed by John Brophy, since it was a clarification of his thought, as adequate a statement of the basic demands of labor as could at that time be made.

In this last important journalistic service, the expression in sound but popular form of the ideas of specialists, to be signed by them, nobody I know surpasses Allen Benson, and it was through him that Edison, Ford, and above all Burbank contributed to our magazine some of their most stirring thoughts. In the large amount of material that Benson wrote for us there was only one article I did not like; this was due to a misunderstanding about what was in my head, and I fully intended to pay for it; but Benson said he wished no money for which he did not give an equivalent, and he insisted on furnishing a substitute on another subject. Benson, having once run for the presidency on the Socialist ticket, and being in our work together not at all over-theoretical but intensely interested in practical, ideal, and intellectual forward steps, is another admirable example of the adaptability of Americans.

Nothing we did was more solidly contributive than the many articles of Paul de Kruif. If one is making a magazine that attempts to present to alert and educated minds the most promising of the present world movements, it is impossible not to put emphasis on that outstanding attribute of our time, natural science. De Kruif was a laboratory worker at the Rockefeller Institute, as he had been before at the laboratory of the University of Michigan. He came into the of-

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fice one day, said he would like to do magazine work, and showed me a series he had done in another periodical. "That sort of thing is not for us," I said. "We are seeking not manner or personal slant, in this field, but information. We ought to tell our readers those present-day victories of science that matter most, notably in medical science. This story should not be a dream, like the science so often found in Sunday newspapers, but a presentation as pleasing to experts as to the general reader, and it should be supplemented by exposing those frauds that masquerade under the name of science to prey upon the public."

De Kruif is a terrific worker. In a few days he had written three articles and left them at the office. I read them that night, and bright and early in the morning the author was on the telephone, asking me hopefully if I liked them. "Will you dine with me tonight?" I answered.

"Is it as bad as that?" he said dejectedly. Then,—
"May I bring my best two scientific friends along?"

After the four of us had absorbed some food and beer it was proposed that we face the trouble, and the following is an outline of the opening speech I made: "It is difficult to find a common ground for exact science and the public. The public craves immortality, and other miracles, and the Sunday papers murder science to meet the prevailing appetite. On the other hand, real science refuses to talk English, but instead writes a dialect of its own, and seems to believe that scientific ideas cannot be expressed accurately in English. All three of you will probably attack me for suggesting that there is no reason why

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the most abstruse conquests of science should not be described in a living tongue.

"A living language is one that is talked; a dead language one that no longer is talked, or never was. It happens that in English the most living forms consist in the main of words that are derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and that are short. De Kruif's essays contain in substance exactly what I wanted, but all the words are derived from the Latin and not one is less than seven syllables in length. The problem is, can the language of the Rockefeller Institute be translated into English without injury to the thought?"

The answer was a surprise. Where I expected a contest, there was no disagreement; the three men of science went even further than I, and said they believed the necessity of writing an understandable language would lead scientists to deal more sincerely with their material; the only problem, in their opinion, was how to acquire a style comprehensible to the public. I suggested reading Swift (a sovereign remedy of mine), Huxley, Fabre, and Brisbane, and talking to the man in the street. De Kruif was about to start west; he held up, like the Ancient Mariner, listeners wherever he went, explained microbes, vitamins, and vaccines, until the victims proved they were seeing the main points; and in less than two months he had built a new style, the effectiveness of which is now shown by the popularity of his books. In my whole experience it was the most amazingly rapid mastery of a new technique.

Sensation is a stimulus to a magazine, but permanent interests are required to build foundations. If

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De Kruif's work was as good as any we had for foundation building, the most effective sensation was the exposure of the elaborate machinery in existence for bleeding Henry Ford through his credulity about the Jews. Ford wished for a time to sue us for the series called "Henry Ford's Jew-Mania," but he must realize today that it did him good; it was out of keeping that the most enlightened of business-men should continue to be shown up by parasitic surrounders in the guise of a credulous bigot, which essentially he is not. Next in sensational success came Glavis's exposures of the Ku Klux Klan.

A long series of articles on the drug-traffic in the United States, by Sidney Howard and Leonard Blood, was inspired not by me, but by Mr. Hearst, and it brings out a dominating trait in him, since he has kept his newspapers on that scent for a quarter of a century; not because he thinks such iteration pays, but because he feels intensely the human danger done by drugs. Another series inspired by him was on the traps set for the inexpert investor, and when I wished to name the series "The Fool and His Money" he vigorously objected, on the correct ground that those we sought to help were not fools at all but ordinary hard-working people who could not have the experience required to protect them from parasites of business.

In accepting the editorship, I asked Mr. Hearst if he was satisfied to have me build on the sub-title, meaning the word international, and he favored it, so we went as far as we could in tempting our readers into foreign interests. In the field of articles we did well, but outside of England it was almost impossible to

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obtain fiction that would hold; nor is it fair to charge this result to the American public, since the most popular books in continental countries are likely to be American and English. I sent out appeals in all directions for foreign fiction that was both intelligent and narrative, but it seemed as if the literary folk of the continent did not look upon fiction as an art of narrative, but merely as an exercise in the fine writing of a gloomy outlook. In the field that was central for us, articles that got away from routine and gave true and moving pictures of actual human life in different parts of Europe, far the best work was done by Anna Louise Strong; it was primarily on Russia, but I also had to ask her to come out into other countries, so difficult is it to find writers who can combine brains, knowledge, and reduction to the human essentials. Her being a woman may have helped. When "Why I Love Russia" was put into my hands I realized that a new writer had appeared, second to none whom we had in the famous galaxy on *Collier's*. Indeed our list as a whole was equal to the more talked-about list on the earlier magazine. As I have said, there is no change in the supply of authors, but conditions are different under which magazines are published.

As I do not wish to moralize further about the Hearst element in American publication, and as I began this chapter with the negotiations leading up to my working inside that organization, I shall end it with an incident that prepared my mind to carry on those negotiations. It was during my summer stay in Massachusetts that a telegram came from Arthur Brisbane. In all the war spectacle of dislike and panic

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nothing was sadder than the fear, harsh and stupid, that shut within prison walls a man as near a saint as it would have been possible to discover; and I was among those who hung my head, and whose heart sank, whenever the butchery of the light of Eugene Debs rose to the surface of my thoughts. Brisbane's telegram asked me if I would go to the penitentiary at Atlanta to talk with this man, who was shut away from the sun because he believed in the New Testament; naturally it took me but a short time to be aboard the train; and it was the Hearst papers, over the land, that carried his story, his faith and his pain, his tenderness and forgiveness, to millions of simple readers—carried the story on the first page, five days' running, at a time when I do not believe any of the respectable publications would have sent me, or any writer, to carry a similar message to the country.

XIX

HAPPINESS FOR ALL

OF the private adventures toward a better world that I have seen closely, the one of most pregnant hope is in Indianapolis. That is to say, it deserves such praise if one believes that the mass of the world's labor can be made of interest to those who do the work. There is another theory, and I have heard Mr. Hoover express it with grasp and eloquence, that the masses will find the light and variety of their lives not through sharing the thoughts and decisions of business but through the new culture built up for their increasing leisure. More than likely both are right, Mr. Hoover's for that part of production and distribution that is done in large units, the one illustrated by the Columbia Conserve Company for business that is smaller and more personal. And such an outcome would be a good outcome. Variety is freedom. If the time comes when everything is the same it will be slavery, since in it there will be no soil in which alone many of the beautiful things may grow.

Earlier in this book there is mentioned the intensity with which President Eliot followed the doings of the little manufacturing plant in Indiana, and another far-seeing observer who has believed it promising in principle is Mr. Justice Brandeis. Once in the apart-

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ment of an American editor, at a small dinner with several American publicists and one distinguished English radical economist, the talk fell on the experiment, and all the writers present, except myself, thought it unsound, because independent companies, in which the labor was not joined with the big unions, made it more difficult for the large-scale unions to win in their long campaigns against organized capital. I took the position that industrial war held much less promise than varied experiment—that a many-plant garden was a better image of progress than a war. When I reported the argument to Justice Brandeis, with such impartiality as may be expected of a combatant, he said he thought the criticisms of the majority were unsound. That his opinion was not caused by a biased report is made clear by the whole trend of his thought.

The one of my brothers who is in business has always been without those interests that create and support differences of class. He has cared nothing for luxury and he has been without fear, even fear for the future of his family. This make-up, it must be conceded, is unusual, and its rarity has a bearing on the probable number of employers who will be willing to make experiments toward industrial democracy at their own risk. It is not likely that out of a hundred business men there are two to whom a laborer is the same sort of a being as a classmate or a fellow-clubman. That my brother does not know the difference has undoubtedly given him a standpoint that, whatever may be the case in a future and different education, today is rare. That the business has been more prosperous since employee management, followed

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by employee ownership, was introduced, may be connected with my brother's make-up, also, since he has been glad to give all of his time and strength to keeping the working men and women full of ambition and confidence, which they would not have been of themselves. The education and experience of the working class does not inspire confidence; rather does it form the habit of expecting decisions from above. No one of the superstitions that infect the social world rests on a shallower base than the idea, still widespread, that if laborers had increased power in a business they would lack conservatism. The difficulty in our business, at any rate, has been exactly opposite. The difficulty has been to induce them to depend less on my brother and more on their own thinking and decisions.

While I was in Denmark, in 1919, there came a letter from my brother, explaining an embarrassment in which he found himself. Since we had put decisions in the hands of the workers' council he had endeavored to refrain from making suggestions, as part of his efforts to accustom the workers to taking responsibility. As, however, the cost of living had risen, while money wages remained the same, he felt driven to be himself the one to suggest a raise, and he wrote to let me know that he had made the motion and that it had been referred to a committee to study and report. A short time later he wrote that the committee had reported and its report had been accepted,—to the effect that as the account of stock was six months ahead, it was impossible at that time to tell whether the business could afford the raise or not. Half a year later it was made. The caution about raising their own wages

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is typical of what we have learned about the psychology of the workers in the thirteen years that they have had power; and nothing could differ more from prevailing employer fairy tales.

In the history of human happiness and progress, this tendency for the classes on top to make up fantastic tales about those underneath is of no small importance. The length to which it goes, often among the most powerful, is illustrated by a visit made to me when *Collier's* was active in the campaign in favor of throwing the burden of industrial accidents on the employer, as part of his overhead, instead of on the employee, whose family cannot afford it, and who under modern conditions can do so little to avoid dangerous machinery. This lawyer, for one of the largest employers in the country, came a thousand miles to explain to me that if the employee were to be compensated for injuries he would undergo them purposely. "You mean," I summed up, "that a man would arrange to lose an arm or a leg in order to collect damages for the accident?" The lawyer asserted shamelessly that such was his declaration; not shamelessly, perhaps, since there was no question of shame involved, the man being honestly convinced of the truth of the picture he was drawing of the heart and mind of the working husband and father. That would have been almost a quarter of a century ago, and I am confident that the percentage of employers who are brutally blind is less today than it was then. In the shorter time in which the much more advanced ideas of the Columbia Conserve Company have been in operation the change has been so marked that, whereas at first

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my brother received little but hostility from other business men, he has now much more demand than he can meet for talks explaining his successful experiment, and meets comparatively little expression of real hostility. Skepticism there is, and ought to be, since we are feeling our way in a state of transition, but the skepticism is not unfriendly. The basic fact that the company makes more money under its humane policy than it did under the conventional business régime preceding it gives a firm foundation for discussion, since Americans are suspicious of moral-sounding theories that give no indication of being adjustable to the world in which we live.

I am no Socialist, as I find it needful frequently to repeat, nor does all the divine beauty of the New Testament convince me that remarks made by ethical genius in Asia, nineteen centuries ago, in a land where the dream of luxury was milk and honey, where the streets of heaven were still paved with gold, and where there was no road to wealth except oppression,—no road to wealth through service,—convinces me that comments on behavior in such surroundings must be taken according to the letter by us now. Aristotle is quoted more often about the need of slavery, in order to support a class free to think, than he is about his hint that if machines could be found to do the work that necessity might not exist. The invention of the machines, the enslavement of the forces of nature, in the last century and a half, gives us new data for our morals. We can produce all we need, and more. Our minds and hearts are freed for other aims, of which Aristotle could barely dream.

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Once, giving a course of lectures at Yale, on the general ethics of industry, I found myself led to more extensive reading about the lives of agricultural laborers in the days before the machine brought in its complications, and the most general picture painted on my imagination was barren drudgery with unrelenting fear. The more one knows history the less will he be impressed by rhetoric that paints the industry of today as humanly worse than the labor of the ages that came before our era. But it is seldom that progress comes of revulsion from excess of evil; it is far more likely to come from the educative influence, the higher demands, caused by progress itself. My brother speaks for himself. For me, the considerations that brought me to a point where the Columbia Conserve Company for years has been the little world in which I have studied progress with keener interest than anywhere else were in no way dramatic or founded on any ism. They were not even Christian. They were merely a belief that democracy represents our best approach to justice; that democracy in politics is incomplete unless it leads us along to democracy in ways of living; and that the next step ahead of us, if we follow through what are supposed to be our convictions, is to see if it is not possible for the majority to play at least as interesting a rôle in work as it does in politics.

In our own company it did not take long to demonstrate that efficiency was increased, instead of being decreased, by the participation of labor in management. In my brother's mind another question lay behind. Was it enough that the people in our factory should earn more money, participate in the profits, and

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lead lives of more inspiration and worth? Was there not something else that we, as believers in the reduction of privilege, ought to do? In short, ought we not to make it possible for the workers to own the business?

The business as it increased was kept at a low capitalization, it was not easy to estimate its value, and in its earlier stages much money had been put in and lost. Taking these things into consideration a dividend rate was agreed on and a price was fixed for the stock that, if success continued at its then rate, would enable the workers to own it all in a few years, by the process of using for stock-purchase all that was earned over the amount agreed on, which was intended, after all figuring was done, to represent repayment of capital that had been invested since a certain date and seven percent on that sum. Not all three of us brothers believed exactly the same things, and the solution was a compromise, but as satisfactory as a compromise might be expected to be. Speaking for myself, I cannot state any closer approximation to my idea of social justice. I believe in capital, but I do not believe it should be overpaid, and I think that, having almost autocratic power, it arranges that it shall be overpaid. Instead of capital hiring labor the ideal to work toward is that labor shall hire capital. The percent, then, is to put into figures a conception of justice. The workers have already bought the majority of the stock, and will, barring the unexpected, own it all soon. They will own it not as individuals, who can divide it among themselves, but as a trust of which the proceeds go to those at any time working in the business.

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At any one time the problems confronting such a revolution as this will vary from the aspect they present at another time. Factory efficiency was the first gain. The development of the office staff out of the factory members began at once but did not come with equal ease in all departments. It was easy to select a factory girl, pay her tuition in a school of stenography, and transfer her to the office; and it did not prove difficult to find men to take care of the accounts. The development of salesmanship in the staff has been a slower step, for it requires talking ability, which is a product of confidence and of a certain degree of education. Banking and finance came slowly, and a general outlook on business conditions, necessary to effective buying and planning, has proved the most difficult element of all.

Today one problem is attracting attention out of proportion, I think, to its importance, although its importance is great, and although it obviously is something a consideration of which cannot be avoided. It is the question of the extent to which salaries shall be determined by contribution, or efficiency in its most relevant aspects, and the extent to which it shall be affected by need. My brother being more addicted to dreaming of ideals than most members of the council (which includes all workers who prove by voluntary attendance their desire to be elected to it), has pushed harder than anyone else the conception of payment by need, and he has absolutely refused to be himself paid on anything approaching a basis according to contribution, since he has seen how easily that idea could run away backward to prevailing conceptions of high

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privileges for the smartest. At present salaries are increased where there are children, up to three, all sickness is taken care of, when old age forces retirement the needs of the individual are determined, and every special case of need not met by general rules is looked into.

It will be seen easily that a laboratory revolution like this could not take orders from some large union outside, with rules made for purposes entirely different. Delegates have turned up occasionally, with arguments for unionizing the plant, drawn from general conceptions of war; my brother always refers them to the workers themselves in general; and their trips through the factory are inevitably unsuccessful, since they can offer nothing comparable to what our men and women already have. Probably everybody in our organization is sympathetic with unions, and realizes their usefulness in the larger units, and their indispensability as things now are, but they are unfit to make rules for our company, as we are already living an existence which they can scarcely hope to gain for their members for many decades to come.

In one respect there has been a revolution in world thought even in the few years since I delivered those lectures at Yale, and since in journalism I first began to take part in industrial disputes. The day when Henry Ford announced that the poorest laborer in his plant was to receive five dollars a day was a marked day in history. Received like most great new truths with a howl of fear, it made its way with a rapidity not frequently seen in changes of social thought. To-day, only a few years later, it has become almost a

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commonplace that we cannot keep up mass-production without mass-consumption, and that mass-consumption can come only from the masses, who can increase their consumption only as they increase their earnings. As this conception grows it becomes easier for a rich man to enter heaven than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. Arthur Young was a famous observer, we shall read his travels for centuries to come, and it was only in 1771, just before the industrial revolution began, that this vigorous thinker said: "Everyone but an idiot knows that the lower classes must be kept poor or they will never be industrious—they must be in poverty or they will not work." Even coal operators of our day—those gentlemen who think it destructive to have their books seen—would scarcely speak with as much violence as the writer who in 1767 declared: "Whenever either the Legislature or private persons employ their care about the children of the poor the principal part of their plan should be to inure them to the lowest and most early labor." The attitude of the ruling classes in Russia before the revolution was not much different from the spirit of these extracts, for their idea was that a few people should ride on the backs of the peasants—as prettily pictured by Kuprin's story of the two gentlemen and one peasant wrecked on an island—and in its social ideas Russia was only about a century behind ourselves and western Europe; but that century of retardation was enough to cause its revolution to be the ignorant but inevitable answer it is to the conditions which it confronted. We now see that the material progress of the rich is based on the material progress of the poor; but we are only

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beginning to realize that the spiritual progress of the rich is also based on the spiritual progress of the mass and to accept the implications of this truth.

Next to Mr. Ford perhaps Mr. Hoover is the leading spokesman for enlightened big industry today. He has defined progress as the increase of wants and their satisfaction, and I was a little shocked when I read the definition, for I thought there was room for progress through the elimination of many of our wants. However, Mr. Hoover being concerned rather with the problems immediately in front of us than with speculations about goals farther off, was doubtless right. The greatest contribution of our day has been to encourage more complicated material standards in the many, and in that accomplishment the most intelligent unions and some of our business men have reflected credit on our country and shown direction to the rest of the world. In the material universe we have climbed from what was at best a kindly paternalism up to a new conception of welfare. Renan once contrasted "the kindliness of weak souls" with "the real love of good," which is a more exigent and rugged path. To work out our new conceptions to the end will require willingness by those in power to make sacrifices, though it will be sacrifice of things that are no part of the higher life. The time is not far off when the thousands of business men (of whom Mr. Ford and Mr. Hoover are merely conspicuous examples), who are carrying along the philosophy of increasing mass consumption, will have brought about a situation where the material wants of the mass are complicated enough, and where these wants are met for everybody with reasonable

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application and prudence. Behind this material progress, doubtless far behind it, will still remain the unsolved question of independence, power, and creative mass action.

The most pressing of the inevitable changes ought to lie not far ahead. One of the cruelest and one of the most needless tragedies of the wage-earner's life is that he, instead of the business in which he works, is compelled to carry the cost of irregular production, resulting in irregular employment. Insurance of employment ought to be a charge on the business no less clearly than insurance against fire or the more modern insurance against accident. In our little laboratory experiment of thirteen years we have been faced by a kind of business that is unusually seasonal, and in spite of that fact we have taken off of the employees, and put it on the business, the cost of what irregularity there is, and we have even made it profitable to do so. Nobody ever loses a week's pay because there is not enough to do. The business is planned and conducted so that there will be as even a distribution of activity as possible, and there are many ways of bringing evenness about, if the leaders seek it as passionately as in ordinary cases they seek dividends. But where there is not complete evenness, and there result times when not everybody can be kept busy over a certain stretch of time, then that is merely one of the costs of the year, to be borne by those who own the business, whether it be three persons named Hapgood or a hundred and fifty persons spending their lives on the work. I am keeping well within my convictions when I say that no plan of industrial progress, in the complete and

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enlightened meaning of that term, can be looked upon as sincere if it still leaves the cost of irregular employment not on the business as a whole but on the individual man, the individual home, with its women and children, and with its lack of power to change the conditions which fall upon it with such destroying force. When regularity of employment is assured there will remain much still to do, but while there is no regularity of employment almost nothing at all has been done.

On the more advanced step, of everybody having the opportunity of using on the whole business problem whatever interest and brains he may have, I have already hinted at the method, but would like to make it a little clearer. At first the council was elected by the employees and limited in number. At first also my brother had a veto power, but this power proved needless and was speedily given up. Later a much better method of becoming a member of the council was discovered, and it went along with an equally fool-proof method of being dropped. To get on the council it was necessary only to show a given amount of interest. To be put off, it was necessary only to show a corresponding lack of interest. In other words, anybody who attends the meetings voluntarily, without being yet a member, for a given number of times in succession, is elected as a matter of course. Also anybody who, being a member, is absent a given number of times, without an excuse, is also as a matter of course dropped from membership. Could anything be more reasonable? If anybody rises to object that those who know little about the business will thus have too much



Hutchins Hapgood

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influence on its conduct, he will merely add one more bit of evidence that human psychology is something about which people seem unwilling to think straight. The number of those in the group who are willing to think for themselves, instead of following the ones who have been proved by time to be leaders, is always so extremely small as to be fairly described as non-existent. Where their lives, and the lives of their families, are concerned, recklessness is the last quality to be expected of ordinary people.

My head is not comfortable in the sand, and it would be impossible for me to have the illusion that all our difficulties are passed, or even that our case is proven. Some things we have proved, and others must be answered by time. We have proved that a fairly small company of workers, all speaking the English language, can be made more efficient through self-government than they were under the old system, and that, at least in the atmosphere of this company, there is no danger of their abusing their power. We have proved not only that they will labor more effectively in such an organization, but that their judgment will tend to be sound. That, it seems to me, is much to demonstrate in thirteen years; but there are two matters that have not been illuminated, and that cannot be shown until my brother is out of the business.

He has done everything possible to diminish his importance and retire gradually onto his much-loved farm, there to spend his latest years like Cincinnatus; but although the staff as a whole every year is able to do more things well it is not yet in sight of developing any person or persons who can make him dispensable.

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There is no salesman as good as he, or any sign that one will develop out of the organization, although this is one of the directions in which improvement is fastest; and we cannot go out and buy special talent without poisoning the whole atmosphere; for a first class salesman would bring in the open market twice the salary my brother has been willing to take, apart from the fact that the effort would then cease to be coöperative. Likewise in studying market conditions and planning ahead, although this is done much better than when he did it alone, it seems still to need his energy, confidence, and long experience.

But there is one test that he at least looks upon as of greater importance. After attending an annual meeting I said to him, as I was about to step on the train: "Billy, I congratulate you on a progress far more thorough and rapid than I once thought possible. Only one question remains. If tonight you run your Dodge over a precipice, what will happen?"

He was sure in his answer. "They now know enough to run the business," he said, "in all of its departments. It is merely a question of unity. If they continue to pull together, when I am gone, instead of dissolving into separate units, each pulling for himself, then they will succeed."

Which means, after all, that self-government in industry, in circumstances not overfavorable, is possible provided the effort made is genuinely social, not undermined by personal ambition. In my life I have seen some part of large movements, the most important being the one now operating through the will of Woodrow Wilson; but I have not seen anything more

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sound and inspiring than the success at Indianapolis. There are two subjects in our day that top all others. Can the nations be friends; that is Geneva. Can unfairness and hostility be taken out of industry; that is of equal urgency, and the Indianapolis contribution is a message of good cheer.

XX

IN THE LINCOLN SCHOOL

"You and I," said my brother Hutchins, "have lived in an age which for important changes is equaled by few."

"The more it differs," said I, not meaning it, "the more it is the same thing. What part of the change is progress?"

"The attitude toward others," he replied; "toward class and labor; new tolerance; recognition of the reality of others; kinship."

"Yes," I said, "and the freeing of women, by the typewriter, the factory, and general social evolution, is scarcely surpassed by any revolution since man invented agriculture, or at any rate since the Greeks invented science. Then, under what you say about tolerance, there comes the permission to age to have a good time, to grandmothers to wear short skirts, play bridge, and dance; encouragement of the old to seek new light. But about the miracle that has made possible most of this, the taming of the hidden powers of nature, the multiplying of machines, resulting in speed and amusement, is this fast machine world good?"

My brother answered with what his own Ford had done for his later years; so why not for everybody? "Of course," he said, "it is not all on one side. Progress and retrogression are always mingled."

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I turned to the future. "In a little over a year," I said, "when we go back to the United States, we shall have three children in the same school, selected because of its aim as well as because of its skill, and these children will be five, twelve, and thirteen. At our age we estimate life in terms of the young. What do we hope for them?"

"For them," he said, "the familiar things; foundations, character, principles, diffused light and inspiration. Childhood seeks and needs rules."

We are both lovers of Wordsworth, and the lines from the "Ode to Duty" came to us then;—

"Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires;"

And then this whole stanza;—

"Stern Law-giver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee,
are fresh and strong."

Believing in character, direction, and moral training as important of all things, my wife and I nevertheless chose a school that is the embodiment of a revolution toward freedom and individuality in the treatment of the young. Moreover, whatever we wish, a

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change in our relations to the young cannot be avoided. Professor Perry, of Harvard, has pointed out that in the famous example of a good education, Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a boy at the other end, Hopkins can no longer count awestricken receptivity in the pupil. In the elegant slang of our day, he must "sell himself" to a youth who meets him on equal terms. To my mind, this revolution is progress, but it is joined by many enthusiastic and ill-informed people who do not realize its difficulties. There are those who would not condition childhood and youth; who would not feed to them the lessons of the past, the life-visions of genius; but would merely give them a place in which to grow from within, would not feed the diet of Socrates and Jesus, for fear of overinfluencing the young and would almost leave them to find out for themselves what Newton had found out.

Before starting for a year in France and a year in Germany, I asked a German professor to tell me of schools in his country that were of the type of those in which the United States is taking the lead; of a type that is based on the natural interests of the child, according to his age. "I am afraid," the professor answered, "those schools will not amount to much in Germany, because we are devoted to the idea—" and here he used the German word *einzuholen*—"to the idea of a plan, of making the various parts of education work toward a goal, fit into a whole."

My own children would not be in any school that did not have the idea of *einzuholen*, but in what seems to me the ideal education that ideal is more elastic than formerly; and it should be carried out with

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enthusiasm for an opposite and sometimes conflicting ideal, which is the joy-giving and lasting happiness of pursuing what charms us.

Here my brother and I came back to Wordsworth again, at an angle from which Hutchins had written a Commencement Part at Harvard, the only essay in his class that had the votes of all the judges. Some of the words he quoted were these;—

“There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—

Turn wheresoe’er I may,

By night or day,

The things that I have seen I now can see no more.”

The purpose of education,—the highest purpose of education,—should be to help the student continue to see those things that in natural childhood he did see; not to aid the hard business needs of life to crush out of him joy and wonder, but to make the pursuit of knowledge and understanding remain clothed in glory as it was for Wordsworth when he beheld the light, and whence it flowed. Protected and favored from untoward burdens the youth is to be given those activities and aims that when he is older, and living more in others, will still enable him to pursue truth,

“And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.”

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Not many months ago, almost on the four hundredth anniversary of the death of Dürer, I happened to find myself in the office of Dr. Simon Flexner, head of the Rockefeller Institute, and wandering about the room, waiting for something to be looked up, I saw Dürer's *Melancholia*, that picture in which science, in the guise of a child that is almost a baby, struggles with its tools and implements, while across the top of the picture are stretched the wings of a huge bat, on which is the word that gives the name to the stirring and almost gloomy whole.

I turned to Dr. Flexner and said: "I understand the child and science, but why the bat and melancholy?"

"I suppose," Dr. Flexner answered, "Dürer meant that we do not know whether the knowledge science is to bring will make life better or make it darker. All we know is, we must go on."

The choice is our own. Whether the new magic is to deaden delight, or make it more intense, is not fixed by fate; it will be settled by our own wills and our own teachings; and is a mighty challenge. As we look back across the ages we bare our heads to the Athens of Socrates, the Italy of Dante, Galileo, Leonardo; the England of Shakspeare, Newton, Shelley; the Germany of Luther, Bach, Goethe; the France of the cathedrals or of Voltaire. Pascal, with an insight that seemed miraculous, wrote a description of the infinite that lies in the atom almost as it is known today. Newton compared his work to a few pretty shells picked up on the beach, as he looked at the infinite ocean on whose brink he walked. Beethoven said he

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recognized no superiority save goodness, and the books he read were Homer, Plato, Plutarch, Shakspeare, and Goethe. I should be sorry to have my children receive any education that made them seek in material things what exists only on the high levels of the spiritual. "Without physics," said Bertrand Russell, "and physiology, and psychology, we cannot build the new world. We can build it without Latin and Greek, without Dante and Shakspeare, without Bach and Mozart," but "what will be the good of the conquest of leisure and health if no one remembers how to use them?" I would subject my children to no influence that did not show tools as subordinate to principles and ideals; that did not make for ardor and reverence for the vast unknown; that did not seem to promise the happiness of respect and inquiry up through those decades of life when lower pleasures fail.

How to keep that spirit? Beyond doubt it cannot be done in the way of the pedant, in worship of things merely because they have become tradition. The Greeks had no dead tongues to learn, and little accumulated wisdom or fact; they loved their own language, and beauty, and the mind's discoveries. The Romans, as Heine said, if they had been compelled to learn Latin, would have had no time to master the world. Whatever we seek must be alive and thrilling, and I go as far as Voltaire, who declared over-seriousness to be a disease, adding,—“goodness, studiousness, and gayety are three sisters who must not be kept apart.”

“The gayety of a mind,” said Ninon de Lenclos, that famous keeper of a salon, “is an indication of its

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strength." The happiness natural to the child above all things must be protected; it is protected, however, not by avoidance of the difficult and by aimless amusement, but by aiding the child to find what excites the strongest part of him. It is not the scholars and scientists and inventors, the philosophers, historians and helpers of the poor, who in their age show faded souls and loss of mental appetite; it is those who have never been fully awakened, who have developed no aim, and whose lives have been filled with dull tasks or vapid amusement.

But even if we agree on generalities we are compelled to embody them in systems. In looking around for a school that would carry out a modern but rounded idea, freedom with direction, science with vision, belonging to our day but based on the centuries, we turned away from irresponsible theory-schools, with even more distaste than from those tainted by too much tradition. In the one finally chosen, four years ago, my own education has been carried along almost as fast as that of the children.

If I live another half dozen years we shall have to go as earnestly into the new directions of education in high schools and colleges as we have gone into the present-day elementary education; but I like to live on the current of events, and just now it is the earlier years of the child that press upon us—with one of eleven, one of ten, and one of three, turning their faces into the unknown, and of course welcoming the unknown with a cheer. What will half a century do to them? What should they aid in doing to it?

If I have carried out, with any approach to success,

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the purpose of this book, the answer is already written. It is written in the faith that moved my parents when they gave us freedom but showed us also the spectacle of choice and enthusiasm; in the spirit of President Eliot and William James, seeking progress not in a timid spirit, but with the faith of bold doubt; in the search of the best Americans I have known since, to hitch wagons to stars, to make the soul maintain control over the machine. There will be schools of many kinds, homes of many kinds, and social environments and groups varying much among themselves; but there will be a minority that leads, and the majority will move in the wake of the few. On the school side of the modern movement, there will be the attempt to help the young to success in their trades and professions, which attempt will easily succeed; and the effort also to help them keep their eyes turned toward that way of life which has made the human race what it is, which will not be so easy, but in which there will be success, because success is required.

Chekhov told about his uncle, who used to try to teach a kitten to catch mice. There are plenty of things which the young will learn without our helping them. Nevertheless, the young are imitative, and also they are like plants, in that they attain different growths in differing soils. So in our new freedom the responsibilities for making decisions, while lessened in number, are not diminished in importance. Having given up dogma and compulsory religion, we do not leave their places empty, but fill them with other kinds of character-building.

Time has made me less sure of exact forms of good

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and evil, progress and retrogression, but not less sure of some conclusions which usually I am willing to put before the young as certainties, for example:

It is better to pull your own weight in the boat. It is mean to try to ride free.

It is well to be generous to women, for they have a more difficult rôle than men.

Don't be mentally flabby.

It is not possible to tell the truth at all times in every detail, but the person who does not prefer to tell the truth, and do it in all important matters, is not worthy of respect.

Have destinations that attract you, but do not be afraid of rough places in the road.

Think of life as a whole.

Try to understand life as well as you can, sympathetically and relentlessly, not in defense of your own weaknesses.

And so on. That sort of thing for morals. Then for tools, what? I do not mean for a special trade, like engineering, medicine, law, or journalism, but for preparation to live, for the education of the early and sensitive years. A child must spell and figure, and I should be sorry not to have him know his own tongue in its most beautiful and powerful examples; and some great modern tongues besides, for as Huxley says, if you know the names of things in more languages than one you are less likely to mistake a word for a thing, and also knowing some great modern languages will help you to be useful in one of the two foundation

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problems of our civilization, the living together of nations.

Drawing I believe is one of the few subjects that should be almost or quite compulsory, and that is about all, except something of science, which does not need to be stressed, because it will be crowded on the young everywhere, it being mistress of the world into which they are born.

To the geologist, and more to the astronomer, a million years are short; to the average person the age of Ingersoll is a long time ago. Actually, if what interests us is the career of man, then not only fifty years, but even the few thousand years since the planting of seeds began our civilization, corresponds to not more than a tiny fraction of one second in the ticking of a clock with a full twenty-four hours to go, before the halt is called by changes in the earth itself. The thought of what can be done in that time takes, as an inspiration, the place in our lives that religion once did take. And there is no conflict between seeking the best for the half-century your boy and girl may work, and the millions of years in which the race may rise to ever newer wonders; for the one will cause the other.

Those are pessimists who find the later years without inspiration, and there is no reason why Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" should not be true for a score where with our present upbringings only one perhaps would support the opening stanza of that determined poem;—

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made."

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It is mainly appetite for knowledge and understanding that determines whether our spirit shall be rugged enough for the whole of our allotted time; and in our homes and our schools is given the answer to whether that appetite shall exist. Unless the school, as is obviously true even more of the home, starts the young person on the climb along which every stage is thrilling, then whatever else it does its failure is complete.

William James, when I asked how long our minds continue, in actual quality, to improve, replied that it was probably up to the age of "about twenty." At about that age also the youth has become in character and outlook what he is to remain.

Speaking of the field, in which he is a master, but speaking also a truth that is general, Mr. Henry Ford has said of the unprogressive: "They don't see that they have received notice to quit, and that the new time is upon us. They are old-fashioned and like to remain old-fashioned. It is a common human failing, but it is becoming impossible to indulge it any further. Life itself is ordering us out. The old method of industry, the old motive of industry, the old purpose of industry, are gone." Mr. Ford when he said that was sixty-seven years of age, and his greatness is inseparable from his willingness to see new things.

Schools, to be sure, whatever their nature, could do little for a Henry Ford; nothing beyond reading and figuring, and the same truth will hold always for a minority of geniuses along novel lines, especially novel business lines. But on the whole the lead will belong, as it does even in our material expansion, to those

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whose schooling has been at least abreast of the times. The duty of schools is to do no injury to genius, when it happens to spring up, and to assist ability to find its way. In our country adventure seeks to do something else, in which I for one take no interest, which is to boost indifferent minds through the forms of higher education. I remain enough of a liberal, if that is what it is, to wish every nature to receive a good trial, and after that to receive no more help than it has in some way earned. That question, however, arises at about eighteen; for everybody who is moderately willing, even if not actively awake, in our modern conditions would have a better chance with the equipment of the high school. Our experiment in Indianapolis, which was described in the preceding chapter, is one of the experiences leading me to that belief, as I have noticed the unfair handicap of many of the employees from lack of schooling. On the other hand, my brother is by no means sure he could not have used to better advantage the four years he spent at Harvard. He is the type, I think, who would have seen his way earlier if he had been educated less traditionally, and more with the free inspiration typified in the Lincoln School.

I speak of one school because this whole book is about what I have seen personally; and the ideas I have read about, in occasional bursts of light all the way from Rabelais to Huxley, have happened to have their satisfying concrete form in this modern effort to chart the future of elementary education, and if possible to connect it in a harmonious relation to the high school and the university; a task rendered more difficult by the fact that the universities have not yet

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found any intelligent modern method of discovering how well equipped a boy or girl is to enter on advanced work, and therefore they make their tests too arbitrary and too traditional.

When an uncle of Newton took notice of the boy, and decided to give him an education, he doubtless hastened the grasp of man on his universe, since it is unlikely Newton would have been able to chart the laws of motion if he had not had the leisure of Cambridge University, with whatever else may have been of use to him there. There was no problem then of what to teach; Newton himself was to play a leading part in bringing that problem into existence. Latin, Greek, and mathematics were then the whole world of culture; Latin was the language of educated people, and Newton wrote his great book in that tongue, taking it for granted even more strongly than William James took modern languages for granted when he told me it would be absurd to go into science without knowing German. Modern languages mean now what Latin meant then.

And Newton left, even out of the small curriculum, anything of which he did not at the moment feel the need, as shown by his well-known cavalier dismissal of Euclid, whom he was to appreciate later. They had an advantage in those days in that numbers were not so vast, and it was easier for watchful teachers to form an idea of a student, instead of relying on tests too wholesale in their nature. That problem will have to be dwelt upon for years, and ultimately solved: the onerous problem of bigness.

When one of my boys was eight he made up his

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mind he wished to go to Harvard. It was not that he knew anything about the university, but he had asked where the ablest teachers were, and made his choice on the basis of my answer. He did not care whether the college was big or small, but wished to be assured the best knowledge was available; and to me it seems tragic that there should be almost no chance of keeping the most distinguished professors in the smaller places, but that the law of money and the natural desire to consort with their equals should steadily drain them off to the large units.

At the same breakfast-table conversation in which my son made his choice, his sister, a year older, showed something of the oncoming generation by making her own choice also,—tentative, of course, and likely to be changed, like that of her brother. "What is the best college," she said, "in which there are boys as well as girls?"

I did not mention the colleges of the west, because unless her tastes change she will wish to be near home, and answers to a child should be as simple as may be; therefore I replied: "Why not think of Radcliffe, since it is just across the street from Harvard?"

She explained that I had missed her idea altogether. It was not that she wished to know any boys outside. They did not interest her. It was that in her particular class in the Lincoln School it happened that the boys created a more positive atmosphere in the class-room than was created by those particular girls; and more in the background of her mind was another consideration, that the girls were athletically too quiet and unenterprising, and she craved rougher sport. And one

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of the deepest uses of a carefully and skillfully modern school like the Lincoln is, that students are observing and thinking constantly, not merely about study topics, but about broader subjects, as they are sure to do when their minds are kept stimulated and free. This talk at breakfast shows also, I think, the need of universities that are as progressive as a small number of elementary schools have become. With what information I could give her, the girl chose Swarthmore, but much will happen before she takes the plunge.

As parents are welcome in the class-rooms, I drop in frequently, at Lincoln School, take a chair anywhere, and watch new life in easy development. There is a perfect imitation of freedom, for the teachers are skillful, and the choice of teachers is everything, in any kind of school. But there is actually always a limit on the freedom, which limit the child is kept almost entirely from noticing. To his mind, he and his associates are making free choices of what they will study, and how they will study it, with the exception of a few needed tools, such as the multiplication table and spelling. As to behavior, there is no confusion between substance and form, no militarism or stiffness. There cannot be such inattention or noise as to interfere with others, but there is much freedom of movement, as well as freedom of question and comment. An uneducated, stupid, and conscientious person may get along with teaching that consists in assigning a lesson out of a book, and then listening to the lesson recited by the child, but such a one cannot survive the need of conducting twenty sharp minds over every aspect of a

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large subject that any of them chooses to bring up. The new education of which we now dream will be possible only in so far as we can find a supply of women and men who are capable of meeting the brightest youthful minds on equal terms, with no aid from repression and dogma. When the nation is equipped with such teachers, ideals will work themselves out alongside of fact, since truth can conquer when it has its chance; and it is absurd to assume that the higher truths are incapable of growing among our complex material surroundings, since nothing is more familiar, in our studies, than the knowledge that poisons produce their own antidotes. Everything seems to indicate that in another century not only will people have more comfort and knowledge than ever before, but also more spiritual light. In assuring this outcome the school will take the first place after the home, and in connection with it; and both of these forces will have more faith than ever before in accepting whatever is discovered; in facing the universe without blinders.

It is the nature of youth to be in the making; eras of progress are eras of change. As settled habits and dogmas are now upset, rapidly beyond comparison, this unsettledness, these new outlooks, have meant alarm to the old, but hope to the young. The gist of it is that youth is increased; it is continued longer in the body, and it permeates the mind; since youth is discovery, experiment, adventure. As to the dangers that go like a shadow with change and freedom,—why, ever since man began to walk on two legs the peril of new things has been met by him, and overcome.

